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1945

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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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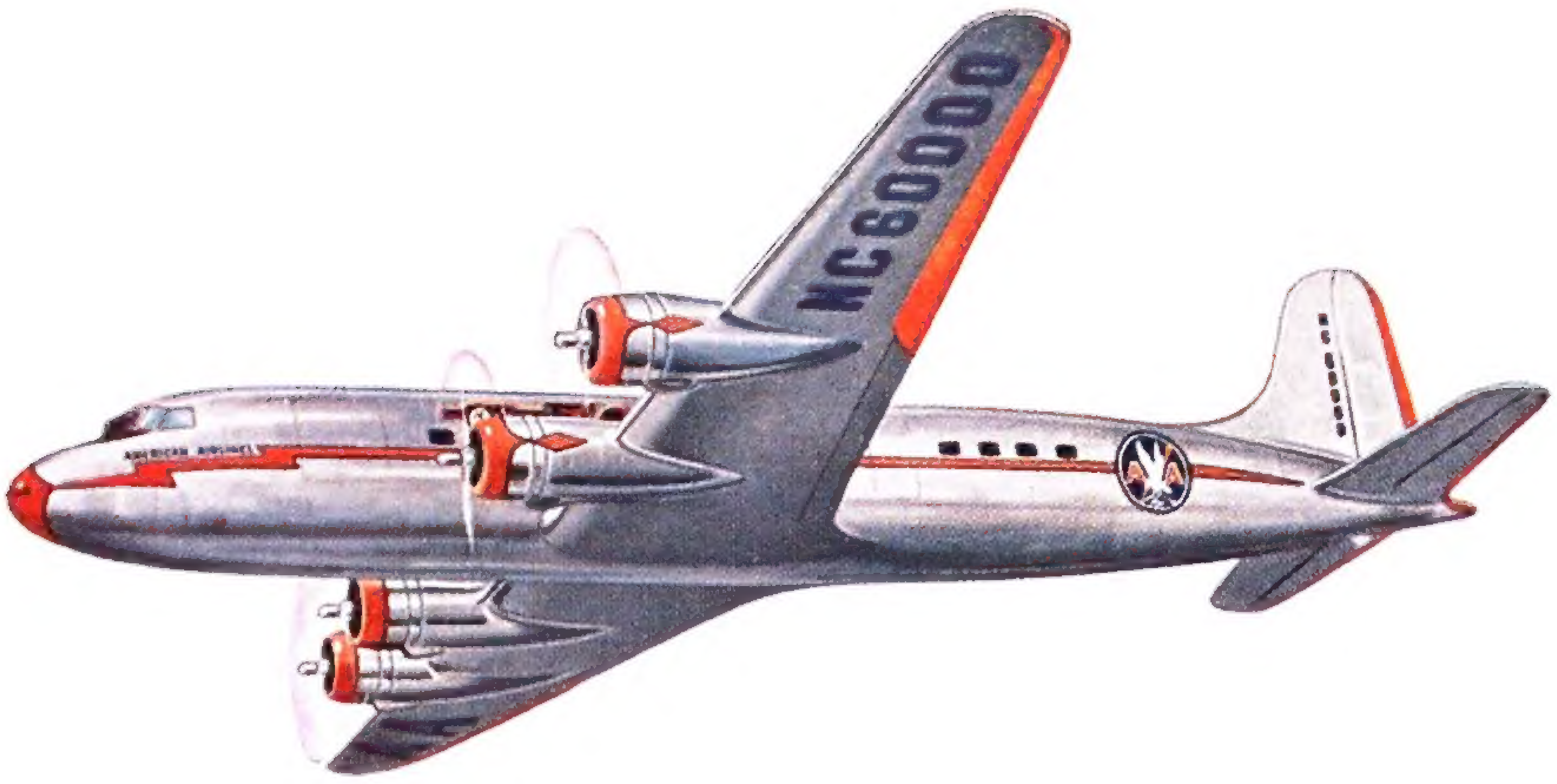
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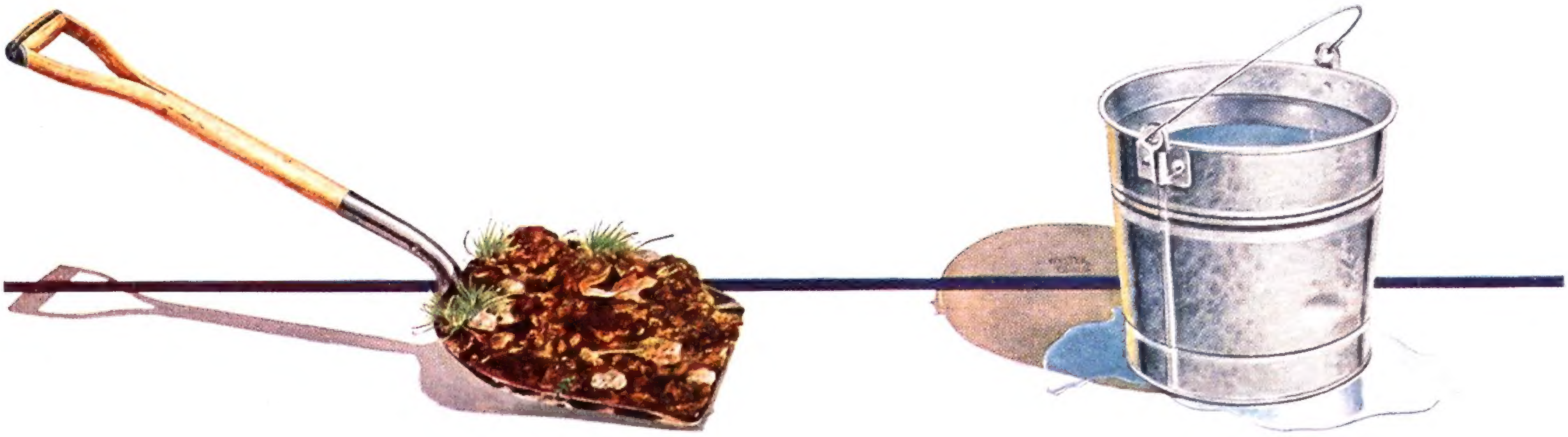

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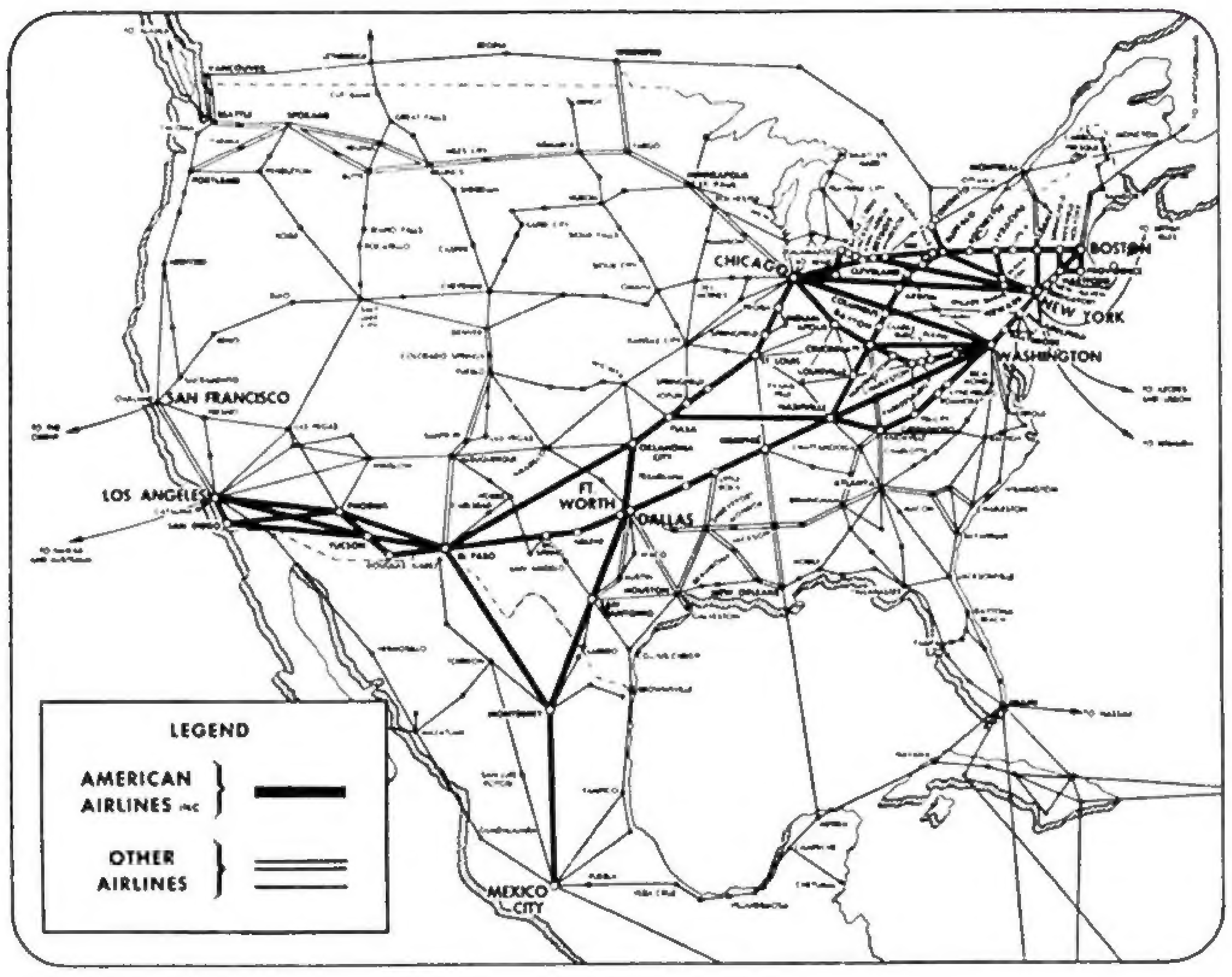
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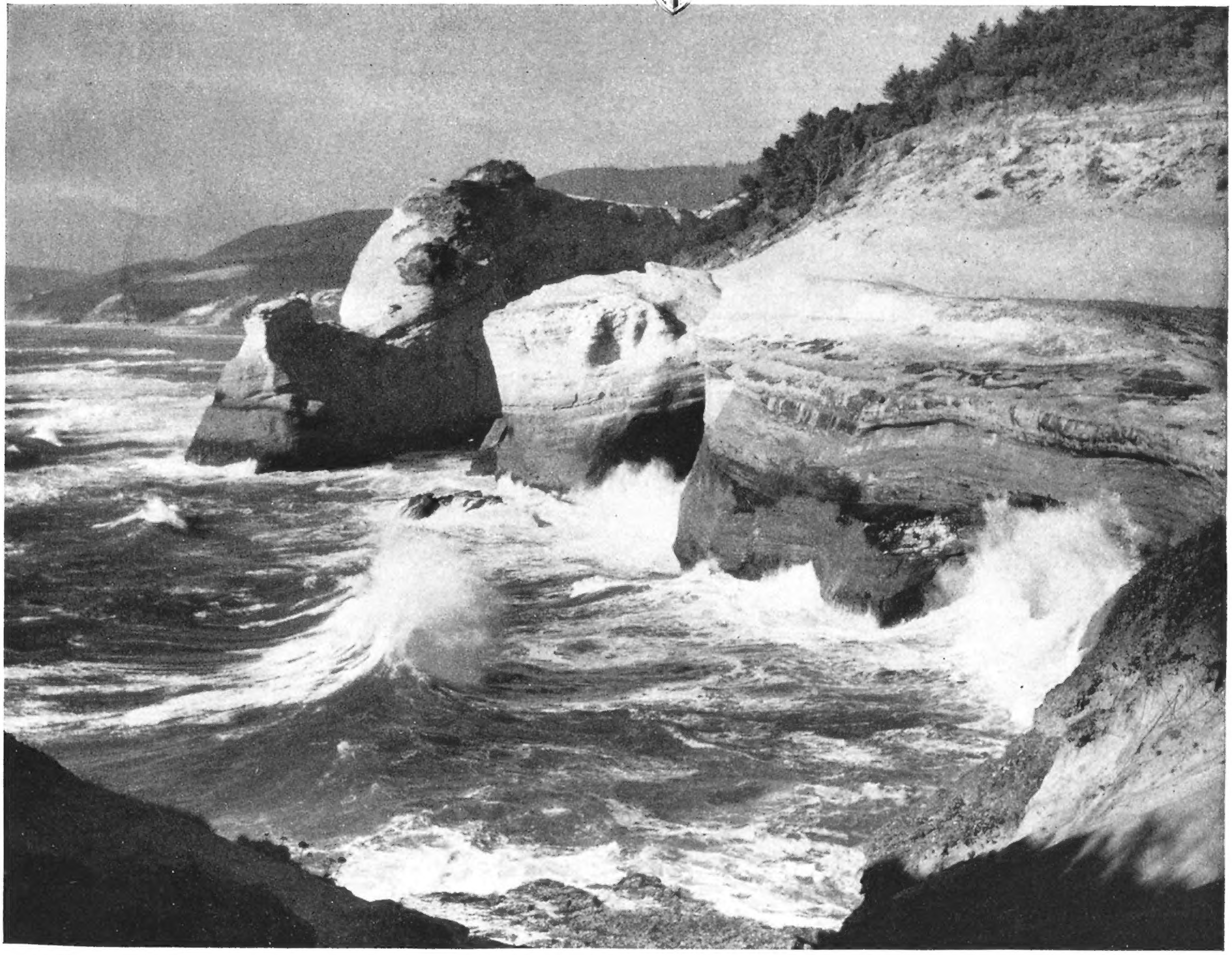

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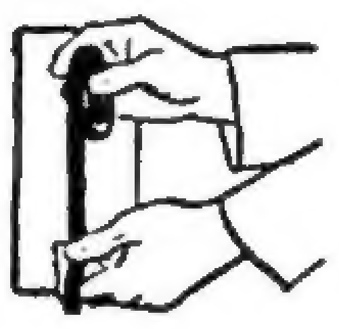

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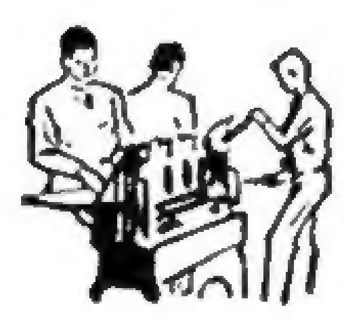

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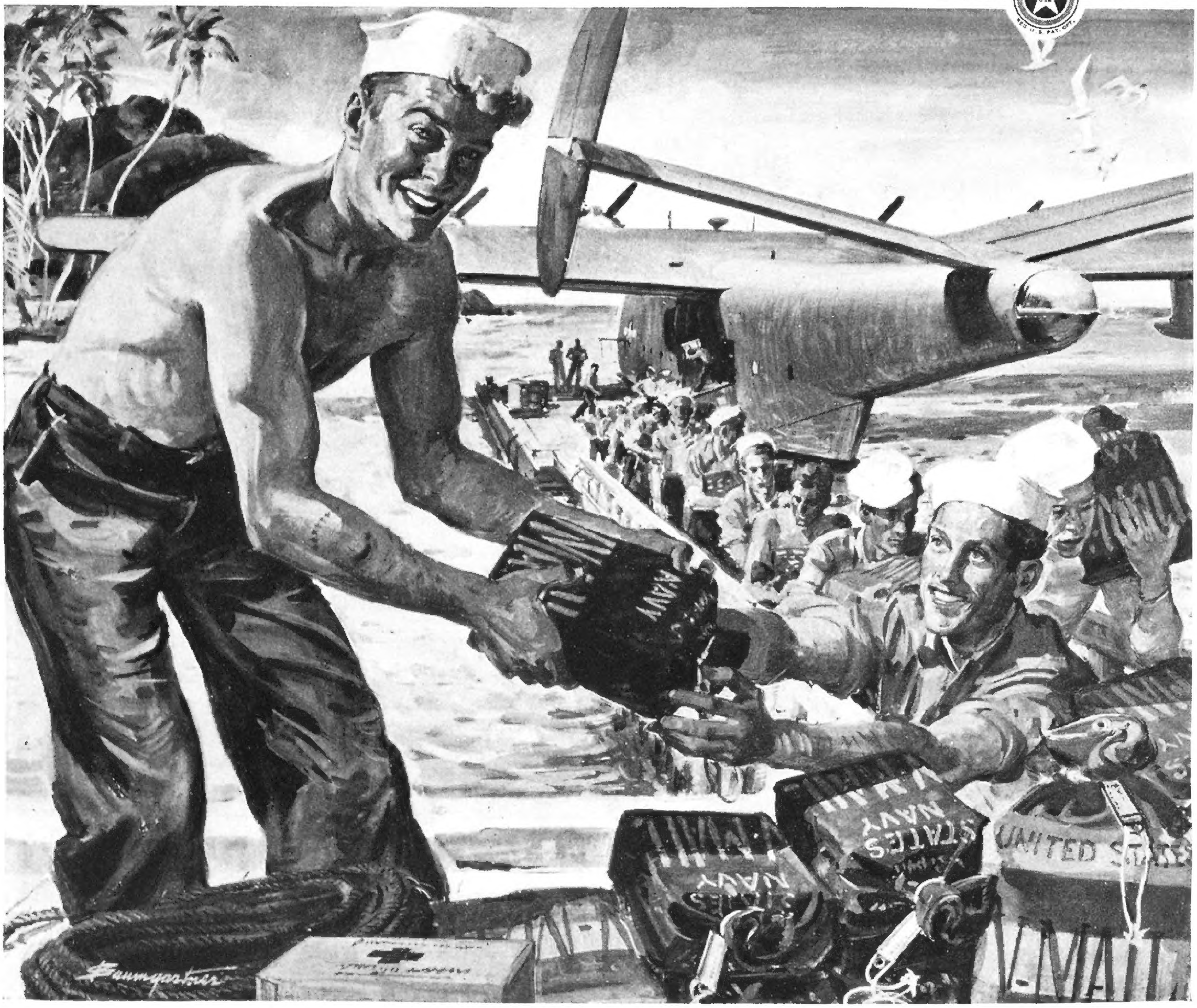

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Esquire Used as a Jap Yardstick

From Major Caryl L. Picotte of the Air Corps, who was a "guest" of the Japanese at American Prison Camp No. 1, Cabanatuan, in the Philippines, we have this letter written after he was rescued by U. S. Rangers at the end of January, and after his return to Oakland, California:

"To the Japanese soldier, acquisition of anything of American make, such as a watch, fountain pen, ring or anything that can be used for wear or adornment is almost as much to be desired as gold teeth, and this trait worked to the benefit of some few lucky American prisoners.

"Some of us managed to save a few of our small personal possessions from the Japanese looters on the Death March and later through the various 'shakedown' searches we were subjected to when leaving one or coming into a new camp.

"After we were once in a compound, things we had managed to keep hidden were reasonably safe, and if we did have anything the Japs wanted they had to trade us out of it, and by this means we sometimes managed to get a little extra food.

"The Japs wanted only items of American manufacture—of course they knew the items we had varied as to cost in the States, and that while all things American were superior and desirable, some were better and more valuable than others. Not knowing just what was what, they hit on the quite bright idea of determining the value of each of the articles we had by whether it was advertised in Esquire or not.

"It seems some Japs had found an old issue of Esquire somewhere, I believe it was a 1941 issue, and an article we had for trade that appeared in Esquire would bring fabulous prices as compared with an article that did not.

"Any American fountain pen valued in the States at from 25c to $12.00 would bring a cup of beans or rice—but a fountain pen with the white dot, which appeared in Esquire I believe at that time, was worth a hundred cups of beans or rice. The comparison between Esquire advertised articles like sox, watches, shirts, shoes, etc., and non-Esquire advertised items was in like proportion.

"One ingenious American took advantage of the appeal of the white dot pen to the Japanese and drilled a hole in a 25c pen, put in a white plug he'd cut out of an old toothbrush handle and traded it to a Jap."

Major Picotte went on to say that the prices offered were in rice, beans, or the Japs' "Mickey Mouse" money, but that no American was ever tempted for a moment by any desire for the latter—all they wanted was food. "And not better food, just food." The pathos of this note in his reminiscences alone seemed to us to render almost unbearably poignant the insouciance with which he could write the whole thing off to experience by turning it into the following lighthearted compliment for Esquire: "Someone has said the Jap is unbelievably dumb on one day and uncannily smart the next; I think it was on his smart day he picked Esquire products as a standard."

David A Smart

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T.M.REG.

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Esquire

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EDITORIAL: Esquire wins decision in the Post Office case

With the exception of footnotes and one passage from the record of the original hearing, omitted for lack of space, the following is the complete text of the decision of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, handed down on June 4, 1945, written by Justice Thurman Arnold, expressing the unanimous opinion of Justices Miller, Edgerton and Arnold who heard the case:

Esquire is a well known magazine of general circulation. It contains stories, articles, literary and dramatic reviews. Its contributors include distinguished authors, clergymen, and professors in our best educational institutions.

The Postmaster General revoked the second-class mailing privileges of this magazine, not on the ground of obscenity but because he thought its dominant purpose was to publish writings and pictures described in his order as being"in that obscure and treacherous borderland zone where the average person hesitates to find them technically obscene, but still may see ample proof that they are morally improper and not for the public welfare and the public good". The revocation order would cost Esquire about $500,000 a year and put it in such a disadvantageous competitive position that it probably could not continue as a current magazine of general circulation.

The theory of the ruling depriving Esquire of second-class mailing privileges, while at the same time permitting it to be mailed at higher rates, is stated by the Postmaster General as follows: "A publication to enjoy these *unique mail privileges* (emphasis added) . . . is bound to do more than refrain from disseminating material which is obscene or bordering on the obscene. It is under a positive duty to contribute to the public good and the public welfare."

No doubt such a duty exists. But it does not follow that an administrative official may be delegated the power first to determine what is good for the public to read and then to force compliance with his ideas by putting editors who do not follow them at a competive disadvantage. It is inconceivable that Congress intended to delegate such power to an administrative official or that the exercise of such power, if delegated, could be held constitutional. Congress established the second-class mailing privileges because it believed that periodicals which disseminated public information, literature, art or science deserved to be encouraged on account of their contribution as a class to the public good. But the American way of obtaining that kind of contribution is by giving competitive opportunity to men of different tastes and different ideas, not by compelling conformity to the taste or ideas of any government official. This basic idea has nowhere been more eloquently expressed than in the famous quotation from Mr. Justice Holmes, dissenting in *Abrams* v. *United States*.

> "But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas,—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market; and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution."

What the Government appears to assert is that the power to charge Esquire an additional $500,000 a year for use of the mails, unless it conforms to the Postmaster General's notions of the public good, is not a power to censor because the magazine may be mailed at the higher rate. The key to an understanding of this extraordinary contention is found in the Postmaster General's reference to second-class mailing rates as "unique privileges". He appears to think of his duty under the statute, not as administration of nondiscriminatory rates for a public service, but as analogous to the award of the Navy E for industrial contributions to the war. The Navy E is an award for exceptional merit. The second-class mailing rate is conceived by the Post Office to be an award for resisting the temptation to publish material which offends persons of refinement.

But mail service is not a special privilege. It is a highway over which all business must travel. The rates charged on this highway must not discriminate between competing businesses of the same kind. If the Interstate Commerce Commission were delegated the power to give lower rates to such manufacturers as in its judgment were contributing to the public good the exercise of that power would be clearly unconstitutional. Such a situation would involve freedom of competitive enterprise. The case before us involves freedom of speech as well.

Little more need be said to decide this case. Nevertheless, since we hope that this is the last time that a government agency will attempt to compel the acceptance of its literary or moral standards relating to material admittedly not obscene, the voluminous record may serve as a useful reminder of the kind of mental confusion which always accompanies such censorship.

The first source of that confusion is, of course, the age old question when a scantily clad lady is art, and when she is highly improper. Some refined persons are hopeful that an answer to this vexing riddle may some day be found. Others are pessimistic. But whichever school eventually proves correct it is clear that the problem had not yet been solved when the record in this case went to press.

A second source of confusion in determining what kind of literature furthers public welfare is the dividing line between refined humor and low comedy. To illustrate the difficulty inherent in this problem we cite the following colloquy between counsel for the Post Office and counsel for Esquire. It is typical of hundreds of similar instances.

> Mr. Bromley: I would like to know, Mr. Hassell, if you don't mind telling me now, just what it is in that article you don't like. I can't find it.
>
> Mr. Hassell: I would be glad to read it to counsel.
>
> Mr. Bromley: Thank you.
>
> Mr. Hassell: Third column at the bottom of page 144. "He noticed how large the uniform made her behind look."

It may be that the above encourages the use of unscientific terms. Or it may be that it is in the public interest to omit all comment on the part of the lady referred to. Yet it is difficult to make such judgment with the feeling of certainty which one should have when the result of one's decision is to cost a publication $500,000 annually.

This same kind of uncertainty appears in a third problem which must be faced whenever this censorship is exercised. How far will this reform of periodical literature go if the Postmaster General is given a free hand. For example, recently the New York Times (on Sunday, of all days!) carried the following quip by Mayor LaGuardia on the front page where few churchgoers could fail to see it:

> "Sorry. Racing does no one any good. It has nothing to do with horses. It has as much bearing on improving the breed of horses as a bawdy house has on eugenics."

Does this mean that the New York Times will lose its second-class mailing privileges if it does not stop that sort of thing?

The Postmaster General gives serious consideration to this aspect of the problem. His conclusion is that occasional indifference to the public welfare may be indulged by an editor provided that it is not so frequent as to be classed as a habit. His opinion puts it in this way:

> "When such writings or pictures occur in isolated instances their dangerous tendencies and malignant qualities may be considered of lesser importance.
>
> "When, however, they become a dominant and systematic feature they most certainly cannot be said to be for the public good, and a publication which uses them in that manner is not making the 'special contribution to the public welfare' which Congress intended by the Fourth condition."

The Postmaster General appears to think that the improper dominant motive which he suspects from reading Esquire is corroborated by its editor's statement. He quotes the editor as follows:

> "The editor of this publication admits that from its origin 'our humor and our articles and our fiction all stressed a man alone angle—you might call it a stag party type of treatment', and testified 'we called it the smoking room type of humor'."

Now it is well known that when men gather together without the companionship of women an unrefined atmosphere is apt to spread over the entire gathering like a fog. And so the Post Office argues that only an editor indifferent to the public welfare would permit an atmosphere of this kind to dominate his magazine.

Unfortunately this still leaves the dividing line between an occasional vulgar lapse and a vulgar dominant purpose in a good deal of obscurity. It also leaves unsettled the question who is finally to decide what the dominant purpose is. For example, when we turn to the record we find that the weight of the evidence is that the magazine as a whole is unobjectionable. Far more witnesses testified against the Postmaster General's conclusion, than for it. They included men of national distinction as writers, scientists and eduators. They also included the vigilant New England Watch and Ward Society. The Postmaster General is supported only by five clergymen, a psychiatrist, a lady prominent in women's organizations, and an assistant superintendent of schools. In this situation, assuming the existence of the power to censor, may a court review the issue of dominant vulgarity on its merits?

The answer of the Government is an unqualified no. It contends with some reason that this court has no right to review the Postmaster General's notions of dominant vulgarity if they are supported by substantial evidence. It argues even more persuasively that no right minded man can brush aside as insubstantial the opinions of five clergymen (among whom is a bishop) on what is good for the public.

We think the Government is clearly right in its contention once the power claimed by the Post Office is assumed to exist. There is a practical reason, apart from respect for the testimony of clergymen, why the administrative imposition of literary and artistic standards cannot be reviewed by a court on its merits. Opinions on such matters differ so widely that if the evidence in the record before the Post Office were to be weighed each side would have to continue calling witnesses indefinitely in order not to be outweighed by the other. We have no doubt that thousands of reputable experts on the public good could have been obtained by each side in this case. We know of no way a court can evaluate the comparative expert qualifications of persons who hold opinions on what the public should read. Once we admit the power claimed here we see no room for effective judicial review of its exercise. And so in practical effect it amounts to a power in the Postmaster General to impose the standards of any reputable minority group on the whole nation.

In addition, the record suggests that the power claimed here would be used by sincere and conscientious officials to bind modern periodical literature to the standards of a former generation. This is dramatically illustrated by the cross examination of H. L. Mencken, who appeared as a witness for Esquire. No one today would question either Mr. Mencken's eminence or his complete respectability. Yet counsel for the Post Office attempts to impeach his testimony because about twenty years ago an issue of the American Mercury was refused all mailing privileges. It would be difficult to find anyone today who could with reason object to this issue of the magazine. The attempt to impeach Mr. Mencken on this account reads as follows:

> Q. Mr. Mencken, you are the author of a story called "Hat-Rack", aren't you? A. I am not, sir.
>
> Q. You published it in your magazine? A. I did, sir.
>
> Q. That story had to deal with some sexual activity in a box-car or freight car? A. Not specifically. It dealt with people who engaged in sexual activity, but there was no scene of sexual activity in the story.
>
> Q. Was "Hat-Rack" the name of the woman who did that? A. Nickname. Did you ask who wrote it?
>
> Q. No, sir; I did not. A. I will tell you if you want to know. It was written by Herbert Asbury, the great grand-nephew of Bishop Asbury, the first American Methodist bishop.
>
> Chairman Myers: For whom De Pauw University was originally named.
>
> The witness: I didn't know that. There was a report that Asbury was the great-grandson of the Bishop, but the Bishop actually was a bachelor. He is a great-grandson of the Bishop's brother.
>
> *By Mr. Hassell:*
>
> Q. Mr. Mencken, was the issue of your magazine containing that story declared non-mailable by the Post Office Department? A. Yes, sir. I think you ought to let me explain what happened, if you care to.
>
> Q. Yes, sir; go right ahead. A. The Post Office entered that case rather late. An effort was made in Boston to suppress the magazine as a measure of revenge by the Boston Watch and Ward Society, which we had been denouncing. They proceeded by threatening a newsdealer. The poor newsdealer had no stake in the thing and was willing to subside and withdraw the magazine, so I went to Boston and sold the magazine myself on Boston Common and insisted on the Watch and Ward Society arresting me.
>
> I was arrested, tried and acquitted.
>
> Meanwhile, subsequent to my arrest, and four or five weeks subsequent to the time the magazine had gone through the mails, the Post Office Department issued an order barring it from the mails. It was a purely imaginary order. There were no more to be mailed.
>
> So I went to court on that and I had injunctions against the Post Office by two Federal judges, both of whom denounced the Post Office as obscene, indecent, unfair and ignominious.
>
> I agreed with the verdict thoroughly and believe it was just to this minute.
>
> The Post Office tried to hit me in the back when I was fighting with the filthy Comstocks in Boston. I fought the Comstocks and I fought the Post Office, and I put my magazine back in the mails and they have never molested me since.
>
> Q. Didn't the Federal Court in New York refuse to issue an injunction as the case was moot? A. That is not precisely what happened. I had my injunction in the district courts of Boston and in New York, and the Post Office, pursuing its filthy course of trying to persecute me, appealed to the Circuit and the Circuit after two years decided that the case was completely moot because we were in point of fact through the mails. They decided I could not get relief because the Post Office barring me from the mails was completely dishonest—I wasn't an applicant to the mails.

The three examples cited above effectively illustrate the intellectual standards required for the kind of censorship exercised in this case.

We intend no criticism of counsel for the Post Office. They were faced with an impossible task. They undertook it with sincerity. But their very sincerity makes the record useful as a memorial to commemorate the utter confusion and lack of intelligible standards which can never be escaped when that task is attempted. We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds".

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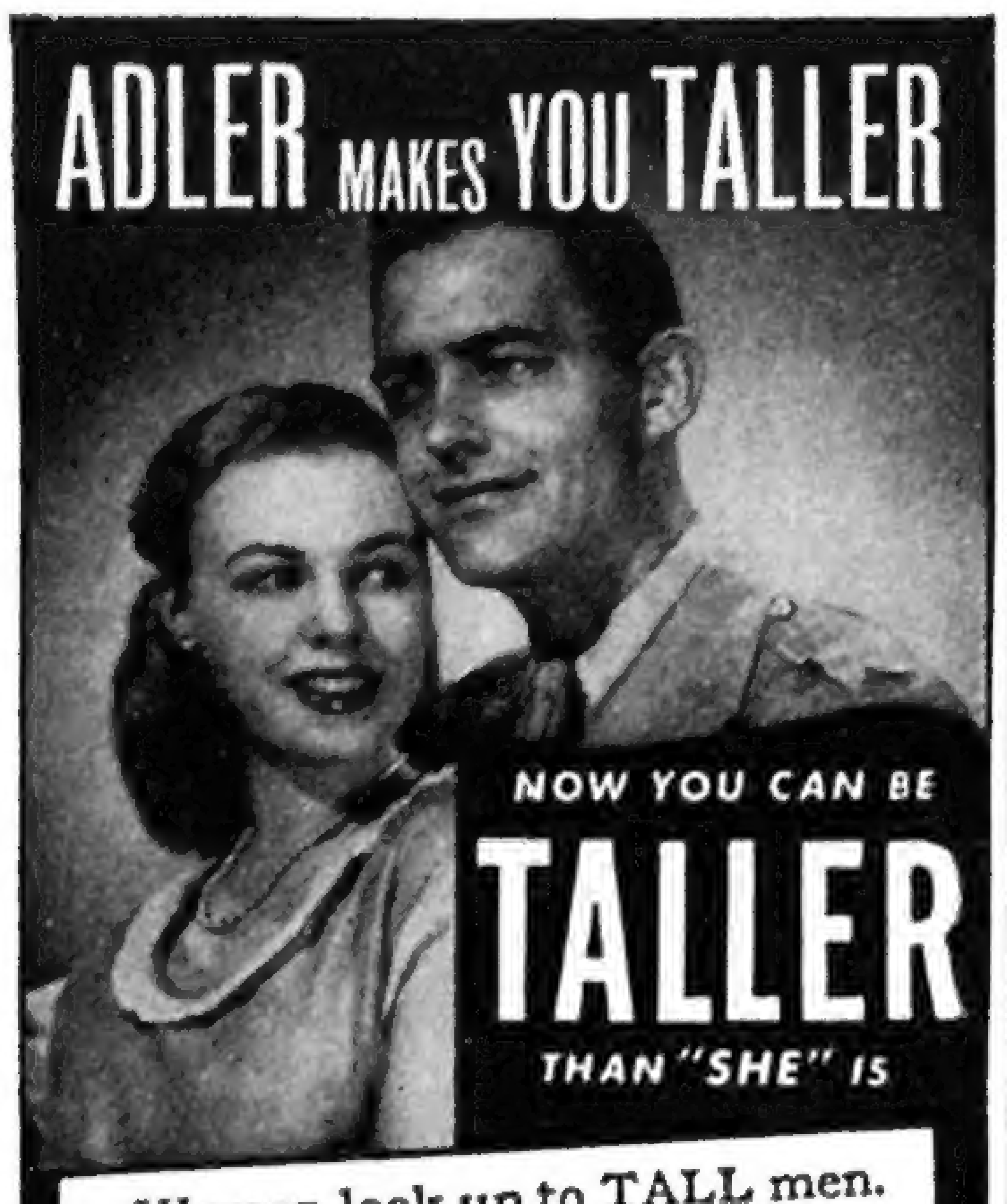

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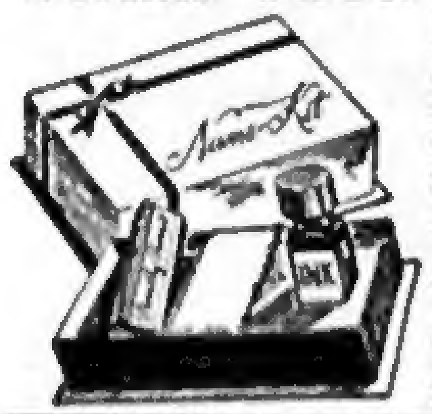

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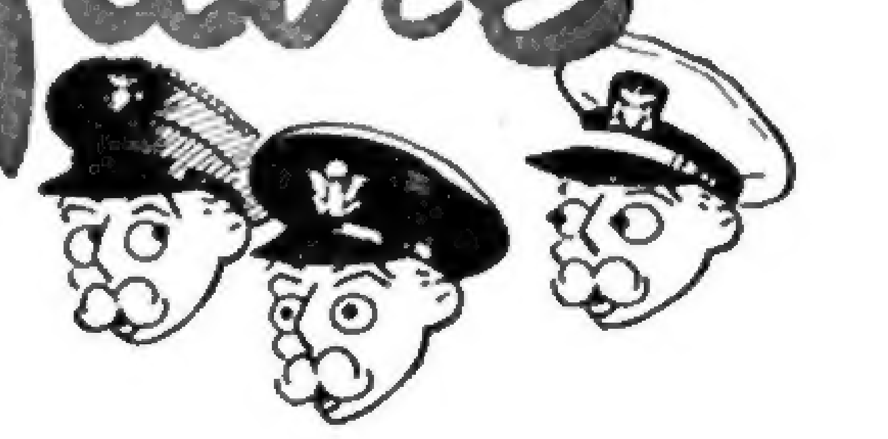

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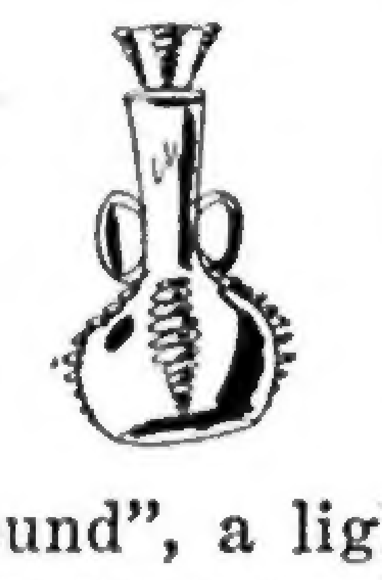
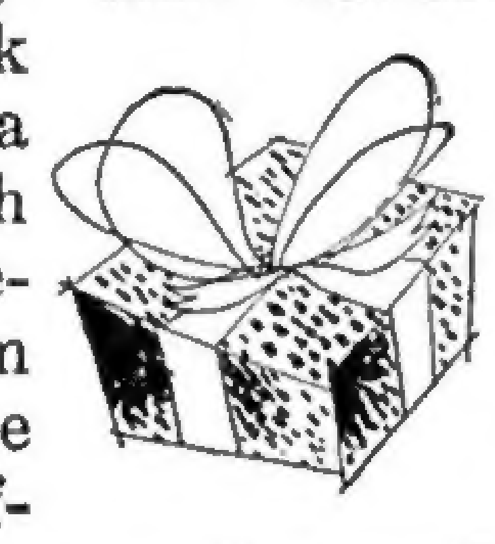


PERFUME NEWS. In case you are interested, gentlemen, ladies shun heavy, exotic scents during the summer months. Odors preferred with cotton frocks and such, run to floral scents. A good choice is called "Spellbound", a light, lilting summer fragrance packed in a cool white suede-like box, gilt trimmed. You can also buy sets of "Spellbound" toilet water with the perfume. Another charming gift cologne is called "Jabot", a sweet yet spicy combo ideal for frills and furbelows. The globular flacon which holds the fragrance, is a honey . . . crystal encrusted with gold.



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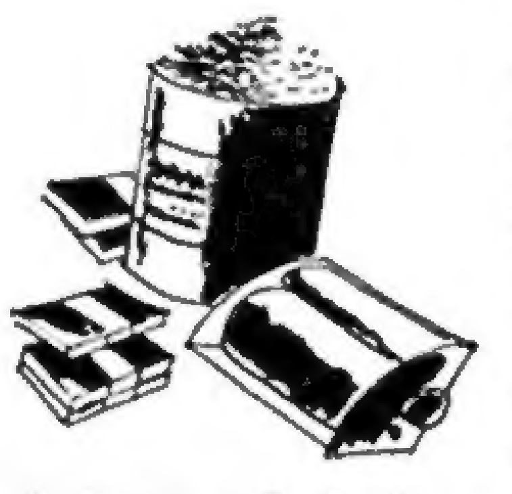

ROLL YOUR OWN. At the time we write this, customers are still cueing up for hours to get their single pack of cigarettes, unless they've taken to rolling their own. You can buy a special kit consisting of a canister of tobacco (a mixture of flue-cured tobaccos prepared for home rolling), a metal cigarette roller and five packs of cigarette paper . . . enough to roll 500 or so.

Ranger

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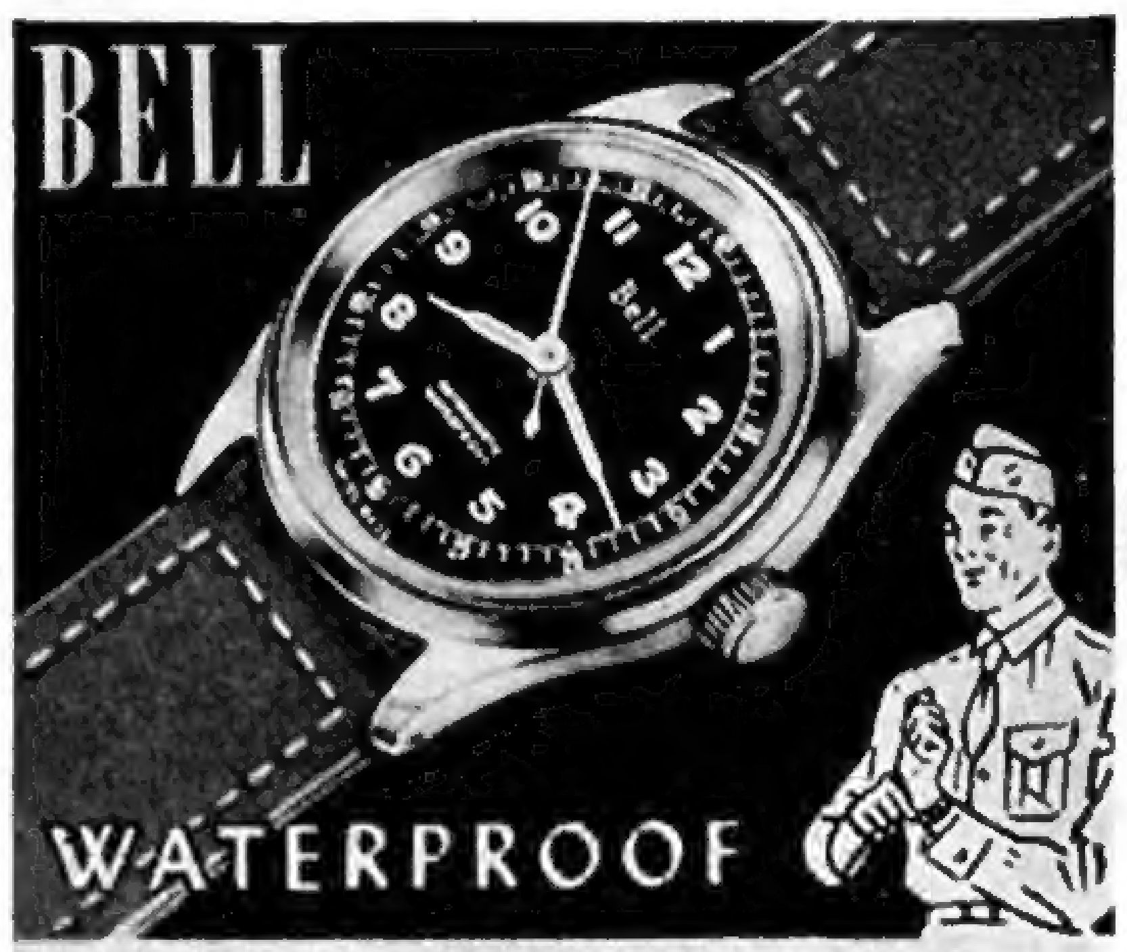

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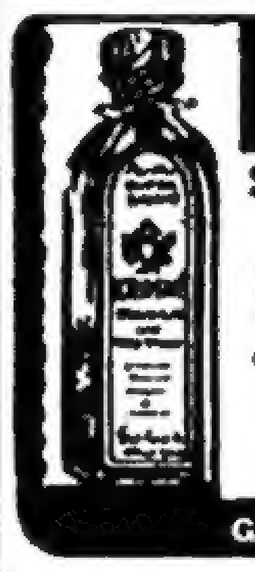

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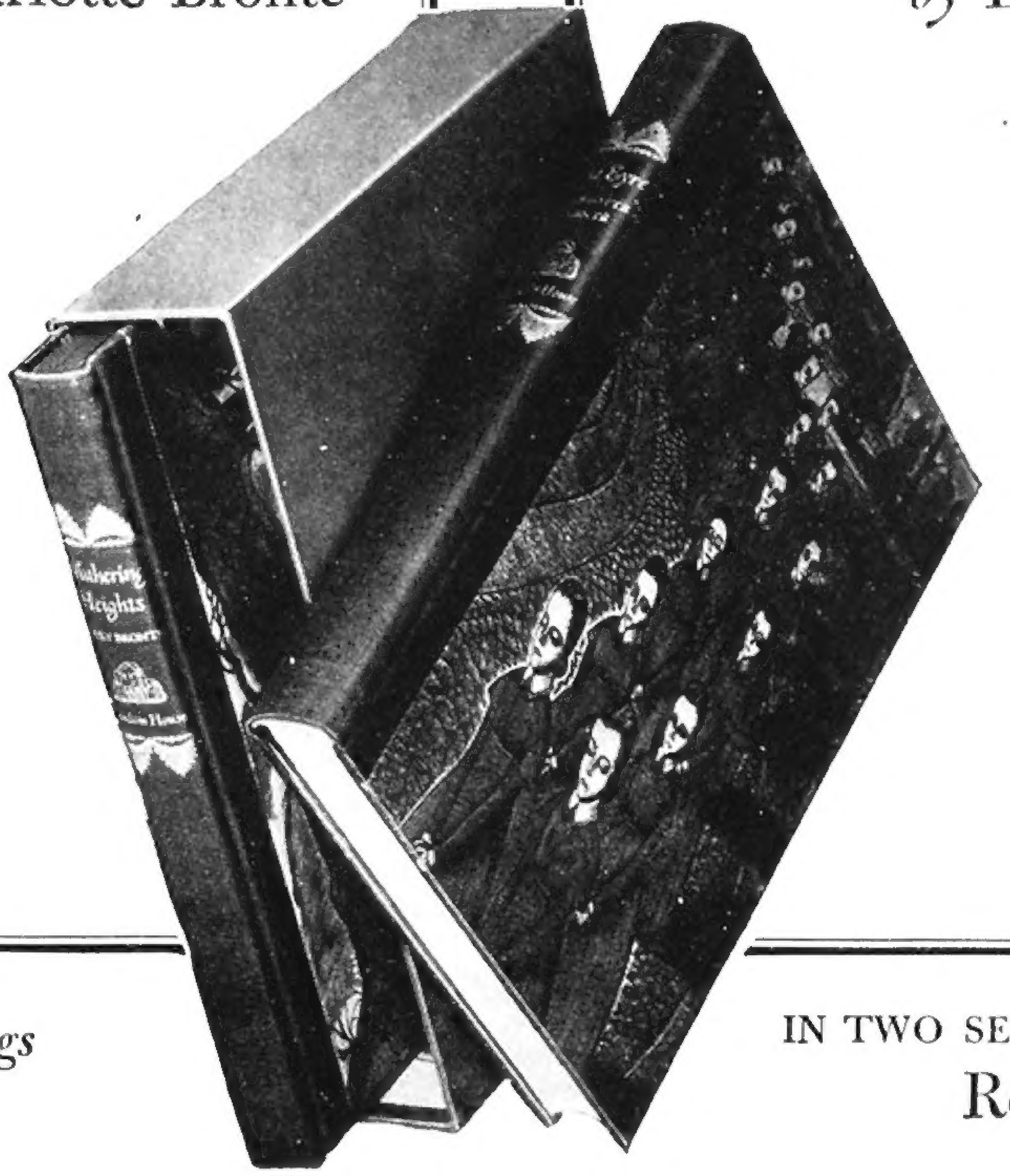

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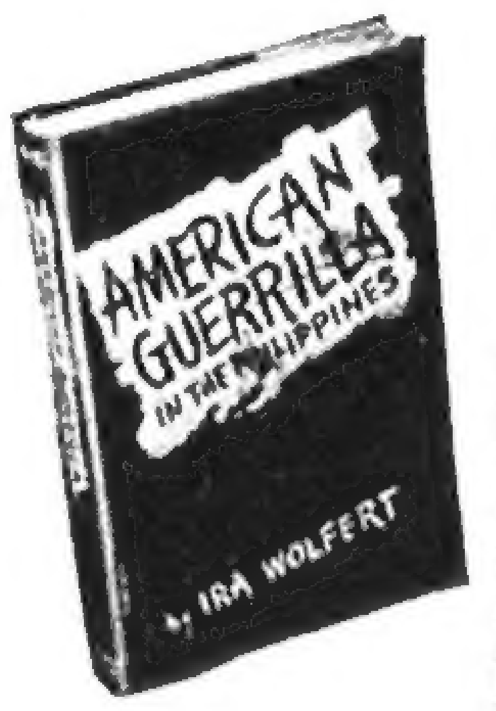

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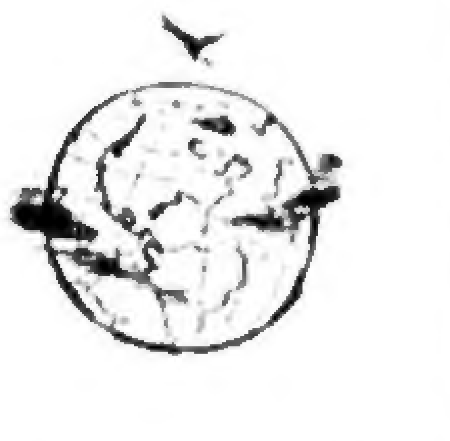
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HONEST ATTEMPT TO RECONCILE TWO WORLDS

I read Lt. Goggin's attempt at poetic interpretation of civilian and military sacrifices. I also read his letter to Esquire as quoted by the publisher. I found the letter much more enlightening inasmuch as it reveals the content of the author's mind.

To begin with, "toughness" is not the proper criterion for the validity of his effort. It is sheer emotionalism which points up the contrast between civilian and military segments of our people by the selection of an isolated example of civilian selfishness. Further it is a mental lapse which gives rise to such emotionalism manifested in this instance by the lack of discernment as to the nature of civilian and military sacrifices. Obviously there is here a difference of kind and not of degree. It is the difference between the "Articles of War" and the voluntary discipline of the American civilian. It is also the difference of the world in which each temporarily dwells. These worlds can never completely merge because the day-to-day experiences of each are so dissimilar. There is no comparison between these worlds but only contrast. Exposure to cruel and sudden death and body-consuming diseases is on a different plane entirely from the comparatively safe life of the worker and unquestionably demands sacrifice of a different type. It must be remembered that the overwhelming majority of the armed forces were once civilians and it was considered necessary that the civilian mind and spirit be transmuted by military training and psychology before being deemed ready to face the rigors and dangers of combat. That the transition is not always successful is evidenced by the small number of malingerers and delinquents in all the services. One of the German spies recently captured on our own soil was a former American sailor. The GI black market operators in France are another case in point. (Incidentally, responsibility for misuse of at least part of the 8,000 to 10,000 tons of gasoline which Lt. Goggin mentions might be fixed here.) Yet no one points to these unhealthy spots on the military body as indicating the patriotic spirit of the Army or its ability to function.



It is an ancient and understandable error to mistake the part for the whole. I believe that is what Lt. Goggin has done. This is not meant to be a brief for civilians. It is rather a plea for dispassionate thinking and understanding. Frankly, I fear *Muster at Halloran and Bethesda* because it is so powerful. Power behind the wrong ideas can be dangerous and unwittingly subversive. An emotional poem without a rational sheet anchor is a wild and uncontrolled vessel of expression. It can needlessly cause cleavages that need not and should not be. We have not fought for disunion but for union. The chasm between the civilian and military—if there has to be one—can only be bridged by thoughtful understanding and patience.

Sincerely,
Sgt. Philip A. Ryan
Camp Crowder, Mo.

THE "MUSTER" HITS HOME

Orchids to you for including Lieut. (jg) Richard James Goggin's *Muster at Halloran and Bethesda*. I have read it many times, in fact I intend copying it to file. This article is one of the most realistic to come out of this war. I hope it reaches a majority of the public. I am only a housewife but the things I see going on around me and the attitude of many people makes my heart ache for those boys over there. Thanks again for this article. You acted admirably in publishing it.

Mrs. Sam Singer
Cincinnati 29, Ohio

APPLAUSE FROM THE HOME FRONT

Congratulations on your acceptance of Lt.(jg) Richard J. Goggin's challenge to publish his *Muster at Halloran and Bethesda*. Its truth may be shocking but it is undeniable.

I remember another poet in another war who said "If you break faith with us who die we shall not sleep tho we lie in Flanders Field."

I exchange letters with other servicemen's wives all over the country and it is apparent from the boys' letters home that they know we have broken the faith—the faith for which they risk limbs, eyes, minds and lives. They read the newspapers and they hear the news. They are not being fooled.

There have been efforts in papers and magazines to make the home front realize that strikes, black markets, "tired" *Americans* have been the allies of our enemies, adding to the toll of dead and broken bodies and mangled minds. But they have not been tough enough!

Let's have more *tough* articles and let's have them *now* before the *real* Americans come home, as they did the last time, to the indifference of "tired" employers who aren't tough enough to back up the forces fighting for them.

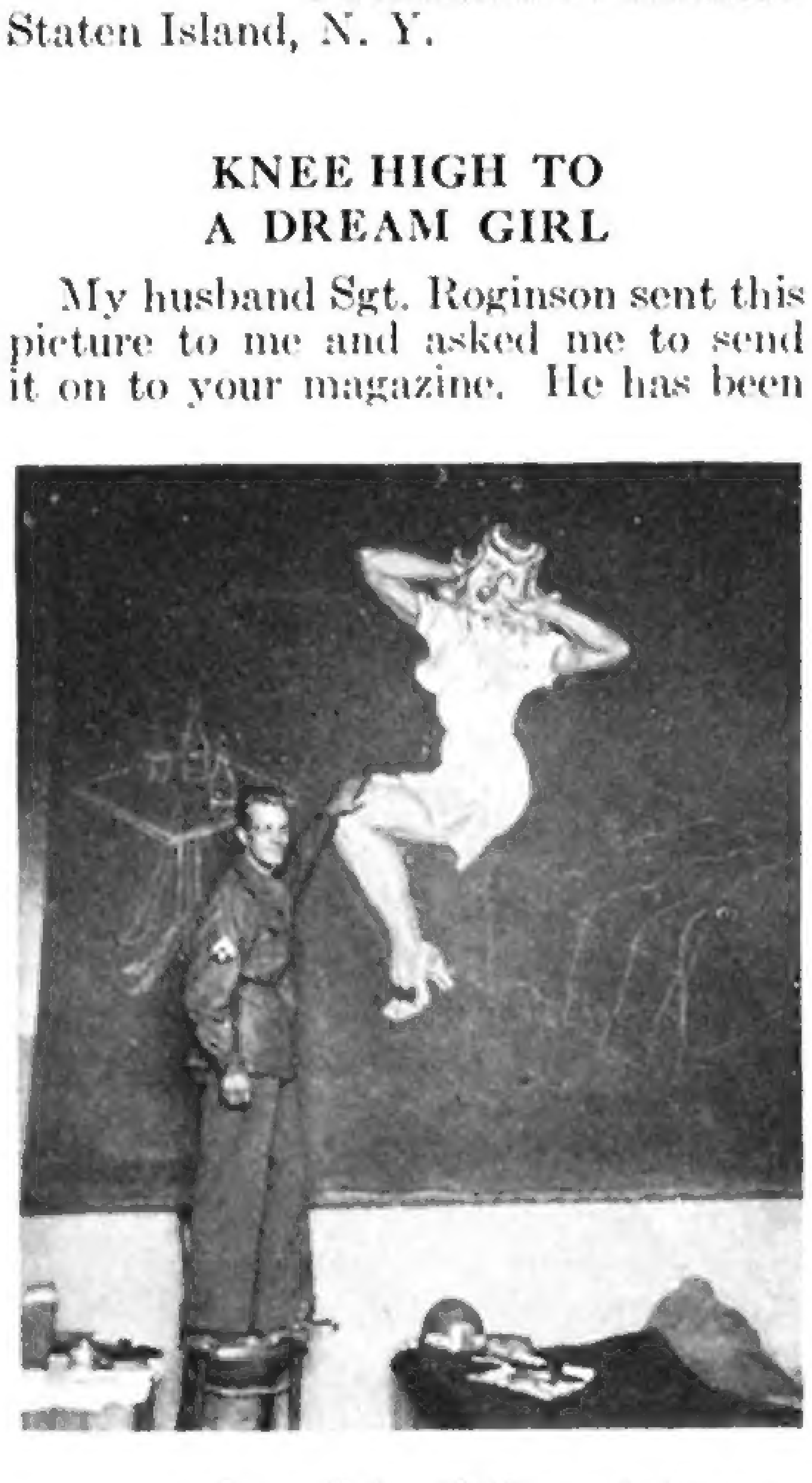
I have been doing a little censoring of my own when I pass on the home-front news to my husband in the Pacific, because I'm too ashamed to tell him and the boys with him the truth.

This is the first "letter to an editor" I've ever undertaken but Lt. Goggin has expressed so well the feelings of our GIs "who if he must die, wants to die for something that has some meaning to *him*" that I wanted to say he is right. The "wonderful sacrifices" on the home front are a mockery compared to the sacrifices *real* Americans are making over there.

Catherine P. Pearson
Staten Island, N. Y.

KNEE HIGH TO A DREAM GIRL

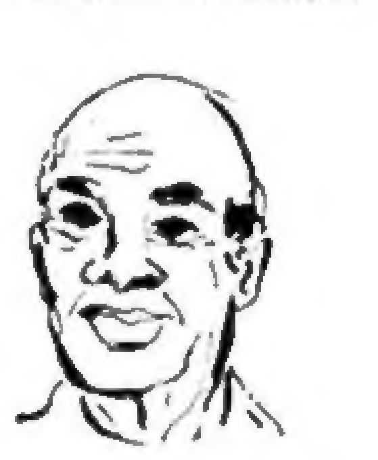
My husband Sgt. Roginson sent this picture to me and asked me to send it on to your magazine. He has been overseas since July 1942, and has enjoyed Esquire so much. He has sent me several sketches from Esquire. But this one he wanted sent on to you.



Houston, Ark. Mrs. D. S. Roginson

CONTEMPLATING LEWIS WITH APPROPRIATE EMOTIONS

I see no women represented on your "Letters to the Editor" page, but woman or no, I feel that I must express my appreciation of Lewis's fine article on what people delicately refer to as "The Negro Question." A dynamic Lewis, bless his peppery old soul, writes on a vital subject and the effect is such that I am rendered wide awake after an eight hour graveyard shift. I have entered in loud, grand arguments with some of my sisters in uniform about race prejudice and the Detroit riot. I remember a lively discussion we had in a philosophy class in college on the "Intermingling of Races"; I remember a gentle, white-haired Negro professor who spoke at my university two years ago; a meek little man who spoke firmly and without hesitation on the very bad deal the Negroes have been getting these last few hundred years.



To put it rather bluntly, the average person's opinion of the American Negro gives me a pain in the neck. "The Negro," the average man says, stroking his well-fed abdomen, "is all right in his place." Somehow the Negro's place remains undefined. If our country is labeled a "Democracy," let it act as one. My compliments to Mr. Lewis on his article. This Esquire is going to be left in the wide-open spaces, folded to the right page. Now, following Mr. Lewis's advice, I shall leave this distasteful subject and decide what I shall wear to supper tonight—navy blue suit or navy blue suit? You see, I always try to think of the "brightest and the best."

Patricia Hamilton, S1c (R.M.)
Point Loma, Calif.

EVIDENCES OF THE MATURITY OF JAZZ

In reference to Mr. Bruce Baker's recent letter with attending suggestions for betterment of the Esky Jazz Project in general . . . I think the guy's got something. After all, the other arts are subdivided; the Dance, Architecture, Painting, Classical Music, etc. I really think that Jazz begins to reach a mature status when we can recognize its "compartments." Eventually the feud that rages now (in print at least), between the standard bearers of the various factions, will subside to a normal and healthy level and all of us will go about our business of enjoying Jazz in whichever form we prefer.

Meanwhile, I for one, and I know many other sincere followers of Jazz will agree, believe that all All-Star, All-American, All-Something-or-Other bands and polls really prove very little—if anything. However, I'm for anything that will promote Jazz, in any form, any place, any time . . . Jazz polls do have a publicity value, especially when sponsored by such an organization as Esquire commands. As such things go, Esquire has done a commendable job, but that's not saying it can't be done better—and with very little more effort.

A simple argument in support of Mr. Baker: If you had the best ballet dancer, the best tap dancer and the best ballroom dancer; how the heck are you going to pick the best of the best? There *are* different styles and types of Jazz and as long as there is going to be a lot of time, effort and money expended on these "best-of-the-best" things, these differences should be accounted for.

As I said before, I don't go for these all-star deals. Personally, I'd rather see Esquire drop them and devote more space throughout the year to jazz in general (such as more photos) and retain of course, the annual Jazz Issue and the Jazz Book. However, the polls are fine attention-getters and Jazz needs all the attention it can get, so long as it's not disparaging. And along this line, Esquire has a fine opportunity to crusade against those who would relegate Jazz to the superficial and use it merely as the butt of comedians' jokes. The current article about musicians' use of drugs is a fine thing.

Congratulations on the steadfast support and promotion you are giving the liveliest of the Lively Arts.

Sincerely,
Overseas Sgt. Charlie Harris

OAHU: THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE

We first read an article by Sidney Carroll. The item was based on the beauty and the natives of Oahu, Hawaii. In the article the author states that Honolulu and the island of Oahu is a virtual sailor's heaven. True, the island is one of the most beautiful in the world, but the natives are more antagonistic than some of the natives of the isles further south. It is detrimental to a serviceman's health to walk the street after dark with one of their wahinis. The people of Hawaii resent the serviceman being there, or it seems that way to all sailors we know who have been there. The author states in one paragraph about the wonderful friendly folk that live there and in the same breath tells us the most anemic hamburger on the island costs twenty-five cents. Is that a sign of good friendship? Ask any serviceman who has been there if his heart will yearn for the Paradise of the Pacific. Ours won't.

B. W. Murray W. T. 1/c USNR
A. Wengraitis A.O.M. 1/c USN
Oak Knoll Navy Hospital,
Oakland, Calif.

PLAIN READER'S PLEA FOR PLAIN WRITING

I have always liked the Sinclair Lewis way of writing; but he made a crack about Americans and their avid devotion to the comics. As a modern American reader of wide interests—devoted to everything from the deepest writing down to Dagwood—I am not so sure we should blame the average American for not delving into the deeper stuff.

Perhaps when young upstarts on the literary scene stop trying to be different and write so they can be read and understood, they will find a larger following. I read as many modern books as possible; but I must say that most of them are vague, windy, often obtuse, and far, far too lengthy for the point they try in vain to make. Americans today are too busy to bother with self-styled geniuses who write down their noses and still expect to be acclaimed!

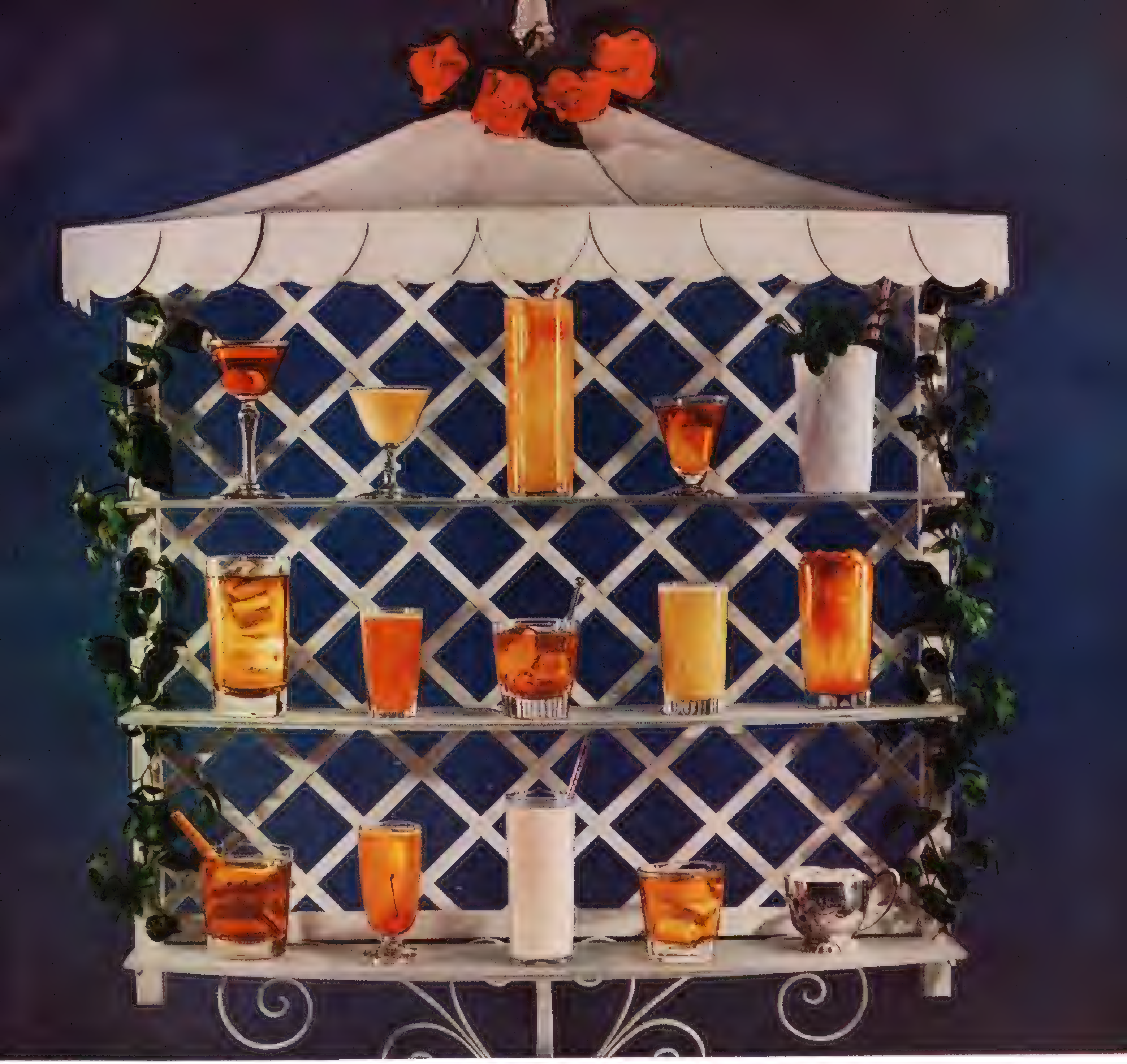
Sincerely yours,
Muskegon, Mich. Bill Bennett

WISH FULFILLED

I have been looking forward to the time when Sinclair Lewis's first article would appear in Esquire. However, I never expected anything so dynamic as his article in the June issue—it should awaken every American.

Sincerely yours,
Le Neau E. Landon
Camp Hill, Ala.

Continued on page 141



How many of these drinks can you name?

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Just clip the coupon at the right and we'll be glad to send you this grand recipe book, beautifully illustrated with full-color photographs.

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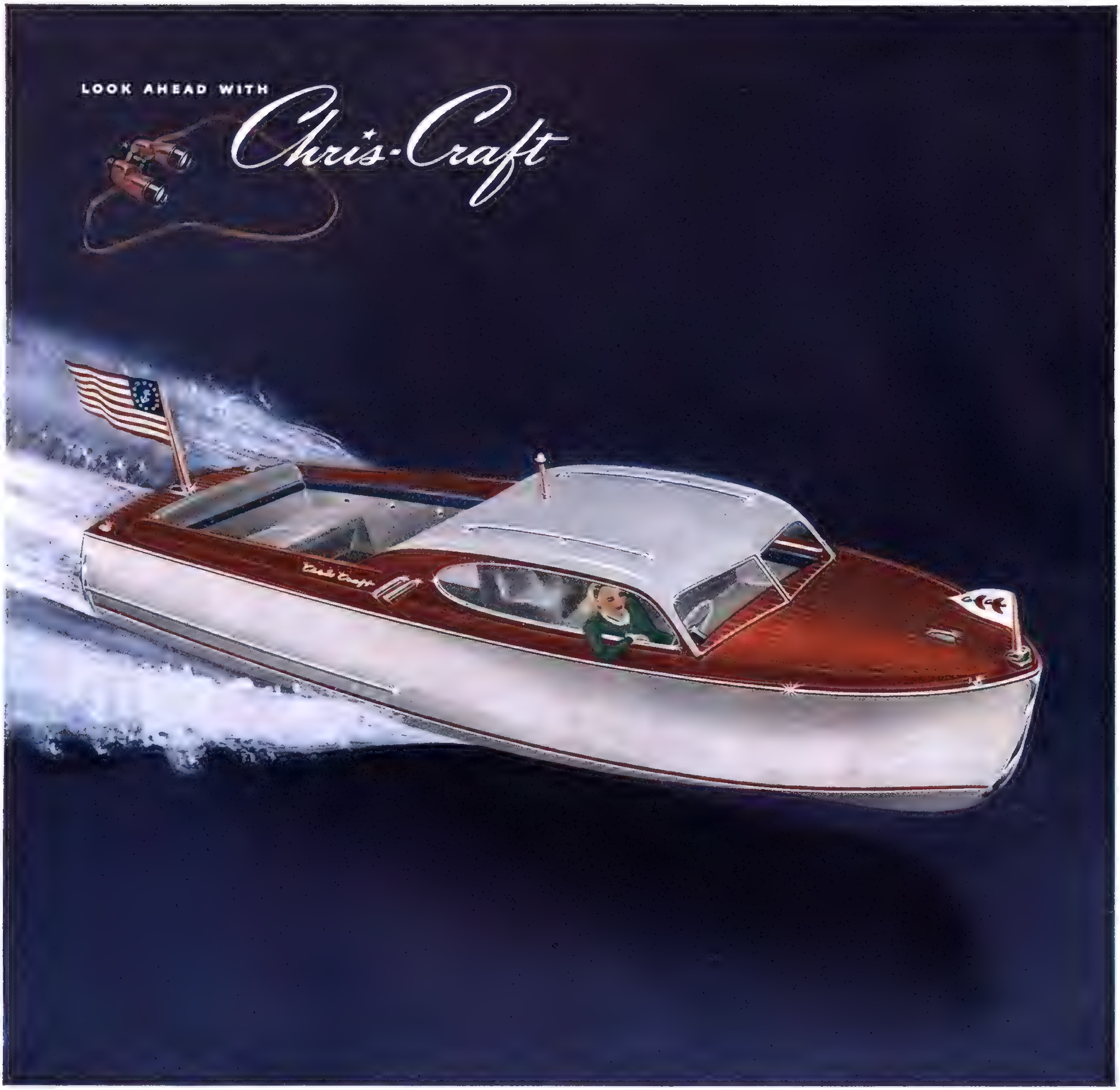
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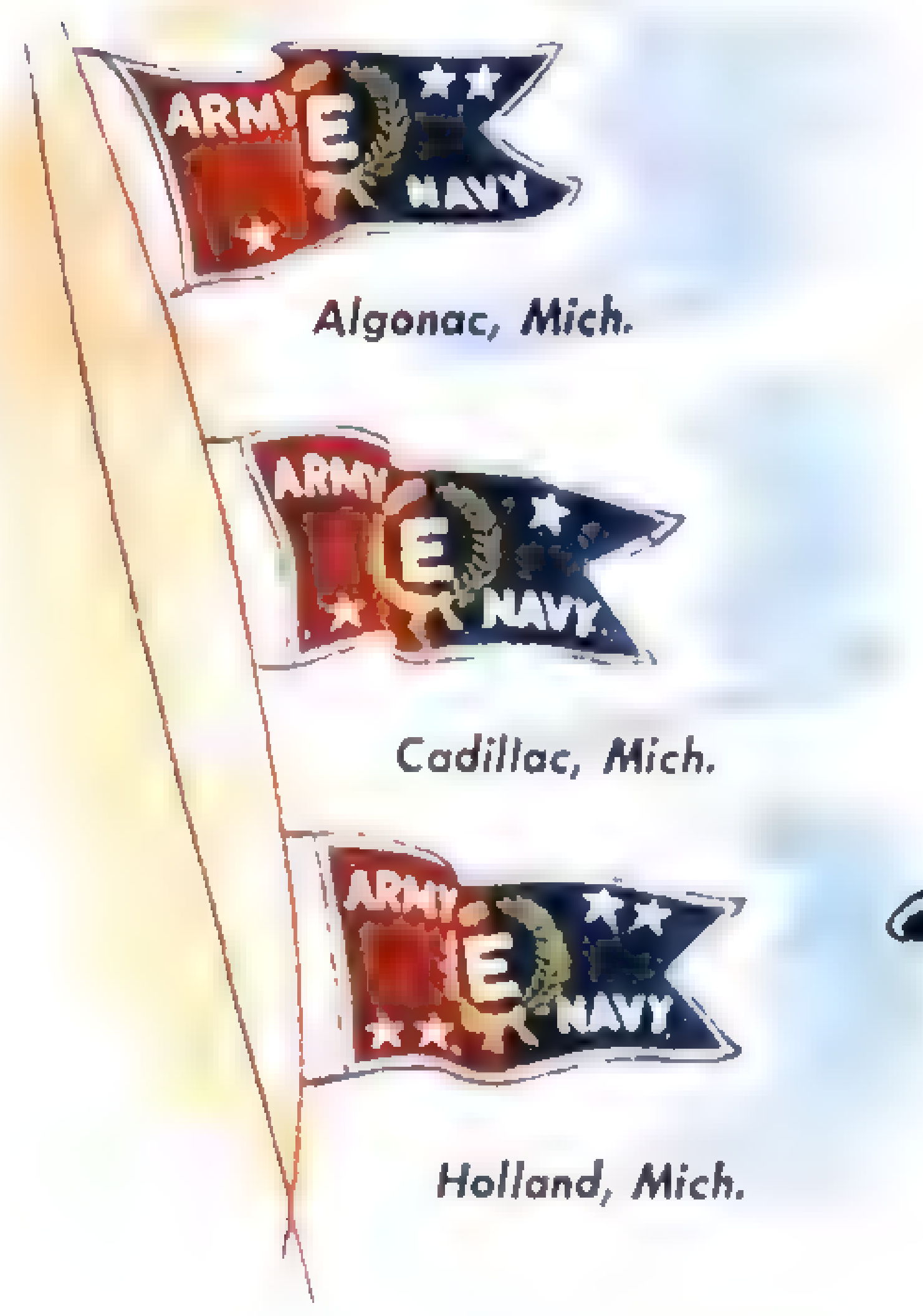
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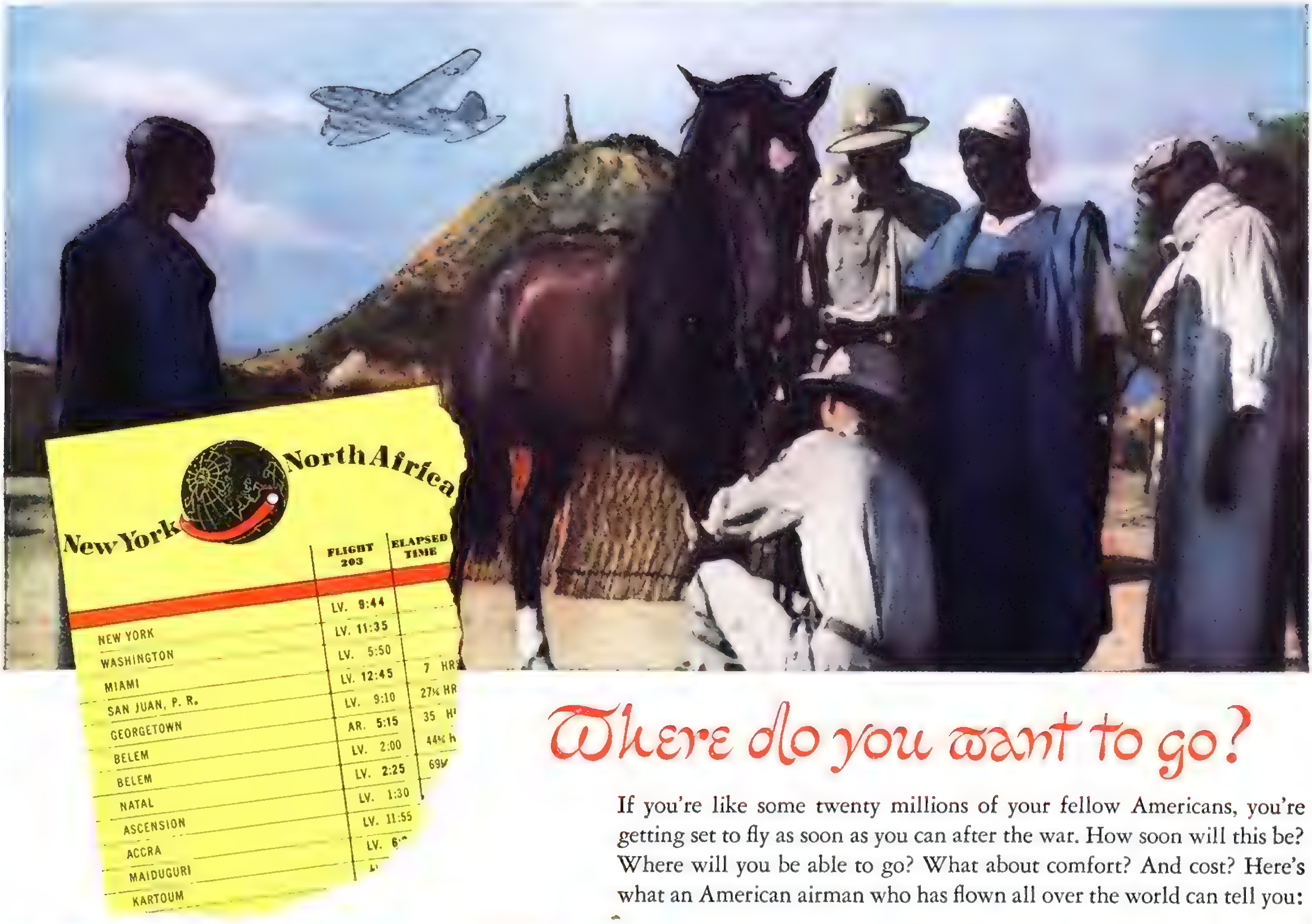
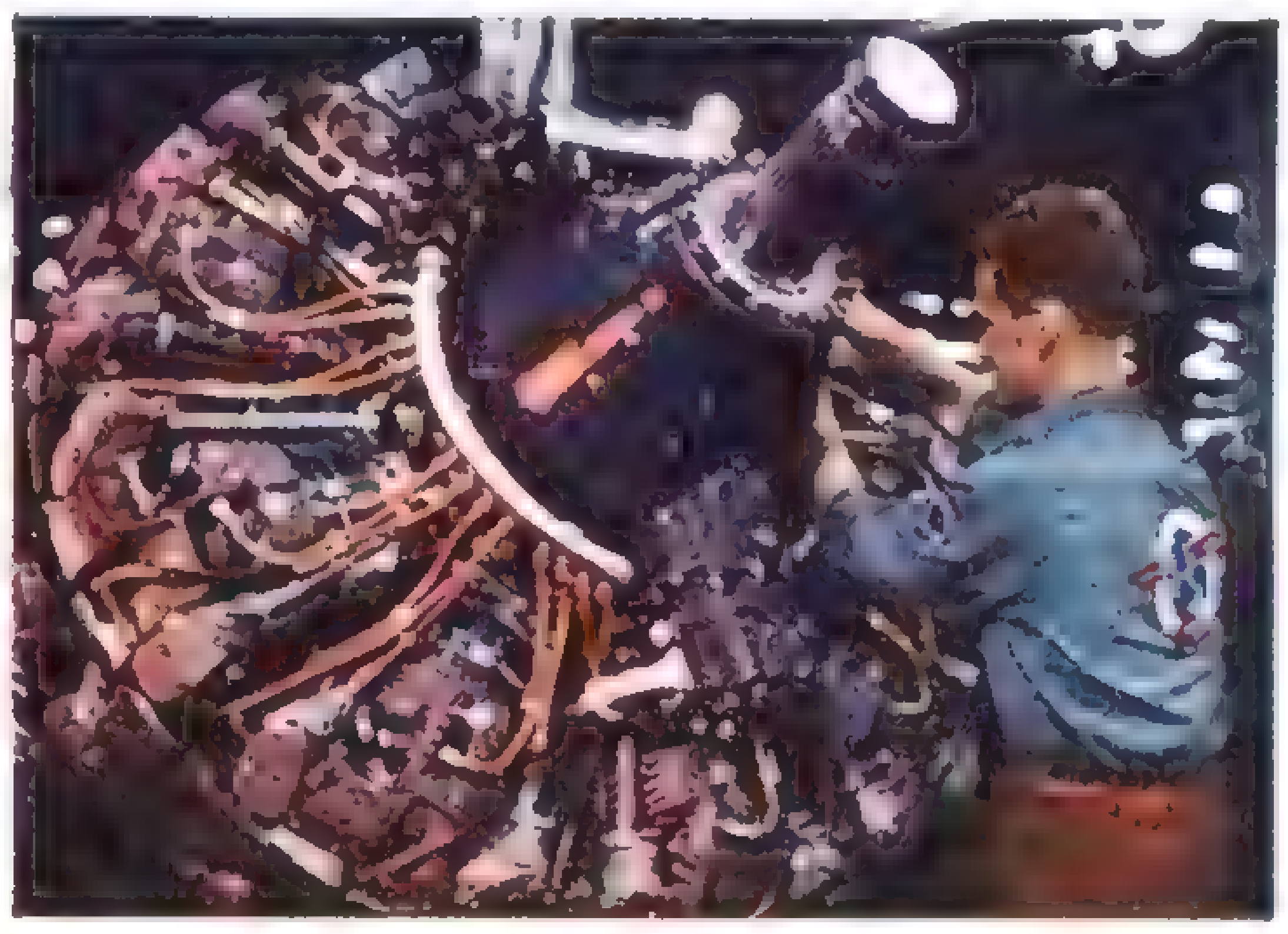


New York North Africa

	FLIGHT 203	ELAPSED TIME
NEW YORK	LV. 9:44	
WASHINGTON	LV. 11:35	
MIAMI	LV. 5:50	
SAN JUAN, P. R.	LV. 12:45	7 HR
GEORGETOWN	LV. 9:10	27½ HR
BELEM	AR. 5:15	35 H
BELEM	LV. 2:00	44½ h
NATAL	LV. 2:25	69
ASCENSION	LV. 1:30	
ACCRA	LV. 11:55	
MAIDUGURI	LV. 6:	
KARTOUM	L	

Where do you want to go?

If you're like some twenty millions of your fellow Americans, you're getting set to fly as soon as you can after the war. How soon will this be? Where will you be able to go? What about comfort? And cost? Here's what an American airman who has flown all over the world can tell you:



1. "There's no place worth seeing that will be out of reach . . . The main routes are being flown daily — more than 110,000 miles of them. Big key airfields are fully developed — hundreds more are in the making. The finest flying equipment ever designed will be ready for use soon after the war is over.

2. "The peacetime versions of the big twin-engine Curtiss Commando, for instance, will carry 36 to 45 people with all the comforts of a drawing room . . . soft, roomy seats — plenty of space — an attractive powder room — complete dining service — they'll be tops in luxury travel . . .

3. "And as for speed . . . well, giant multi-engine transports can cross the country in six hours. That gives you some idea of the concentration of power in their Wright Cyclone engines — the same dependable engines that power the B-29 Superforts and the giant Martin Mars.

4. "Vacations in Mexico, in Rio, on the Mediterranean, by air, may seem fantastic right now. Yet 27 airlines are already planning to take you to the markets and the playgrounds of the world at a cost well within your reach . . ."

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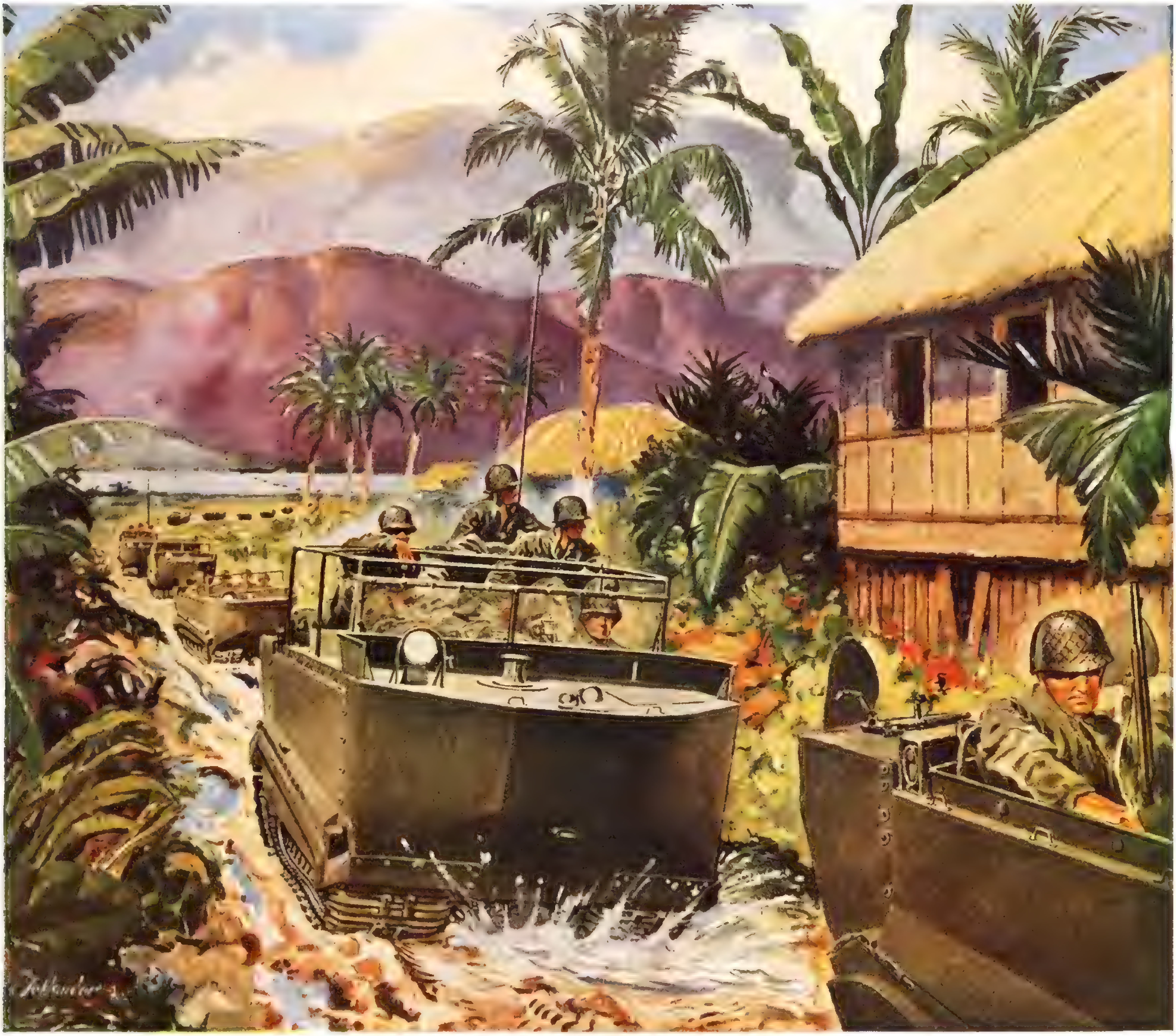

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Studebaker Weasels help pace the drive to Tokyo

HERE'S what they said about this amazing personnel and cargo carrier in a dispatch to "Yank," the Army weekly:

"The Weasel is still getting to the front in this tough sector after every other type of vehicle has bogged down in the rice paddies and swamps . . . To the infantrymen stretching one day's rations to three, the sight of these little jobs, churning through the bog past swamped trucks, is a fine and heart-warming spectacle."

Designed by Studebaker engineers and built in the Studebaker factories, the Weasel finds footing on all kinds of terrain—sand, snow, mud, swamp or solid ground. It clambers up and down steep, slippery banks and takes to deep water like a boat — propelled from shore to shore by the movement of its wide, flexible, rubber-padded tracks.

Power plant of the Weasel is the brilliantly responsive 6-cylinder engine of the famous Studebaker Champion motor car—the automobile engine of advanced design that has provided civilian Champion drivers with astonishing gasoline mileage under peace as well as war conditions.

Studebaker proudly adds the Weasel to a list of war equipment including heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks and Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress.

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Don't let up in buying War Bonds—they're your link with every man and woman in uniform—your promise that our America must and will stay strong.

Talking Shop with Esquire

TIRE SCULPTRESS. You chaps who believe that women's place is in the home needn't bother reading this. But we feel that we should, from time to time, inaugurate a "women sure do get around" department. To wit: we attended a luncheon given by some big moguls of a big rubber company not long ago. Guest of honor was a willowy bit of femininity with a soft, suthin' accent, a lacy black costume, dusky curls and a picture hat. 29-year old Chloe Delong (so help us, Chloe was her name) turns out to be the only tire sculptress in the world. The Kentucky belle takes mechanical drawings (often her own design) and models full size sections of huge army truck tires in plasticine (a sort of modeling clay). The finished model is then presented to the company's engineers who work from Chloe's model instead of blue prints, thus saving hundreds of manhours and money. Which only goes to show . . . you never can tell from where you sit.

THE KINDLING KID. In order not to show undue partiality to the fair sex, we hasten to tell you about bright boy Jim Landi, former Notre Dame athlete . . . AAU champion boxer, Arizona cowboy and inventor of kindling flares, blocks of concentrated heat in log or cube form. This solidified fuel is made of scientifically processed fiber, hydrocarbons and other chemicals. The cubes will burn on any surface, concrete or damp ground and in rain, snow or floating on water! Campers use the flares for instant fuel for cooking, instead of rubbing two Boy Scouts together. Used as fire kindlers they eliminate use of paper, kindling wood, dangerous oils and liquids. As danger flares they're a boon to motorists doing repair work at night; act as signal lights for hunters, etc. You can get small cubes which burn for 10 minutes, up to 16 inch logs for fireplaces which will last 2 hours. The flares leave no sparks, dirt, smoke or smell, won't deteriorate and are non-combustible.

Ranger

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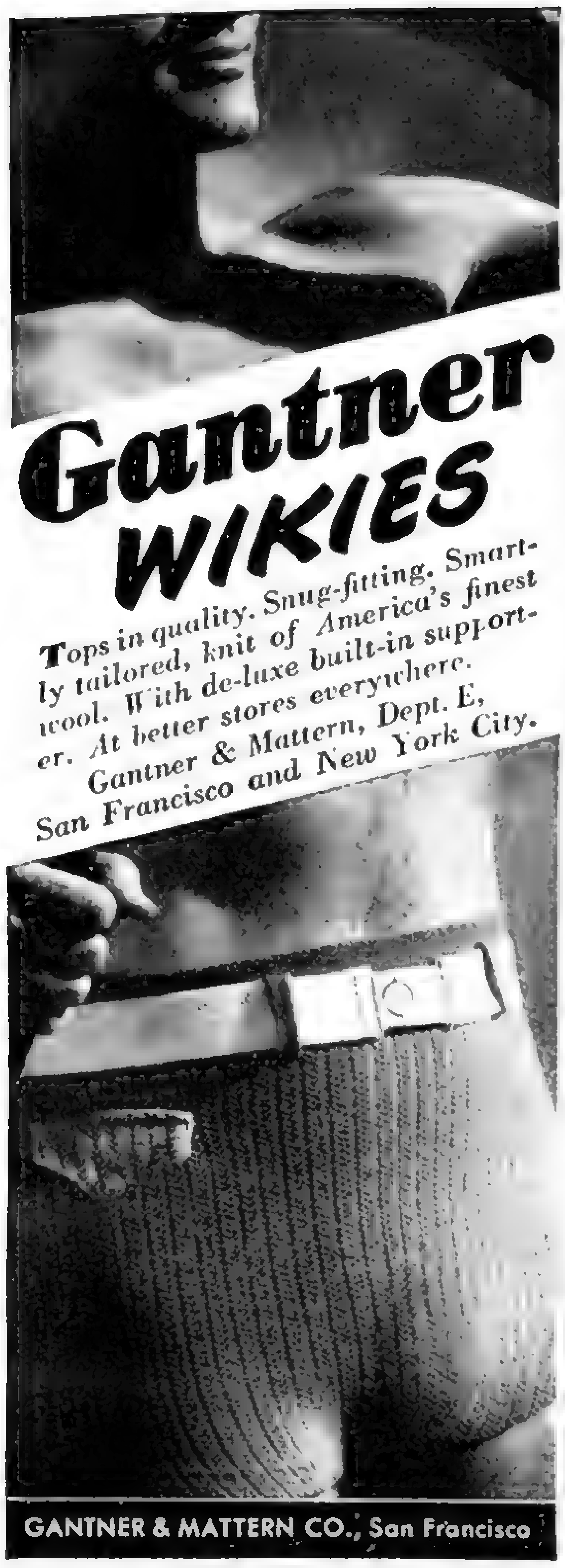

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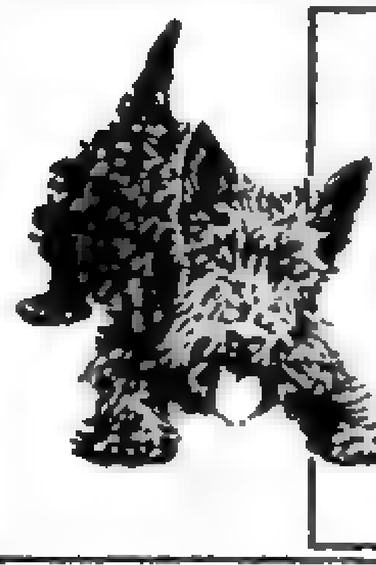

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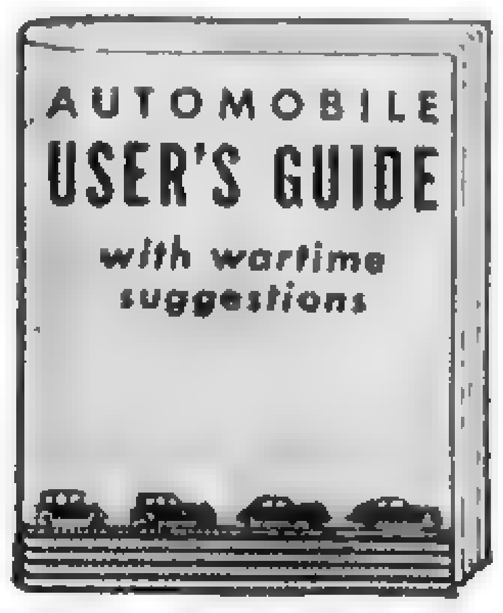

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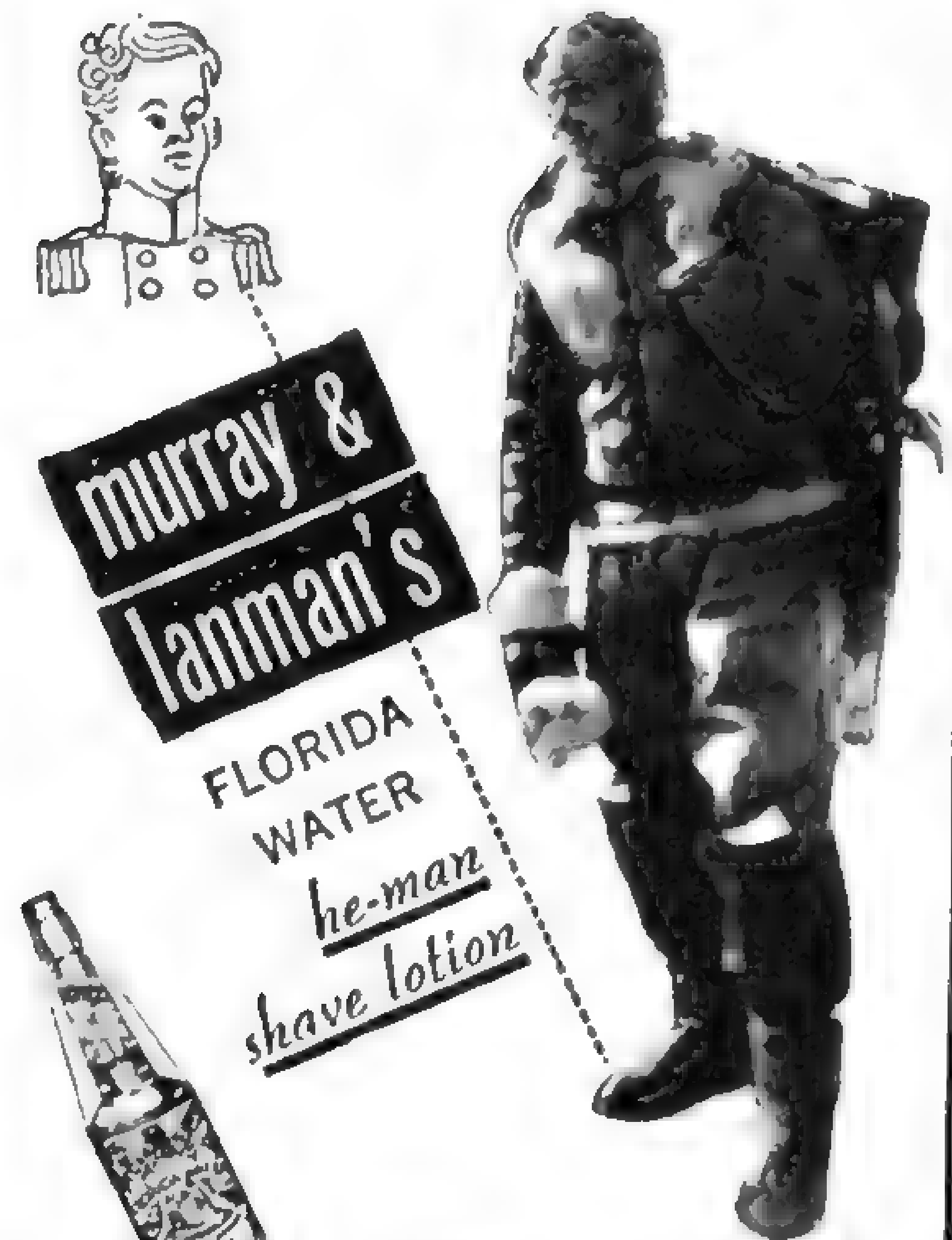

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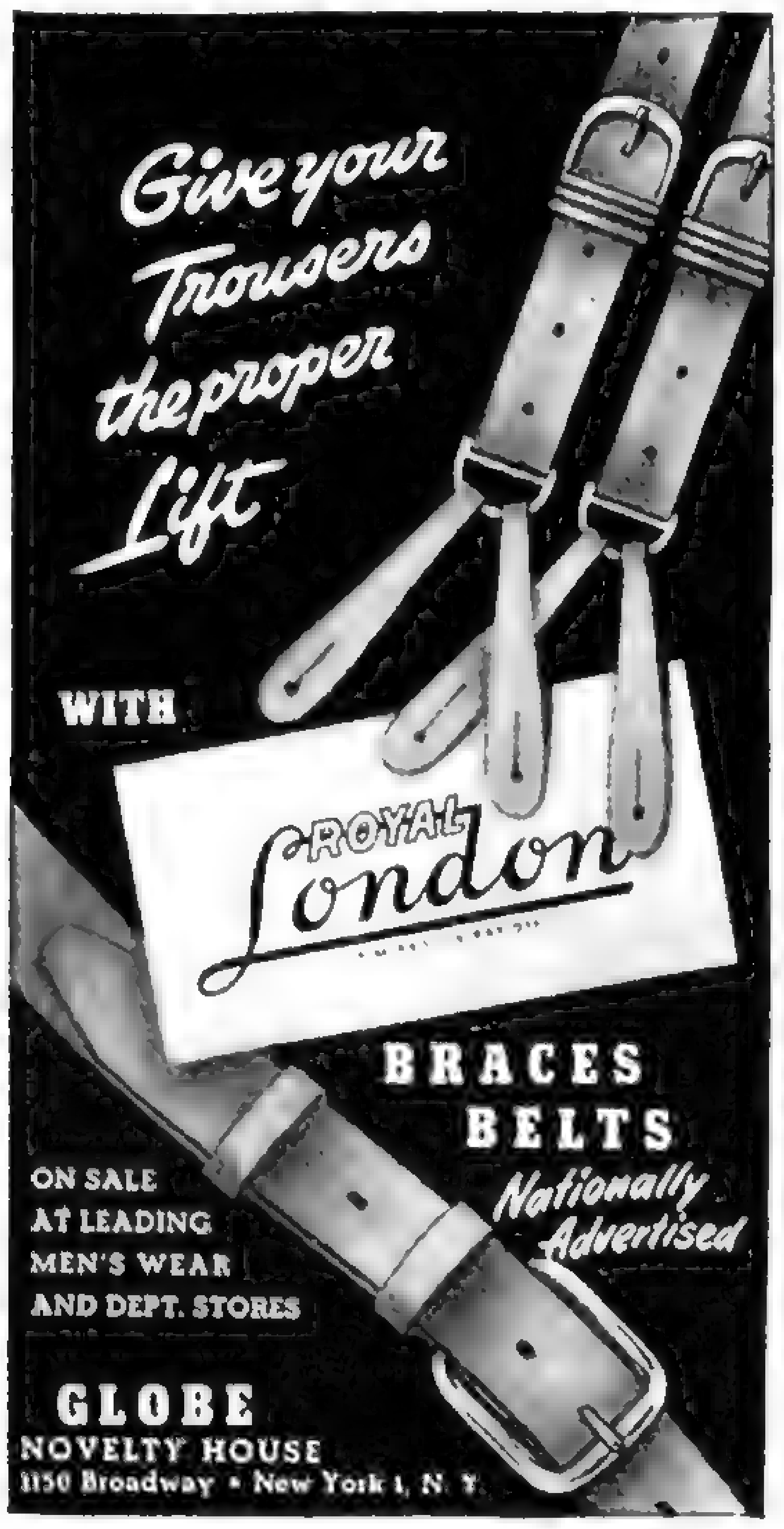
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Talking Shop with Esquire

CLIP JOINT. We refer to the "Scissors' King" who tints, dyes, cuts and waves the male mane. The Maestro believes that most tonsorial parlors do too routine a job of mass mowing. Man would be far handsomer with benefit of individually styled hair. Lantern-jawed gents should have gently waved hair, brushed back to minimize a square face; short gents can look taller via a modified pompadour cut. Convalescent service men who have lost hair through shock or wounds are taking scientific scalp massage, relaxing facials and learning how hair can be cut and combed to cover or conceal thin spots. The salon is open evenings . . . for men only.

LIQUID SHAVE CREAM. Customers who have to shave in hard water areas say that the daily beard removing task has become a beautiful thing. The answer is a new liquid shave cream which gets to the root of the trouble deeper, quicker and better. You simply stick your brush in hot water, pour on a soupçon of liquid which immediately works into an enviable lather. Liquid cream also un-clogs instantly in your razor . . . a great time-saving factor. An 8-oz. bottle should last two months.

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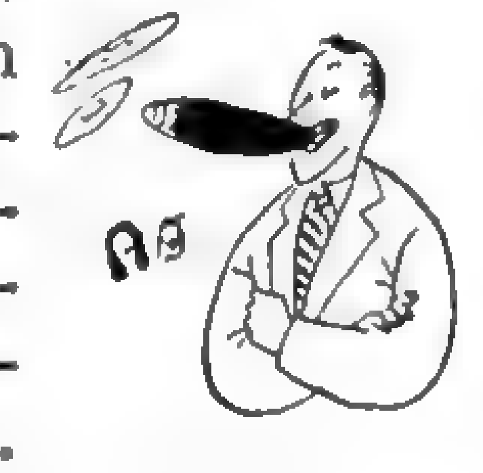

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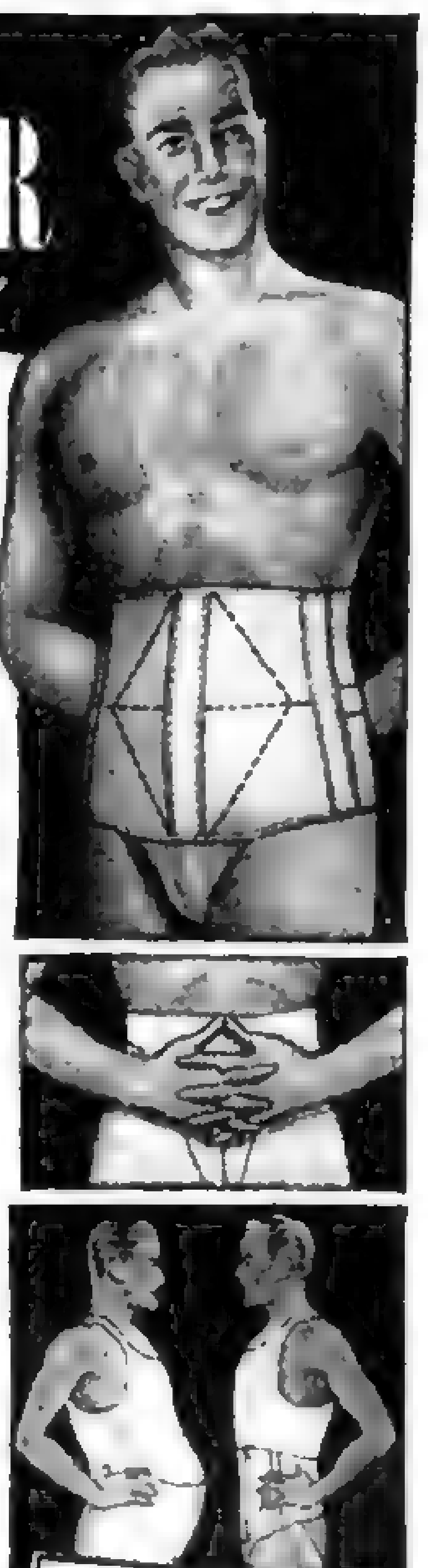

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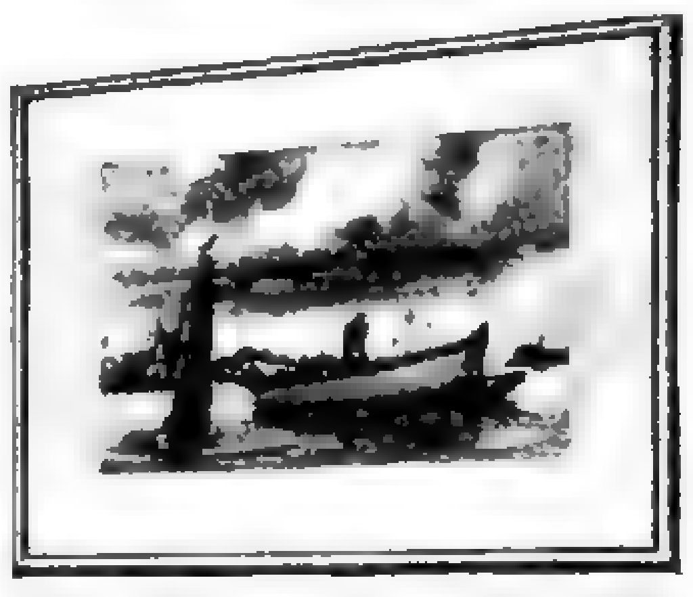

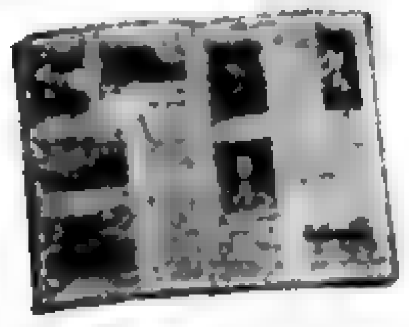

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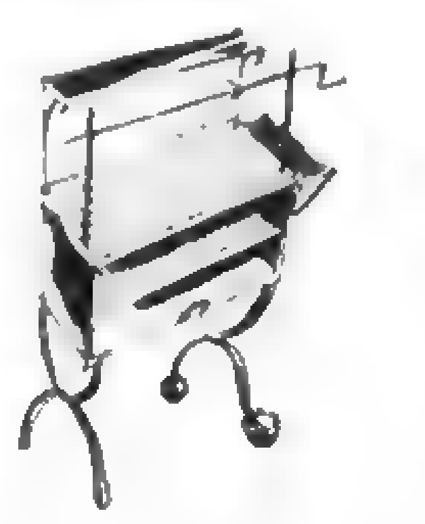
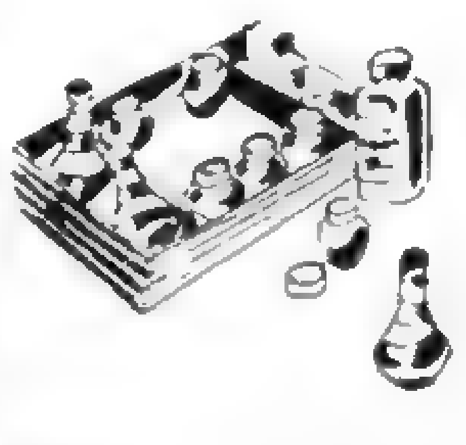
Talking Shop with Esquire

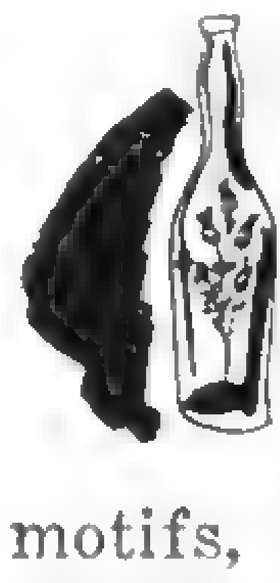
BARBECUE GRILL. Every year about this time we get a "B"-complex . . . beaches, bathing beauties . . . and barbecues. Which brings us to a honey of a barbecue grill of wrought iron, 39" high, with 24" x 18" grilling surface. Has a compartment beneath the fire bed for baking potatoes, a removable pan, revolving spit, top warming shelf and a side utility shelf . . . both removable. The grill can be wheeled around at will.



BARBECUE BONANZA. Perfect gift to yourself or your weekend host is a wooden toting tray filled with 11 sauces and spices. There's a bottle of Worcestershire, smoked meat essence, hot pepper sauce, mustard, jars of spices, seasoning, etc. A beauty! . . . Onion soup fans don't like to hang over a hot stove for hours of preparation. Best idea is a package of dehydrated French onion soup mix. You simply toss the dehydrated onions into a quart of hot water, bring to a boil and cook twenty minutes. Result is as good as your favorite French chef turns out.



LIQUOR SET. If your weekend host dines al fresco, he'll be pleased with this liquor set. Two empty (alas) quart bottles and two shot glasses fit into a neat wooden container. The Scotch bottle is hand-painted appropriately with thistle motifs, while the bottle labeled "Bourbon", is decorated with sprays of rye and corn. Makes a nice thing of it.



ANTS' ANATHEMA. While we're still out in the garden, let's get rid of those ants with our special kit of death-dealing syrup. The kit comes with 4 special glass containers and a 4 oz. bottle of the syrup, enough to fill containers twice. Better give your house a going over too. Take out your trusty sprayer filled with a special lethal liquor which combines fast action and sure death. Spray your bedroom before retiring, and in about 15 minutes, maddening mosquitoes will buzz their last buzz. Spray the liquid into cracks and shelves twice a week to send roaches, bugs, etc. to their doom. We give this pleasantly scented fluid a double "E" . . . the exterminator excellent.

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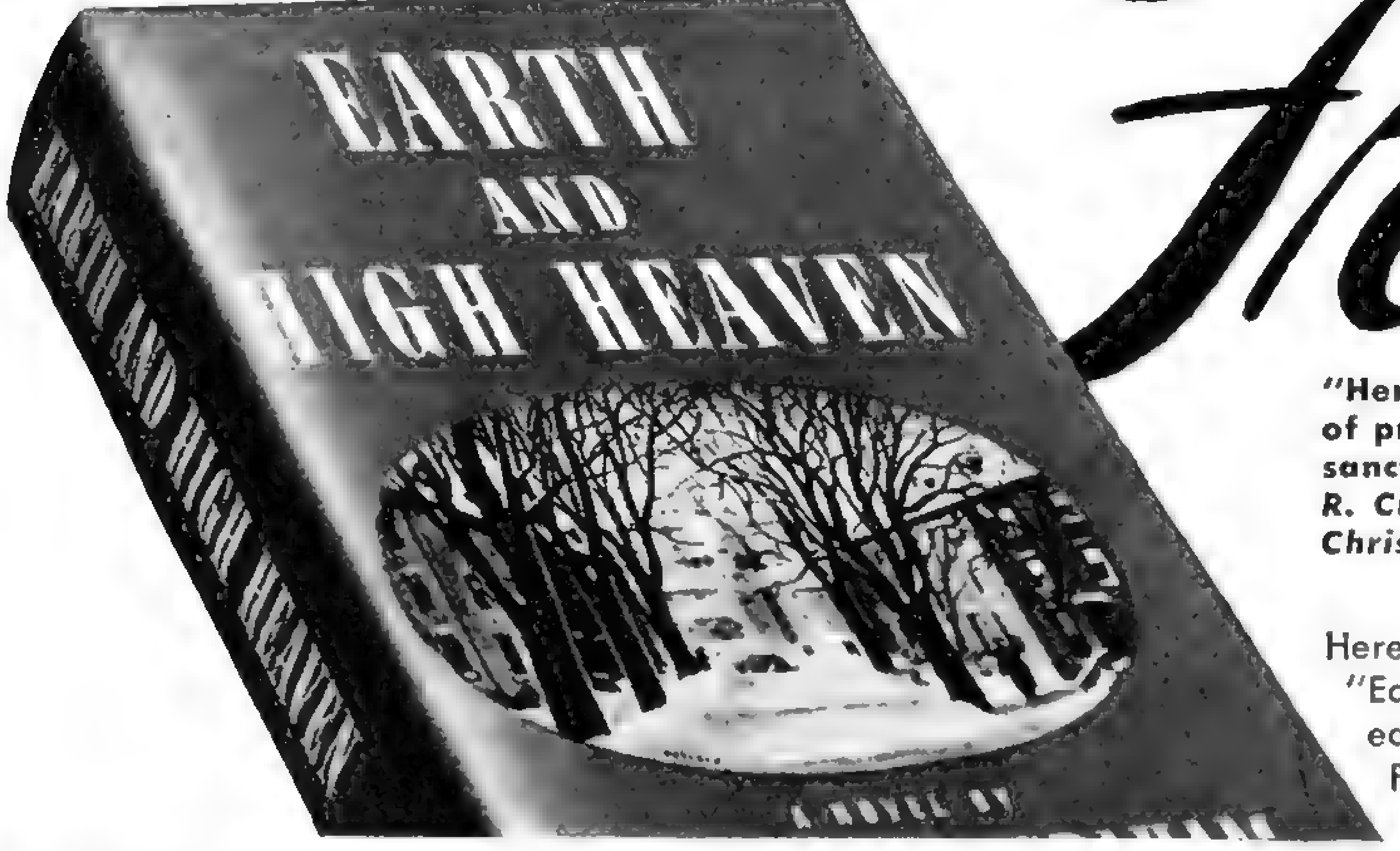
SHE. Does he secretly believe my parents will come first?
- Will he be hurt constantly by what people may say about him—and us?
- Will he quarrel and bicker about imaginary "insults"?

HE. Will she become a social outcast?
- Will she come to hate me because of her sacrifices?
- Will our children blame us for placing them in a "no-man's land," socially?



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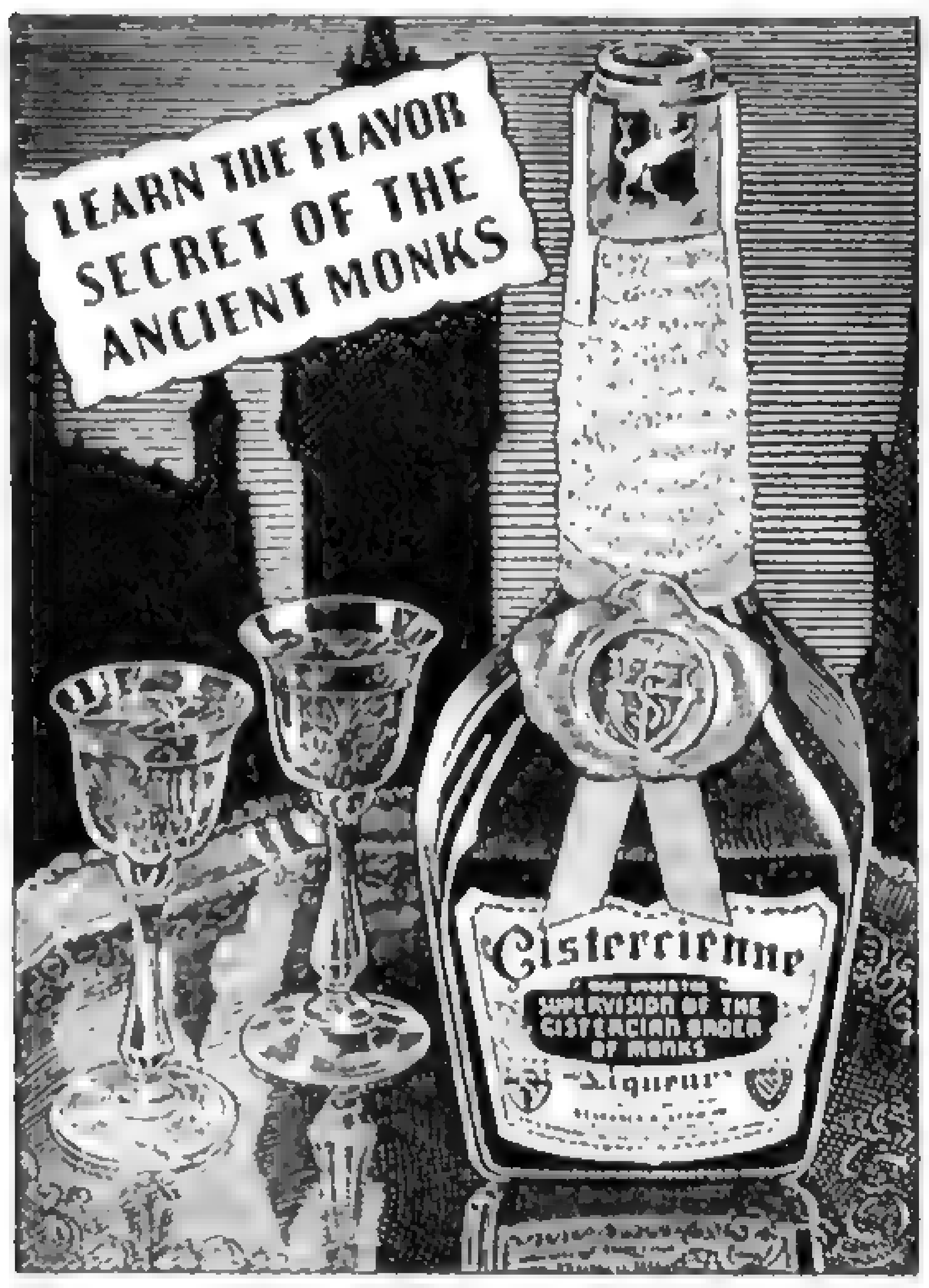
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Painting the Town with Esquire

FORK, spoons and a cup are clunked upon a cold bleak tabletop, which the waiter has just wiped, leaving it dank, and you're set for a standardized meal at ye routine Chinese restaurant. Ruby Foo's Den, 240 West 52nd, is different. Its every dish is a Celestial chef's pride, geared for palate's pleasure. Tables, boasting spotless napery, aren't crowded together. Service is fastidious and the waiter doesn't look blank when you express desire for a drink. He can suggest a good wine to go with your breaded jumbo shrimps, subtly sauced, or almond-sprinkled braised duckling, or any of the delectables on the fascinating list. You are going to enjoy every mouthful you partake in this attractive muraled temple of good tastes or the management will feel personal loss of countenance.

ISN'T SCIENCE amazing! Thanks to the TVA, Jimmy Savo, third-yearling at Café Society Uptown, is able to cope with his well known door-threatening river without the aid of baggy pants and oversize derby. He now performs this vivid feat bareheaded, sans make-up, and wearing a well-fitting tuxedo. Next week he'll probably be one-meat-balling your heart out in white tie and tails. As for Café Society Uptown's returned prodigal maestro Teddy Wilson, intuitive heaters of the ivories don't come cooler or serener amid ovation storms.

IF DINNER at Leon & Eddie's doesn't burst your vest buttons, Eddie's ditties will . . . Shanks sulking under tables at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill on account of the summertime absence of Guy Lombardo, have been coaxed forth into action by the reassuring rhythms of Eddie Stone. This genial surprise artist, quick on the violin trigger and the song patter, commands a well-balanced crew featuring the talents of jazz pianist Floyd Bean, three fiddlerettes, and trumpet stuntman Schnozz Donahue. With such a bunch busying themselves, no ankle can feign indifference.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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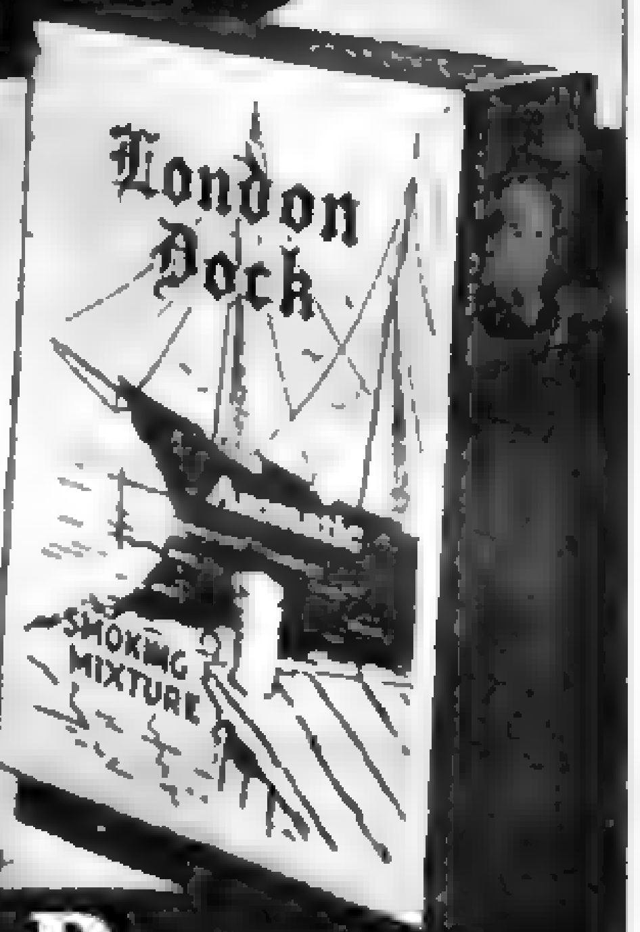

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Painting the Town with Esquire

SLICK synchronization at the cherished Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza: while the bartender shakes up your cocktail hour brandy sour, singer Narita (pip from Puerto Rico) shakes up a rumba with Clemente's marimba band. Loopholes are plugged pleasantly by Roy "Whispering Trumpet" Fox and his orchestra, with Kay Kimber vocaling. And so till nightcap.

MAYBE it would be possible to pack more pace, color, variety, and alluring agility into an ice revue than is now ganderable on the pull-out pond of the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room, but we couldn't imagine how, not being Donn Arden, producer and stager, who this time has practically knocked himself out to knock your eye out. Cuddly-cute blonde tress-tosser Joan Hyldoft is the star, with a comet train of comelies breaking out new costumes with every swoop, and in honor of astronomy the waiter will fetch you a Hotel New Yorker Punch (rum, curaçao, champagne, fruit, etc.) as tall as a telescope. Baritone Neil Fontaine spiritedly masters the ceremonies. Maestro Sonny Dunham and his orchestra, which acts as background for his trumpeting and tromboning, tickle the feet

MANY an eatery and night club has been launched at 112 Central Park South, only to sink. These advantageously located premises have resounded to the antics of the Yacht Club Boys, have housed smörgasbord tables, have gone Parisian, North African, and what not. But now success and solid popularity—Simplon Restaurant, with agreeable Leonard Gordon as host doing his best to accommodate applicants for the sumptuous provender cheffed to order and carved with a flourish. Architect Zareh Sourian, jinx-breaker, achieved a transformation beyond recognition . . . Sourian originality at atmospherics is also met with, and fishily, in the new Sea Cove, Broadway at 72nd, where much liked Pedro Valli does the hospitable. Bouillabaisse, sir?

HIS TERRIFICNESS, Cab Calloway, rajah of hot-cha, is back on Broadway at the Zanzibar which in celebration is sporting a complete new décor of tropical eden illusions outa the Franklin Hughes dream book. Ceremonies on the exalted stomp ground involve also sepian songeuses Dorothy Saulters and Pearl Bailey, and the latter's tapsichorean brother Bill. And the comedy combo Day, Dawn and Dusk. And other applause snarers. Special music is by a composer named C. Calloway.

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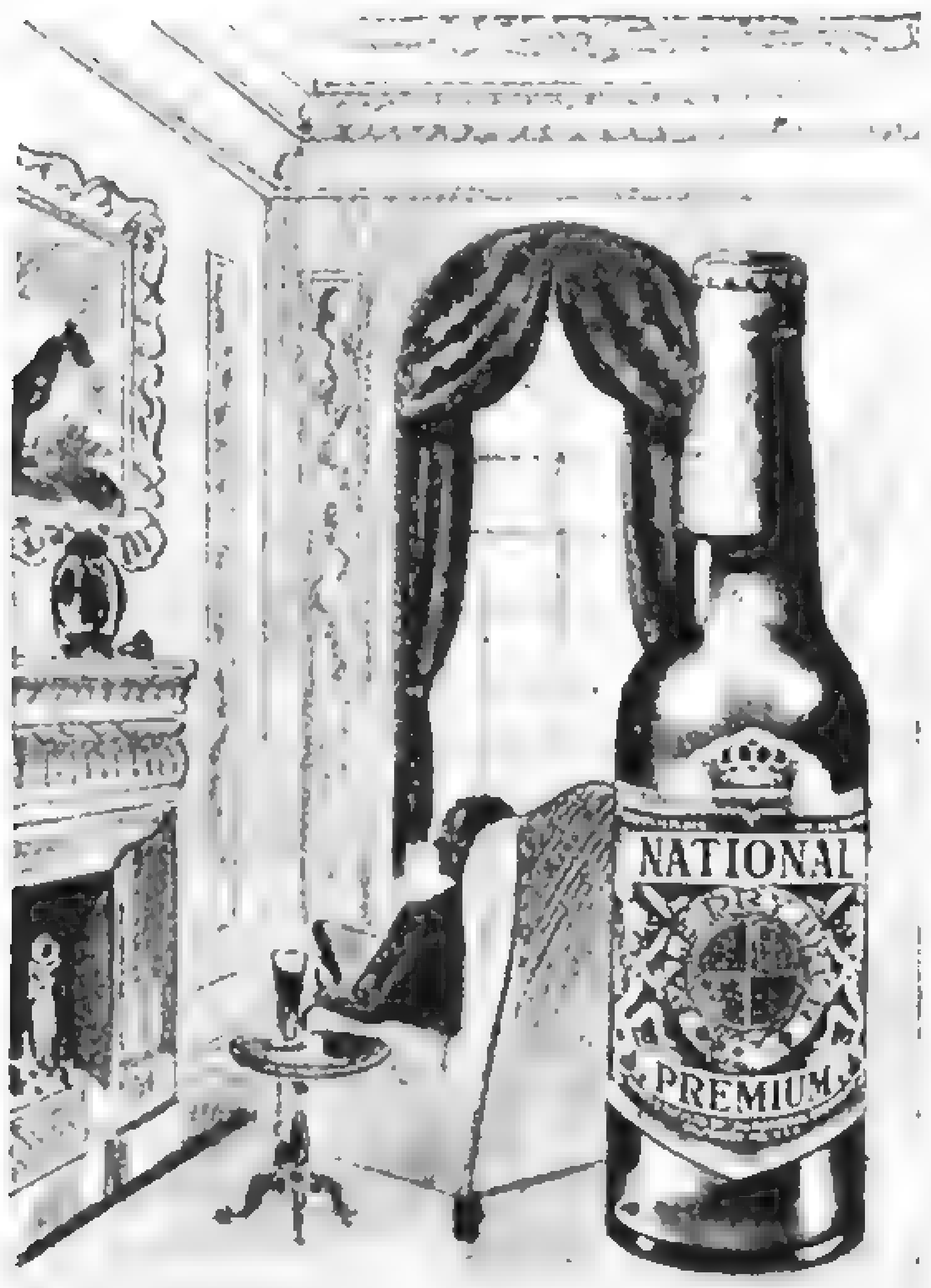

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Hart Stilwell

Hart Stilwell's first novel, *Border City*, was published by Doubleday Doran in May. Like the article, *Two Good Neighbors*, which he contributed to this magazine three years ago, it is a plea for justice for the downtrodden Latin American in Texas. Stilwell is a descendant of four generations of Texans, has lived in Brownsville most of his life, has a son in the Army. He says: "I have been a free-lance newspaperman and magazine writer since graduating from the University of Texas, with the exception of a couple of years spent as editor of a newspaper. I started hunting and fishing because of my health, then began magazine writing because of hunting and fishing."

•

When Paul Kunasz' excellent story, *The Brave Deserve the Lovely*, was read by those painstaking members of our staff who consider all material in the light of general amity, comity and probity, as well as literary value, this question was raised: would publication of the story provoke roaring repercussions from the boys in the Pacific? It was finally decided that the fellows overseas, many of whom have expressed their annoyance with "understanding" civilians, quack pyschologists, et al, would not appreciate such paternalistic censorship. And after all, *The Brave Deserve the Lovely* is fiction. Paul Kunasz sent us this brief biography: "I was born in Denver, raised in Illinois, went to sea in my teens, worked on newspapers, did aviation publicity in New York, screenwriting in Hollywood (MGM), then short stories until the war, when I got a government job. I'm married and have two children."

Paul Kunasz

•

James Wakefield Burke, author of *Fury Over the Himalayas*, is the test flyer whose article *All God's Children Can Fly*, published in this magazine more than a year ago, brought a clamor of protests from reactionary airmen.

•

Craig Wood, whose encomium to Byron Nelson is on page 82 of the Sports Department, has for several years been pro of the Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, New York. He was winner of the Masters Tournament in 1941 and of the National Open Championship in the same year (a title which he still holds). He also won the Canadian Open in 1942, and still holds that title. For the past five years he's been Captain of the Ryder Cup Team.

Craig Wood

•

Oliver St. John Gogarty, the Irish poet, author and physician, claims Dublin as his home though he is now living in this country. He was active in Irish politics for a time and one night in 1921 was "taken for a ride" by political enemies. He escaped by jumping into the Liffey, and promised that river an offering of two swans if she would return him safely home. The Liffey did and later Gogarty, as good as his word, launched the two swans in her waters with due ceremony. *An Offering of Swans* became the title of his first book of poems.

•

Simon J. Callinan, co-author with Alan Hynd of *Some Crime Does Pay*, served for twenty years as detective with the Police Department in Buffalo, New York. He was at various times in charge of the narcotic squad, the vice and gambling squad, the threatening letters and bomb squad, and the arson squad. The final episode in his police career was an assignment to investigate the affairs of the City of Buffalo. Callinan kept a special grand jury, a special supreme court judge and a special panel of trial jurors very busy indicting, convicting and sentencing a long procession of city officials, employees, politicians, police officers, businessmen, and even one of the trial jurors.

•

The statistics-mad fellows in our advertising research department have come up with these nuggets of information about certain commercial aspects of the changing, and presumably brighter, world . . . The Civil Air Board announces that postwar travel between the United States and Europe will average 280,924 passengers annually (suggesting that isolationism, like the great auk, will be preserved only in crossword puzzles) . . . Lady pipe smokers purchased more than 200,000 pipes during the last three months of 1944 . . . Food supermarkets, apparently heartened by their successful venture into the literary field, will eventually dispense drugs and cosmetics . . . Rear-engine automobiles of lightweight aluminum will seat eight people comfortably, traveling 28 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . Auto makers entreat the government to ration cars after V-J Day, saving dealers the embarrassment of deciding which citizens are most deserving . . . The Pullman Company plans all the comforts in duplex-roomettes, staggered at different levels, 24 to a coach, for the present price of a lower; low-fare passengers will be bedded down in Day-Nite coaches with chaise-longue type chairs and six individual washrooms . . . A manufacturer of personal planes has 1,200 orders on the books for postwar delivery . . . New Yorkers do more than their share of beer consumption, each downing 25 gallons annually.

•

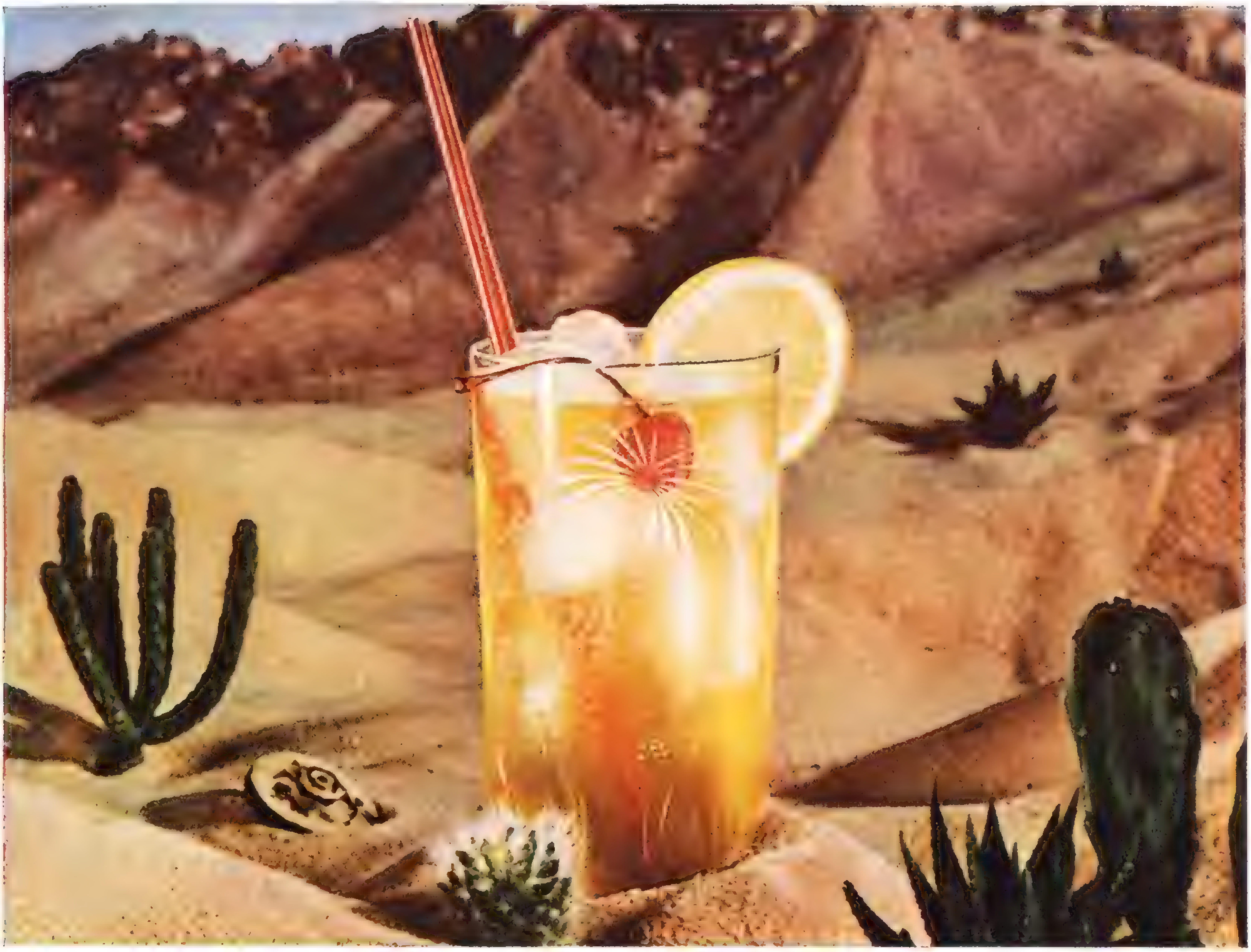
George Zarafonetis has, in his thirty-four years, lived one of those rich and varied lives which read strangely like satires on literary biographies (see Benny Jones' *Definitive Life of Jane Roswell*, page 63). Texas-born of Greek parents, Mr. Zarafonetis has lived in Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington, D. C., and South Bend, has had about 125 jobs, mostly as a waiter, has hitchhiked some 60,000 miles without a dime. He has also had a whirl as a radio announcer and carnival barker, and for the past ten years has been employed by the Grand Rapids *Herald* as police reporter and feature writer. In the latter capacity he became acquainted with *The Order of the Crackpots* (page 51). He spent four months in the Army as volunteer officer candidate, Camp Wolters, Texas. The CO decided he would rather have Zarafonetis against the Army than for it because of two busted ankles, and bad feet besides. His boss calls him the only overpaid newspaperman in the business because in his spare time he works for a press association, the Detroit *News*, the Chicago *Sun*, and handles several public relations jobs.

George Zarafonetis

•

John Forbes (*The Predatory Bus Boy*, page 39) has always been a working newspaperman—in Philadelphia, New York, Providence, Rhode Island, and currently, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. During the last war he was on the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*, in Paris. He has great admiration for first-class reporters, occasionally gets sidetracked as city editor or Sunday editor, but always manages a promotion to reporter again. He has written for *The New Yorker, Collier's, The Post* and other magazines, including *Smart Set*. His son is a T/5 at Fort Niagara. ⋕

John Forbes



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If a Bacardi Collins keeps popping before your eyes when you're hot and parched as the desert, don't dismiss it as a delightful mirage.

You can prove—simply by ordering one—that it's a very *real* refresher. And not only the frostiest, but the *tastiest* thirst-quencher you ever raised to your lips!

You see, Bacardi is made to an 83-year-old formula, still known only to the Bacardi family. That's why it's so mellow, so smooth, so absolutely unequalled in any of your favorite hot-weather drinks.

And while we're on the subject of seeing things . . . better see to it that you really *get* Bacardi in your Collins, Cuba Libre, or Highball. Order it with Bacardi and just credit yourself with . . . vision!

Looking for the Coolest of Cocktails?

If you prefer a shorter sip of summer refreshment, here's how to make the world-famous Bacardi Cocktail:

◀ **Bacardi Cocktail:** Juice of ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, finely chipped ice, 1 jigger Bacardi* (White or Silver Label). Shake well, strain and serve.

If you like a sweet cocktail: ▶ Add a dash of grenadine to same recipe instead of sugar.

For summer drinks at their glorious best

Nothing can replace

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*Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936: *A Bacardi Cocktail* MUST *be made with Bacardi.* RUM—89 Proof—Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N.Y.

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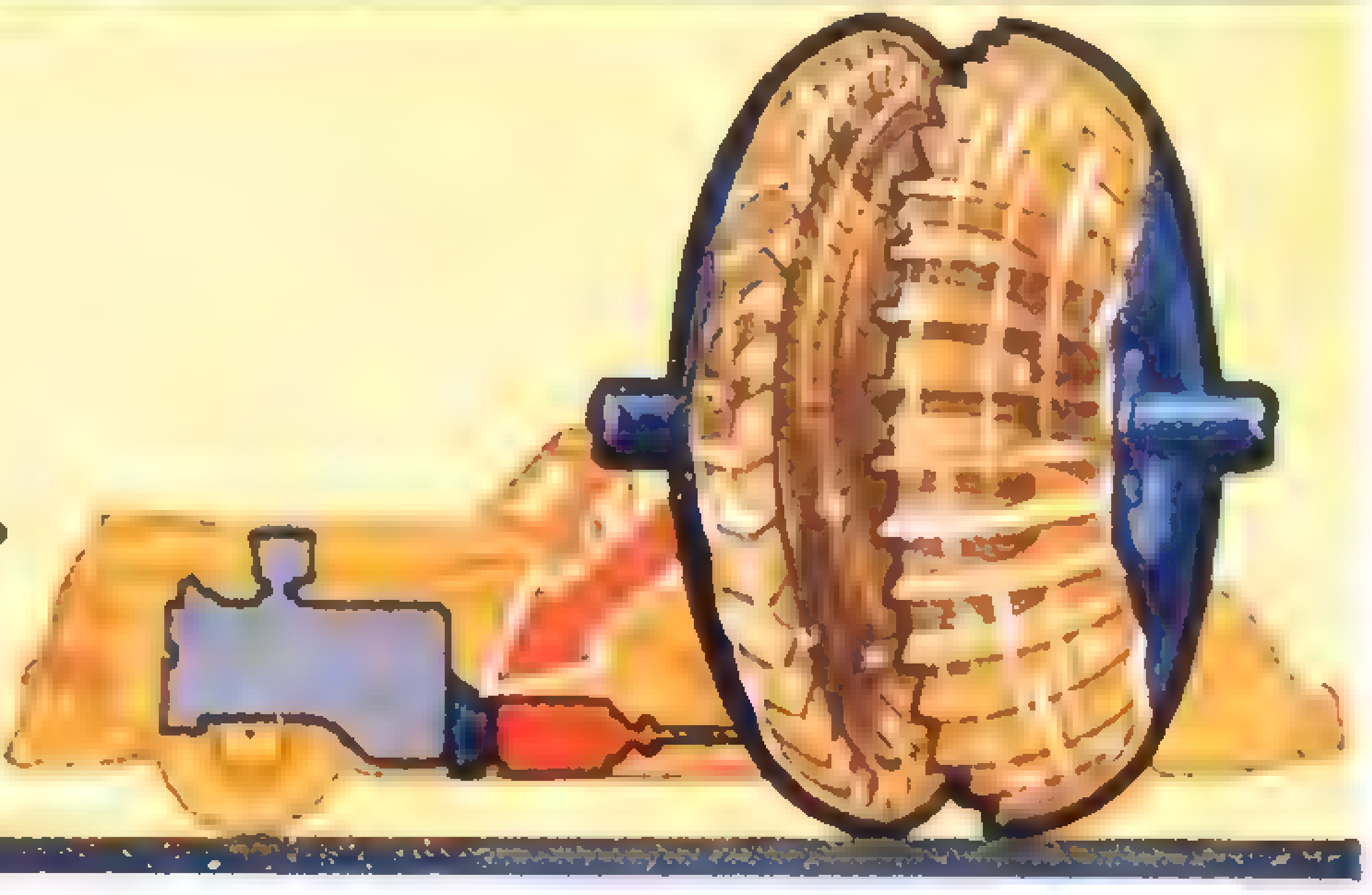

THE HEART OF A HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

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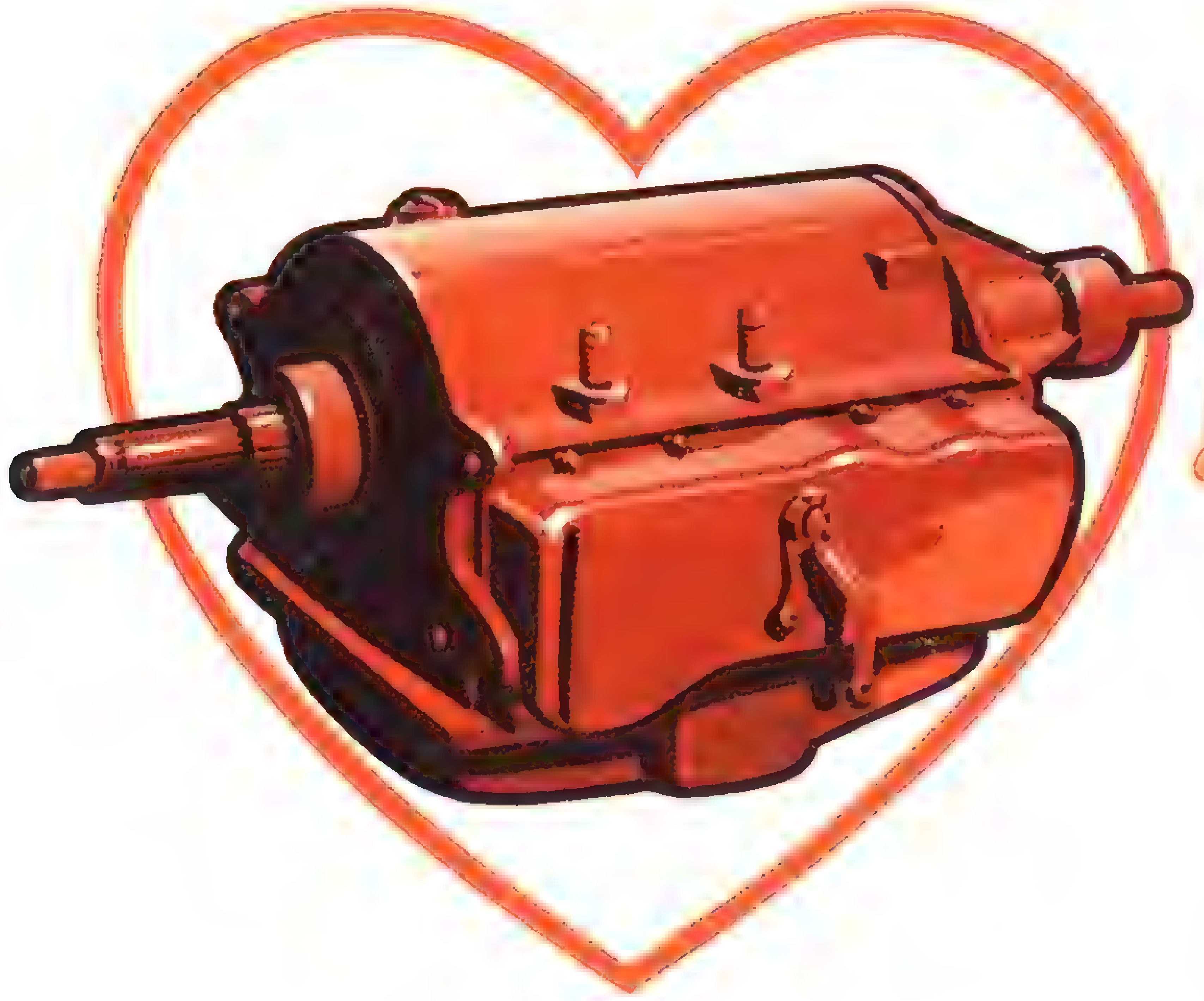

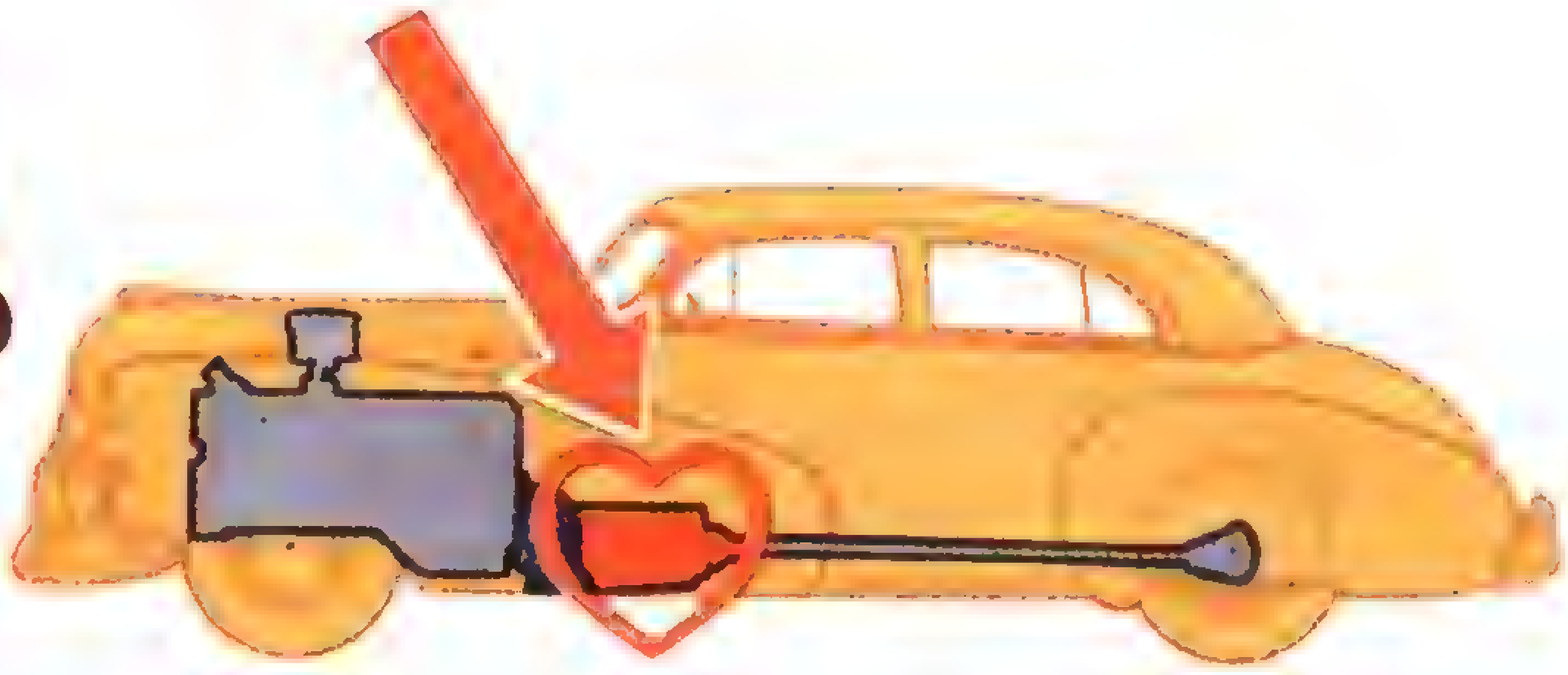

Of course, Hydra-Matic Drive has a fluid coupling! But far more important is the combination of this fluid coupling with a fully automatic transmission! It's this combination —*exclusive* with Hydra-Matic Drive—that does all the work of gear-shifting and clutch-pushing . . . It's this combination that is making modern driving easier and more economical for so many wartime drivers.

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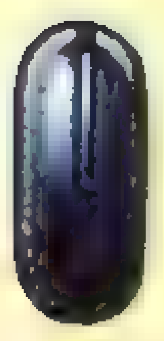
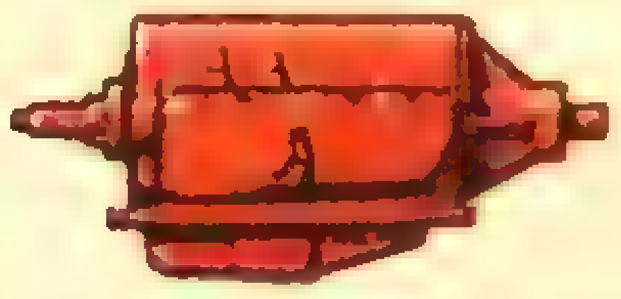


FLUID COUPLING

ALL THIS

+



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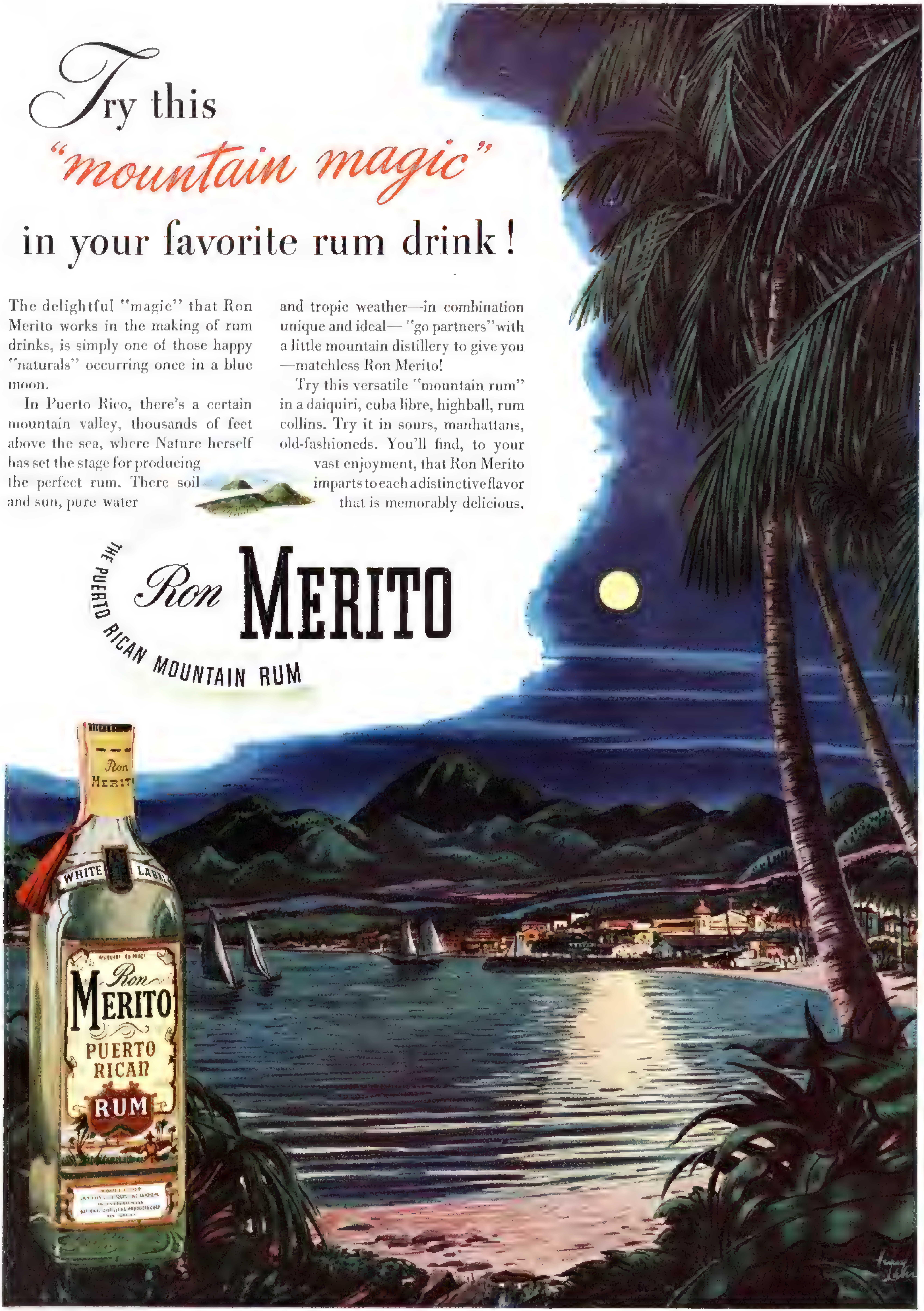

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The White Man Cometh

War has made the savage conversant with civilization, with bombs and bazookas and the mumbo-jumbo of American slang

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

I was on an island deep in the South Seas, a place so small it is usually left off the maps. I went for a walk along the beach; it was a beautiful island—untouched, unspoiled. I passed many natives and they paused in their play to gape at me and to greet me in a strange kind of sing-song language. I gazed back enraptured. I thought there are still places in the world where the white man has not made his invasions. Here is a gay, carefree people. Their language is virgin, uncorrupted by the white man's palaver and the black man's pidgin. The sight of me, a white man, is probably as amusing to them as a Zulu in full dress would be to a Times Square crowd. I was thinking along these lines when a thin, small voice behind me suddenly said, "Hello, Joe, whaddaya know?" I turned around. Facing me was a native boy of about seven. He was wearing nothing but a loin cloth around his torso, but on his head was an American sailor's cap, completely covered with Willkie buttons.

I was on an atoll six hundred miles from the end of the world. The Army engineers had built an air strip there and it was used as a relay station between two important stops on the road to war. The natives—there weren't many, for it was a poor, hot, meager place—had fierce broad faces and their skin was very black—that sort of blackness which appears almost purple in the hot afternoon when they get the sweat up. I was walking down the path to the village, when I saw a native coming toward me. As soon as he saw me he grinned, for he could see I was a stranger, and strangers often bear gifts. When we came up to each other he bowed very low and said something in his language. But I caught the last word: it was "smoke." I took out my pack of cigarettes and held it toward him. The grin got broader and he reached for the cigarette that was sticking up out of the pack. But halfway to it his hand stopped in mid-air. He looked at the pack. Then he looked at me. There was distress all over his face. "You no got Luckies?" he asked.

On another island I met Ah-Foo, a Chinese-Samoan storekeeper. He was pleased to meet an American, for he told me he had always had a great respect for the English language and one of the regrets of his lonesome life was that he had so little chance to speak it. So we spoke it, and then we had tea, and then Ah-Foo called in his three daughters and introduced them to me. "I name them American," he told me. And so he had. I wrote their American names down, and then I asked Ah-Foo to check on the spelling, for it is the sort of thing which takes verification. The names of his daughters were "Immensely," "Jolly" and "Donation."

Wherever you travel in the Pacific you find our new order taking over. You find natives who used to fricassee a second cousin for dinner now showing a preference for peanuts, popcorn and candy. You find them wearing G.I. shirts, shoes, ponchos and hats, talking G.I. talk—and naming their children American. They have fallen hopelessly in love with us.

I was stopping overnight on a tiny island in the back yards of the Southern Pacific. We came to a small village, and the natives came out and danced on the beaches when they saw us coming. Those natives hadn't seen white men in a long time, and it must have been eternities since one of the white man's boats had stopped there. The chief of the village came down and told us that we would have a feast, and after the feast the men and women of his village would put on a ceremonial dance for us. We had the feast—an exquisite one. Then we had the dance—an authentic one. There are few places left in the South Pacific where the white man can still see the true, the indigenous *siva* performed, but we saw it that night. It was an array of sweating blacks sitting in long rows on palm fronds, making impossible movements with their arms and their heads in precision. The most wonderful part of it was the music. There were three instruments. There was a drum perhaps five feet high, played by a boy who used only his fingertips. There was a hollowed-out wooden log, about two feet long, banged upon by sticks which made a noise like an echo. And there was a stringed instrument made of a coconut. Each dance was like those instruments, primitive and ornate. It was along about the fourth dance that the music struck faint sympathetic chords somewhere inside of me. I leaned to a Frenchman in our party who had been to these islands before. "What is that music?" I asked. "It may be an ancient tribal chant, but it sounds vaguely familiar." The Frenchman smiled. "Listen awhile longer and you will recognize it." After awhile I did. It was *Pistol Packin' Mama*.

The music—ah, yes, the wild immutable rhythms of the primitive isles! In Samoa I saw a young schoolgirl walking down the road singing a celebrated barroom ballad—with lyrics of the sort usually found scribbled on the walls of public urinals—at the top of her sweet young lungs. And once I heard a little Samoan boy clapping his hands and singing the ditty known all over those parts as *Deep in the Heart of Samoa*.

And so it goes.

The brown man and the black man are learning to chew our gum, to dance our dances, to listen to our radios, even to tinker with our machines. I remember a time, on an island of unpronounceable title slightly below the equator, when I saw another ceremonial dance. The dancers rose when the spirit moved them and joined the dance and threw their muscles around any old way they wanted to. Still, there was a uniformity and a rhythm to it. It was strangely like an American Indian war dance—spontaneous, wild, a little frightening. It was an extraordinary thing to see, and it is an extraordinary thing to remember. But I often think that the memory of it would be far more satisfying if it hadn't been for the presence there that day of one native boy. He was about twelve years old and he hopped about on the edge of the dancing circle. He wasn't dancing. He was taking pictures of the whole thing with a Brownie camera.

Every time I think of him I wonder not at the fact that he had a camera, nor do I marvel at the idea that he knew how to handle it. After awhile you get used to these things—to the signs of the white man's coming, the symptoms of his civilization even in the thickest jungle. We are tramping all over the globe and we leave our heavy footprints. After following those footprints over the islands of the Pacific I don't wonder any more at the fact that a young native boy in a wilderness had a camera.

What I want to know is—where in hell did he get the film? ⌗

"Well—you got here just in time to blow it out!"

The Undefeated Radetski

For thirty years the wrestler had won victories from Paris to Vladivostok, and he had known neither rest nor peace

by GERALD KERSH

• FICTION •

It is kind of you to remember Radetski. Nobody else remembers me. Almost I have forgotten myself, because look—it is thirty-one years since I fight last time. Ninteen hundred nine, San Francisco, when I beat O'Kelly the Irish Wild Man. Only then they pay me, I think, one thousand dollars. I am not a hundred times worse than I was: only old. They tell me: "You get two pounds if you win, thirty shilling if you lose." So I have got to win, because I just got to have two pounds for tomorrow in the morning.

Thank you, no. No, I am not broke. I have got some little jobs. I am with Professor Black, in Black's Academy—boxing, wrestling, physical culture. I help. I show them some tricks. Also I give massage—real old-fashion wrestlers' massage, with the elbow—*eeyuh,* up the back. I get along, thank you. You are kind to ask. I *look* all right, eh? You would say maybe fifty—not sixty, anyway, eh? This nice shirt is my sixtieth birzday present; and look—you see here these letters, J.R.? That is my initials, Jan Radetski. I want you, please, to take a drink with me, just one small drink of beer. At eight o'clock I have got to go. I am happy. I have won my fight. I have got what I want. I had got to have two pounds, but it is not for me and not because I am broke. I have got to buy something for a surprise. . . . Look. I have got initials on my handkerchief, too. Nice? Do not worry, please: he scratch my nose. It is nothing. Professor Hammerschlager, in New York, he *broke* my nose, and it was still nothing. So I want you, please, to have a drink with me because I am all right. I am very happy.

If you please, two small beers.

I am a middle-age man: sixty. I am a fighter since I am a boy of fifteen. Forty-five year. Yes, I begin to wrestle with my brother in Kalvarea, in Poland, when I am twelve. (My brother died at Tannenberg, in the marshes.) A manager found me. "Come," he said. "I teach you, I build you. I make you big, rich and famous." What have I to lose? At eighteen I have to be a soldier. I think: like this maybe I send my mother some dough. And I go away. I never say good-bye. When I got some money, a few rubles, I send them. I never see my mother again. And for forty-five years, I do not know how it feels to sit down, to put the feet up to rest, and to say: "I am at home, in my home, in my own place."

You think of forty-five years. Maybe thirty of them years I spend traveling—um, yes, just moving—carts, carriages, railway trains, in boats, and on my two feet. I have been in every town in the world, maybe; but not for long. A week in Warsaw—then off, to Lodz. A day in Lodz—then away to Vilna. A week in Cracow, a week in Bucharest, a day in Galatz, a week in Odessa, an hour in Moscow . . . and away, away, hundreds of miles, thousands of miles, right east to Vladivostok which is on the Sea of Japan, and west again, to Budapest, to Prague, to Vienna, to Berlin, to Paris. I am telling you, there is no rest and no peace. I go north, to Copenhagen; south, to Barcelona, to Naples, to Tunis. And all the time I am getting bigger and stronger, and learning more, and fighting all the time, and beating men.

You have said yourself that you had a picture of me. You remember? I wear my silver belt; only then I have a big moustache, to be in the fashion. And under the picture, you remember? *The Undefeated Radetski.* It is not fake, but true. I never lie down. There are time when I can make more being beaten, but I will not be beaten. It is the one thing that stays with me, this name, Undefeated. And I am telling you that somehow, I do not know how, but somehow, God would give me something, some strength, so that always I would win. A man has got to have something. With me, it was a name. Money? Yes, I always make money then. But what have I to do with money? I lend it, I spend it; I eat it, I lose it. I do not care.

"I can hardly wait to see what my husband looks like in a tweed suit or dinner clothes"

If I had met Hackenschmidt, then with the help of God I should have beat Hackenschmidt. If I had met Gotch, then I should not have lost to him either. Only I miss those two fine fighters, because my manager takes me to America, where the big money is, and I make a tour, and wrestle there, and get famous. There is a paper called *Ring.* You know *Ring?* They have a picture of me one, two years ago, and somebody has writ a story about me, and how I fight Panchiavelli for two hours until he gives up. It is a thick paper, with colored pictures on the cover.

Shall I tell you something? Only just now I am learning to read. It is true. Some learn at six. Some learn at sixty. For a certain reason I have just *got* to learn reading right now. Maybe later I tell you about that.

But I say: I beat Panchiavelli, and it is in all the newspapers. One calls me "The Russian Bear," though I am a Pole, and not a Russian. Another calls me "The Blond Bone-Crusher" . . . for then my hair was kind of yellow, though now I must shave it off when I am afraid the grey will show. And all the women fell in love with me. Yes, I am not boasting. I have nothing to boast, with women. I say—I was very young and handsome: that itself is enough for women to love a man. More—I was very young, I was making big money, and I was in the papers. Women used to come to my hotel to watch me eat. Once, when I throw down the stump of a cigar—do not laugh—or yes, laugh if you like—a lady pick it up and put it to keep in her purse. It is I who tell you that this is so. As women now love film actors, so, then women loved me.

But I did not very much love women: only a few, just a little. I had everything I wanted and I had nothing I wanted. When I am alone in my hotel, I look down and I see this New York City, and it is like something, from so high up, something at the bottom of a hole, a pit . . . wiss people like bugs, and streetcars like maggots, so small, so far away . . . and everything just so, and the town made in blocks, like cheese. . . . I find I think of home, I mean, where I was born, a kid, in Kalvarea.

"There is no place," I say, "where I can put up my feet to rest upon my own furniture, with my own woman sitting maybe sewing somezings at the fire, and it might be a nice big dog." And I say, "By the Lord I find me a woman to marry." So, I find a girl which she is called Helga; a fine, beautiful girl, half a Swede and half a Pole; and I walk out with Helga maybe one week, and I ask her to marry with me, and she says, "Yes," and I say, "When I come back." "What?" she says, "You going away?" And I tell her how I got to go making a tour, all round the country, wrestling here, wrestling there, so as to keep my promises, my contracts, and so as I shall have a big lot of money when I get back. I have already in my pockets three thousand five hundred dollar, so I give it to her, and say, "Hold it, Helga. Keep it, so it will be here when I come back." And she kiss me, and cry, and say, "Yes, Jan, I do just like you say."

And I go away, and I wrestle. I go north, right as far as Montreal, and I go south, right down to Florida; I go to Washington, and I go all over the damn place. I wrestle fights—I am saying to you that old men still talk with their kids and their kids' kids about me. The Undefeated Radetski . . . how I beat Abe Silver in Denver . . . Killer McArthur in Spokane . . . yes, all that. And it is being said that I must make a fight for the World Title—grapple Zbyszko and everybody. Only I am thinking how all I want to do is, make peace, make a good home, make kids, and I for the first and the last time in all my life become mean with my money. I save myself up fifteen thousand dollar, and I go back to New York City and I look for Helga. But where is Helga? It is the summertime: where is the snow? It is the daylight: where is the moon? Where is Helga?

They call me after that Jumbo Radetski, because it is in a saloon in a place called the Bronx, and I push the bar right over like an elephant. For of what good was fifteen thousand dollars then? Money! Paper! I go mad like a dog. I fight, drink, play a little with dice and horses. Then I am matched against Doc Mallet, and the betting is five to one upon me, Radetski. And there comes to me a little tiny man in a stripey suit of clothes and says: "Radetski. You wanna make ten grand?" "What is this, ten grand?" "Ten thousand dollars."

"Sure I want to make ten thousand dollars," I say. And this little man says: "Take a tumble after the first twenty minutes." "You mean?" "Kiss the mat." "You mean I must lose?" "You finally got me," he said. I pick him up and I shake him a little, and I throw him about a bit, and I take him to the door and I pitch him down eleven stairs, and I say. "Bah!" He says, "Radetski, they will find you in a sewer for this." But I take no notice, and I fight Doc Mallet, and I pin him in twenty-seven minutes. And so, that is that. Then I am going into my hotel, and I see a stripey suit, and I hear something go *pan!*—wiss a light—and there is a pain, and I cough, and I am in hospital, shot through the lung. And I lie there ten weeks before they let me go away, and by that time I am sick, and I am thin, and there is another wrestler in the papers, and they have no time for poor old Radetski, undefeated.

So, I go here. I go there. I eat up my money dollar by dollar. I get weaker. I get poorer. And comes there a day when I have nothing but one dollar and sixty-five cents, and no more. It is then that I met a lady which she was called Yetta van Thaler—a big, rich widow-woman, wiss I believe forty-seven million dollars in cash, from tinned pigs, and she has fallen in love with me, and wants to marry with me. But I say No. She says Yes. I think: "Ah, what? You are finished with the wrestling, Radetski. You are no longer a man to work for five, ten, fifteen dollar a week. What is there left for you?" So I say Yes, too, and I marry with Mrs. van Thaler-Radetski, a name which sounds like noble.

And for three month, maybe four, I am her husband. She speak to me like to a dog, no, a servant. And I say, "Yes'm"—for I am ashamed. It is she who has money to support me; not me who buys the food and pays for the rent. So I do everything she says for me to do: come here, go there, wear such-and-such clothes . . . and I begin, yes—forgive me, God!—Radetski begins to be a slave, like a black boy that you once could buy. Why not? I had been bought, so I was her property. If she insult me, I say, "Yes'm," and I feel my face go hot, and I am ashamed.

And this go on three months, four. Then comes a night which

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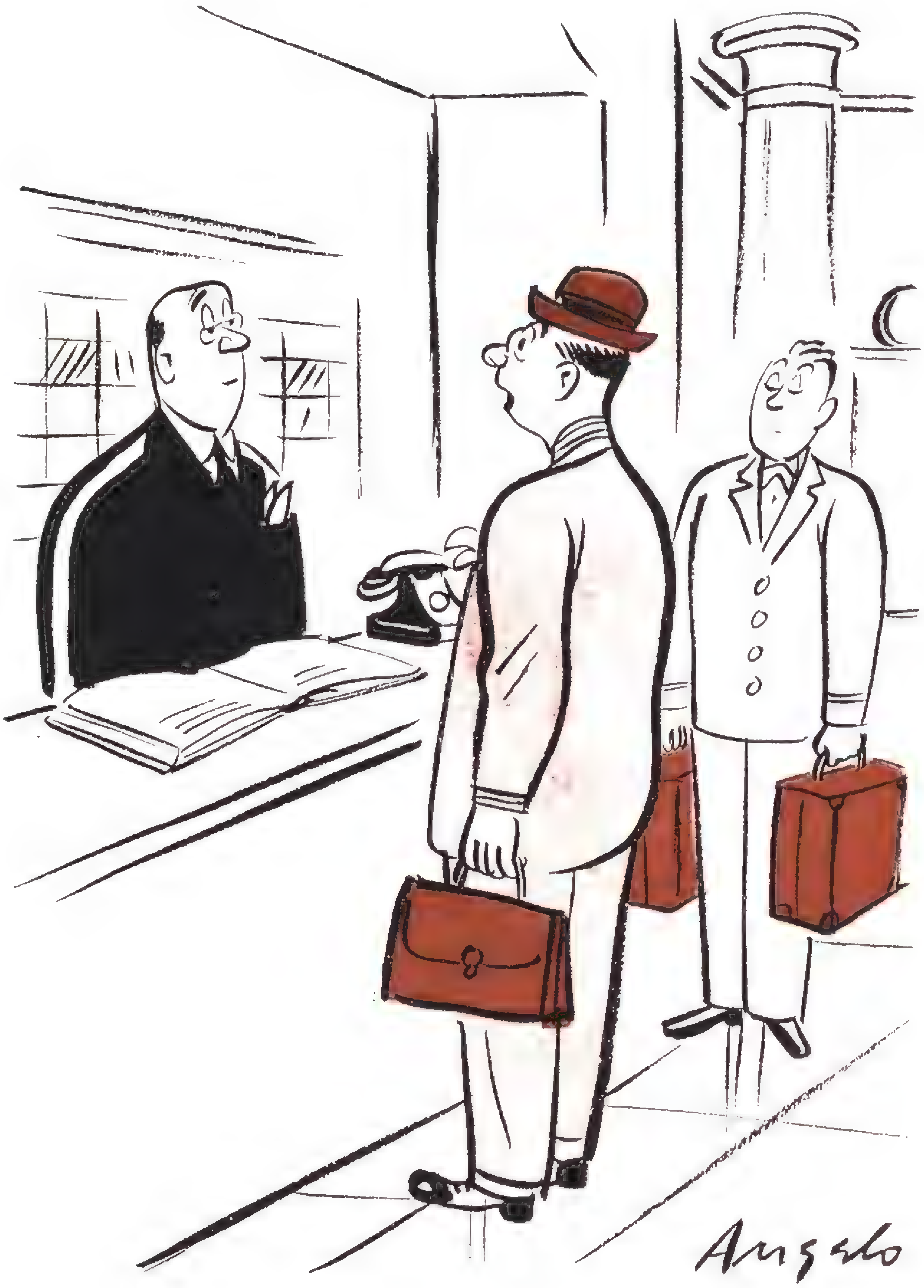


"Do you have a room with a private bed?"

Gamecocks Don't Surrender

Cockfight fanciers gather annually in Florida, only state where the sport is legal, for the International Tournament

by EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

• ARTICLE •

VICTORY or death! The full grim meaning of the words came to life in the drag pit at Orlando, Florida, as gamecocks from a dozen states battled to the death in the Twenty-fifth International Tournament to determine the champion fighting strain of the year—in any length of heel.

Victory or death! Game fowl know no other kind. With them there is only one acceptable form of death—death facing the enemy. Death which is not accepted until the last spark of life is expended in a final all-out attempt to carry the enemy, too, across the Great Divide. Death which denies defeat and which often heaps upon the loser longer and louder plaudits than those which greet the victor.

Victory or death! Even in those rare instances when a hapless fowl might yield to a craven instinct inherited from some distant and impure ancestor, some taint which might have entered its blood stream when its great-grandmother flew over the fence and carried on a clandestine affair with a neighbor's barnyard rooster—even then there is no escaping the Grim Reaper. For the gamecock that fights and runs away doesn't live to fight another day. On such rare instances, the breeder shamefacedly applies the ax and later disposes of every feather of his contaminated stock to the huckster.

For this is the Big Time of cocking. What the Hambletonian is to the trotting world, what the Kentucky Derby is to the thoroughbred world, what the World Series is to baseball—the great International Tournament, held each year for the past quarter century, is to the thousands of men and women throughout the country who still prefer cockfighting to any other pastime. Each year this host of "incurables" forms a pilgrimage to Florida, the one state in which there is no law against their sport, and with them they bring, often thousands of miles, the finest gamecocks bred in North America—or anywhere else on earth. And among these feathered gladiators prevails the deepest brand of gameness of any living creatures. Of several hundred which fought and died at the Twenty-fifth International Tournament, or fought and crowed in victory and nursed their wounds to fight again, only seven showed the "white feather"; and of these, only four actually turned tail and squawked and to the chagrin and disgrace of their breeders left no doubt whatever in the minds of the spectators as to their lack of love for the fray. The others were condemned for "sulking"—for failing to strike back as their opponents rained blow after blow upon them until they were finally counted out in the drag pit.

Gameness? Julius Caesar, who halted his legions by the roadside that they might watch and be inspired by the deathless courage of a pair of jungle cocks which refused to give or take quarter in a fight to the finish with natural spurs, might have turned in his grave in admiration of the far greater degree of gameness of modern pit fowl—which literally tear each other apart with their needle-sharp steel spurs. The stamina which Caesar admired and recorded for posterity was an outgrowth of nature's law of survival of the fittest, but the gameness of a present day fighting cock is, if not man-made at least man-developed through thousands of generations of selective breeding and ruthless culling of the craven.

From thirty-seven states the crowd of several thousand men and women came by auto, train and plane. Undoubtedly there were on hand more middle-aged and elderly men and more young women than at any cockfight ever staged in North America; and undoubtedly the betting, despite the absence of fanciers of military age, was as brisk and spirited as ever in cocking history. From the first day, among gatherings on the streets of Orlando or in the lobby of one of the city's leading hotels, where an aged Negro porter would inform you "dere ain't a room in de house on account of everthing has been took by de big game chicken men," one question filled the minds of the cocking fraternity.

"Can anything stop the 'Yankee Clippers?'"

Strangely enough, Yankee Clippers are a strain of fighting fowl bred and reared and pen-walked on a plantation at Miccosukee, Florida. Last year, by virtue of having won more mains, derbies, tournaments and hack fights than any other strain, they were generally recognized as the champion fighting fowl of America. And this year they pooled their forces with true "damnyankee" chickens, hatched and raised in New York State, and with a score of eight to three, took down first money at the opening meeting at Tallahassee.

"Five hundred to four hundred on the Yankee Clipper!"

Although far from the sentimental favorite in a crowd which was predominantly Southern, the Yankee Clippers were the betting favorites of the gamblers. A few newcomers placed token wagers on the "Dixie Clippers," a new strain bred and named with the confessed objective of challenging the supremacy of the "Yankee Clippers," but the percentage boys, the boys who would bet against their own brothers if they thought they would lose—the boys who would bet on anything short of Hitler if they thought it would win—continued to lay the prevailing odds of five hundred to four hundred, a hundred to eighty and even a hundred to seventy-five on the fierce, red-eyed little balls of feathered fury which struggled in the hands of their pitters to be at their foes.

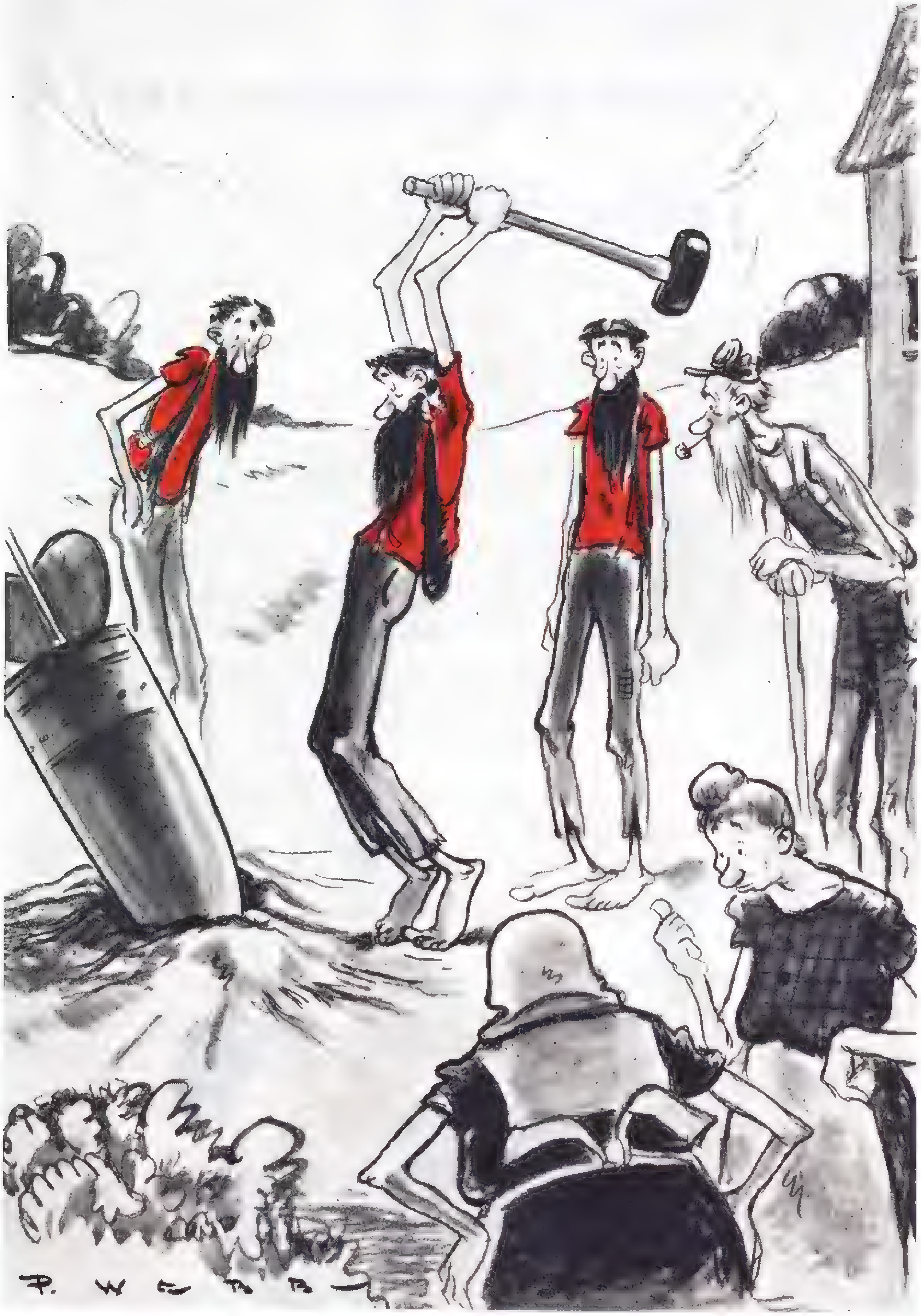
And after the first day, when they did no better than break even, the Yankee Clippers proceeded to live up to their reputation. Like the famed "Nuggets" of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which for seventeen years have won the majority of their fights in Northern pits and which in four straight mains against Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt won the opening battle, there was a uniformity about the style of the Yankee Clippers. They seldom made mistakes. Their heads were always held high, their steel-clad feet always reaching far out in front of them. Like master swordsmen they seized every advantage, striking with a power which belied their weight of from four pounds and a few ounces to six pounds maximum, avoiding by a hairsbreadth the counter thrust, fighting their way out of trouble, shuffling on their backs when necessary, but always attacking, the nearest thing to perpetual motion imaginable, the closest thing to a perfect fighting machine that has yet been made of bone and flesh and blood . . .

When an opponent of a Yankee Clipper was down it was seldom permitted to regain its feet. Methodically, the Clippers would proceed to carry out the death sentence, striking the fallen bird again and again, calmly, coldly, mercilessly, almost phlegmatically. So deliberate seemed their actions, so perfect the technique of their relentless attack, it was hard to believe that buried within those machine-like bunches of feathers were hearts that beat at the rate of hundreds of strokes to the minute; and when both cocks were so exhausted that neither was able to kill; when the two-and-a-half-inch steel spurs became so heavy that neither was able to strike with them, when more dead than alive they were taken to the drag pit there to resume their duel until one or the other was so punch drunk, so weary, so weak that not even the ghosts of a thousand fighting ancestors, not even the most skillful nursing and encouragment on the part of the pitter could further arouse its spent lust of battle—it was then

Continued on page 138

BITTERMAN
R
D
Reamer Keller

"How about making this read, 'Rinse mouth every hour with an ice cream soda'?"



"You better tell 'im what you know quick—he thinks the mail-order house is deliverin' by air now"

Babe Ruth's Greatest Moment

Baseball fans recall with wonder that World Series game at the Cubs' Park when the great comedian gave his best show

by JACK MILEY

• COMMENTARY •

There's nothing the matter with baseball today that another Babe Ruth couldn't cure.

For when this fabulous fellow trudged into the shadows of retirement, dragging his booming bat through the dust at his heels, our theater of American sports lost an actor who may never be replaced.

It is already more than a decade since the greatest Yankee of 'em all—not to mention the most colorful character a century of our national pastime has produced—was at his bombastic, belting, slam-bang best. And that, my friends, was tops in any league.

For the Babe was not only an amazing athlete—a thick-thewed, contemptuous, cocksure Colossus of clout who made more records than a phonograph factory—but he was also an accomplished actor, a Barrymore of the bat, a thumping Thespian of the greensward.

While your ballplayers of today stand out there on the field, apparently engrossed in ponderous thought, they are probably figuring their income taxes or wondering when their local draft boards are going to toss them in 1-A.

But in the Babe's time it was different—and so was he. Ruth had no war to worry about, to be sure. Nor was he the type to fret over money matters. So he frolicked around in the outfield, with his blubbery torso bobbling above his spindly legs, razzing the fans, encouraging his team-mates and shouting delightful unprintables at his opponents. In short, the big fellow enjoyed himself; he had fun and the customers loved it—and him.

Although his whole career, on and off the field, was one continuous and highly theatrical performance, the Babe really reached his histrionic height one autumn afternoon in Chicago, when he audaciously announced to 50,000 people that he would knock one of his famous home runs all the way to hellangone out of Wrigley Field.

The date was October 1, 1932. It was the third game of the Yankee-Cubs World Series. The Yanks had won the two opening games in New York and had invaded Chicago to conclude their clean-sweep blitz. Feeling between the two teams was bitter because Ruth, always a fast fellow with a dollar, had publicly denounced the Cubs as "a lotta cheapskates" for confining their World Series money to twenty-four shares and dealing out the popular Rogers Hornsby, their ex-manager, and a few others in their divvy of surplus sugar.

The big dramatic moment was the Yankee half of the fifth inning, with the reliable Charlie Root on the mound for Chicago. Cub players and fans alike had been riding Ruth, who had homered into the right field stands with two aboard in the first. The Chicago rooters had been pegging lemons and other missiles at the Babe as he patrolled his outfield post. He in turn had tossed a few choice observations about Chicagoans in general and Cub followers in particular over his big, fat shoulder and guffawed heartily at his tormentors during this exchange of repartee.

But the Cub players didn't stop there. They lined the dugout steps and speculated loudly and unfavorably as to the Babe's paternity, if any. He contented himself with thumbing his flat button nose at the Cub bench and emitting through his thick, pursed lips raucous sounds known as the Bronx cheer. Ruth also flipped a few pennies toward the Cub dugout and shouted: "Split those up among yuh, pikers!" All in all, it was good, clean fun.

There was one down in that fateful fifth and the score was tied, 4-4, when the Great Man, with his peculiar little mincing stride, stepped into the batter's box after tapping the dirt from his spikes, cocked his yellow bat menacingly and grinned at the Cub hurler.

The smile faded from his punkin face as Root whipped a strike past him. The stands went wild. The Cub bench unleashed a new barrage of insults at the Babe. But then the ham came out in him. Ruth, the batter, became Ruth, the actor. He held up one thick, browned forefinger, about the size and hue of a hot dog. That, indubitably, he pantomimed to the populace, was strike one.

A ball intervened. The Great Man didn't even deign to waggle his wagon tongue bat at it. Umpire George Magerkurth jerked his right arm upward and shouted "Strike Two!" The fans jeered and howled and the Cub bench jockeys really razzed Ruth. This time the Babe majestically held up two fingers and shook them toward his dugout taunters.

And then he made the most dramatic and daring gesture ever seen in a World Series. Leering at his hecklers, he pointed to the flagpole to the right of the scoreboard out in center field and promised in unmistakable pantomime that he would hit the very next pitch there or thereabouts.

Ruth wrapped his big, hamlike hands around the end of the bat handle and dug in with his spikes as Charlie Root wound up. The pitcher had him in the hole and could afford to waste a couple of balls on him. But the way the Babe exuded confidence you'd think it was he who had Root out on the limb. But bad ball or good one, right in the groove or low and outside, the Babe had promised his ill-wishers he was going to hit that next pitch or break his back swinging on it. So the minute Root let fly with that spheroid, the greatest batsman baseball has ever seen "swang on it" right from his heels, with his whole heart and soul.

Wham! That ball took off like a P-38! It soared high, wide and handsome straight out where Ruth had indicated he would send it; it finally lost altitude and hit an office building outside the Park. While the press coop statisticians didn't get out their tapes and measure it, this Herculean homer is still cited as the longest hit ever made at the Cubs' Park.

The minute Ruth fulfilled his prodigious promise, he stepped from his role as hero—or villain, if you had happened to be a Cub fan—and became boisterous Babe, the comedian. He flung down his bat and galloped around the base paths, gesticulating and making derisive motions at Cub players and rooters alike. His big, bobbling belly shook in uncontrollable merriment as he jogged over the sacks, pausing briefly at each to address a few indecorous outbursts to their custodian. Tears of happiness streamed down his fat, brown cheeks and his Falstaffian roars echoed in the Yank dugout for minutes after he sank in hysterical exhaustion on the bench as his New York team-mates ganged him and whacked him black and blue.

This, then, was Ruth's greatest hour. With Lou Gehrig hitting a homer—his second, too, for that afternoon—before the crowd had recovered from the Babe's feat and the Yanks sweeping the Series next day, that afternoon of October 1, 1932, was easily the outstanding achievement of his star-studded career. Like Houdini, the magician, who attained his zenith when he made an elephant disappear on a Broadway stage, what could the Babe have done for an encore after that terrific feat against the Cubs?

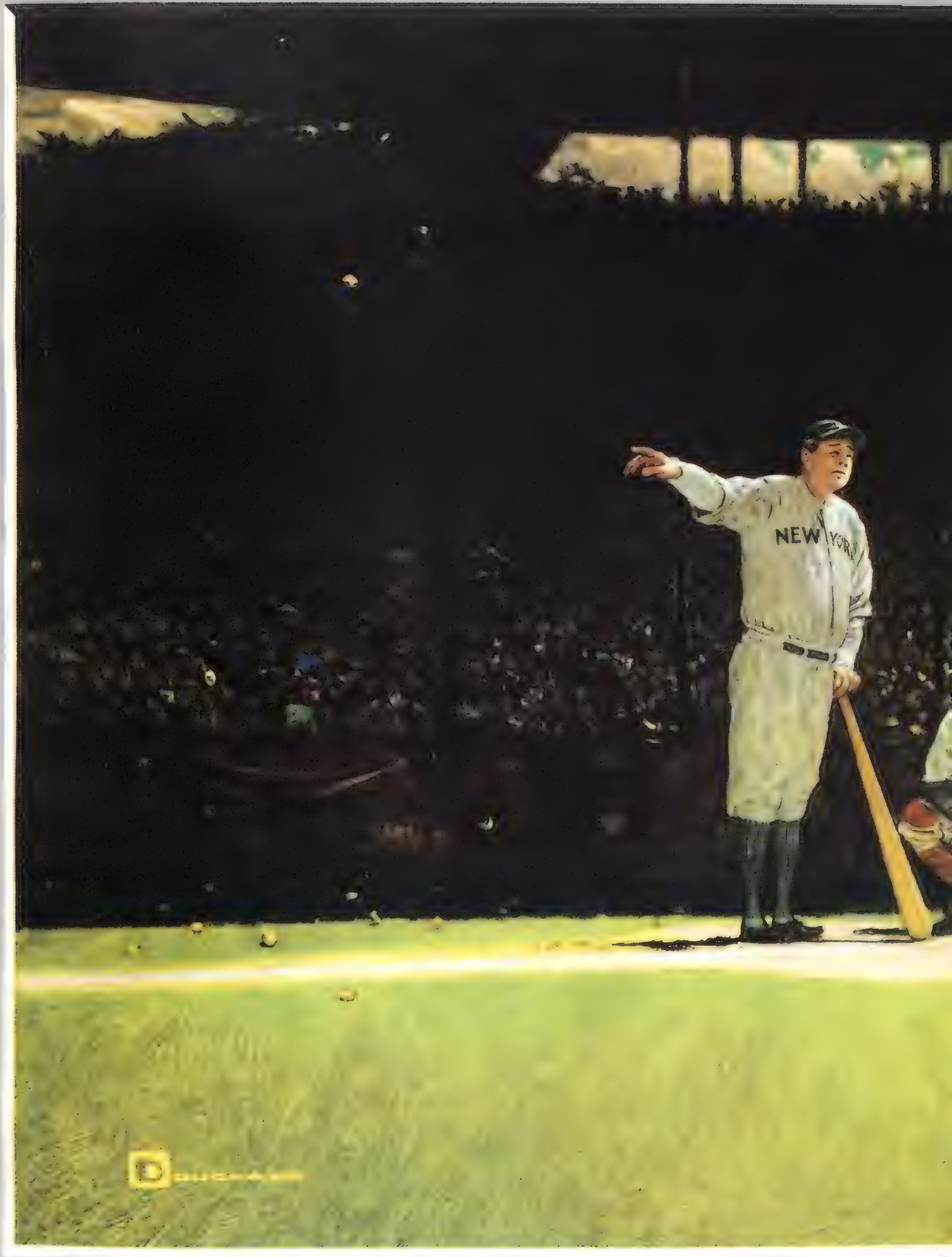
Ruth, fifty and living on annuities that bring him 2,500 dollars a month, has but one regret today—that he didn't get a chance to try his hand as a major-league manager. "Maybe I would have struck out in that job," he muses. "But how do I know, when nobody'd hire me!"

The Babe holds many records that may never be equaled. He was the only left-handed shortstop in organized ball. This was in 1914 when Jack Dunn took him from the St. Mary's Industrial School and paid him twenty-five dollars a week to play for the Baltimore Orioles. A few months later, as a southpaw pitcher, he faced his first big-league talent and shut out the A.L. champion Athletics, 6-0. This was like semi-pro Bob Feller whipping the Gas House Cards in an Indian exhibition game before Rapid Robert joined the majors.

Ruth was a bang-up lefty hurler for the Boston Red Sox back in World War I days. He once pitched twenty-nine runless innings of World Series ball, including thirteen scoreless frames against the Dodgers in 1916. His greatest pitching thrill was when he struck out those three mighty Tiger sluggers—Veach, Cobb and Crawford—on nine pitched balls with the bases loaded!

The greatest ballplayer who ever lived, insists Babe, was Ty Cobb. "When I was a pitcher, I always wanted to punch him in the nose," recalls Ruth, "but I was afraid he'd punch me back—and he sure would have, too!"

Ruth thinks his record of 60 homers made in 1927 will be broken by Ted Williams after the war. But the Babe's other marks—714 homers in 22 big-league seasons, 15 homers and a .325 percentage in ten World Series and a lifetime batting average of .342—that is something for the Johnny Come Latelys to shoot at. ###



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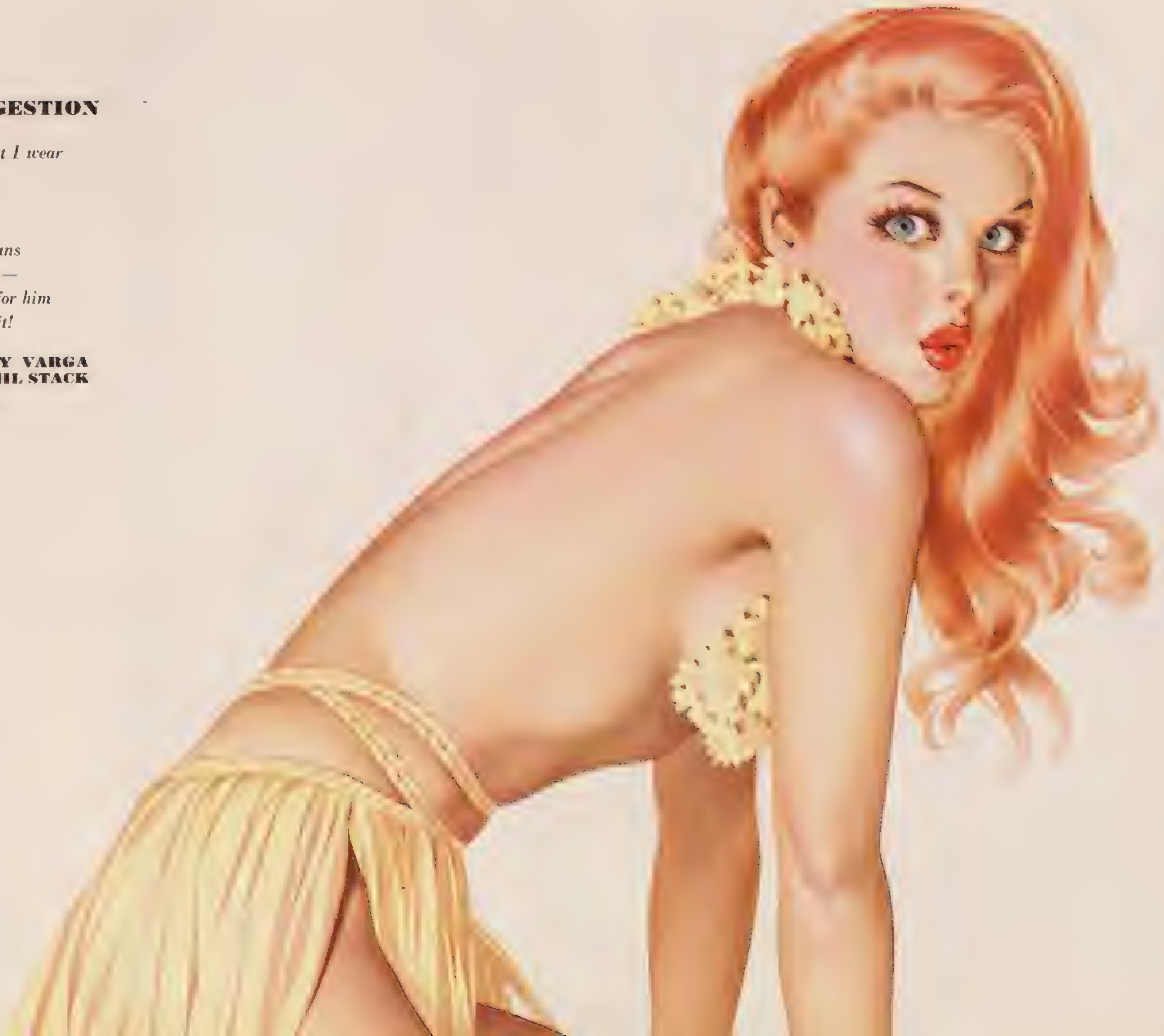
BABE RUTH'S GREATEST MOMENT

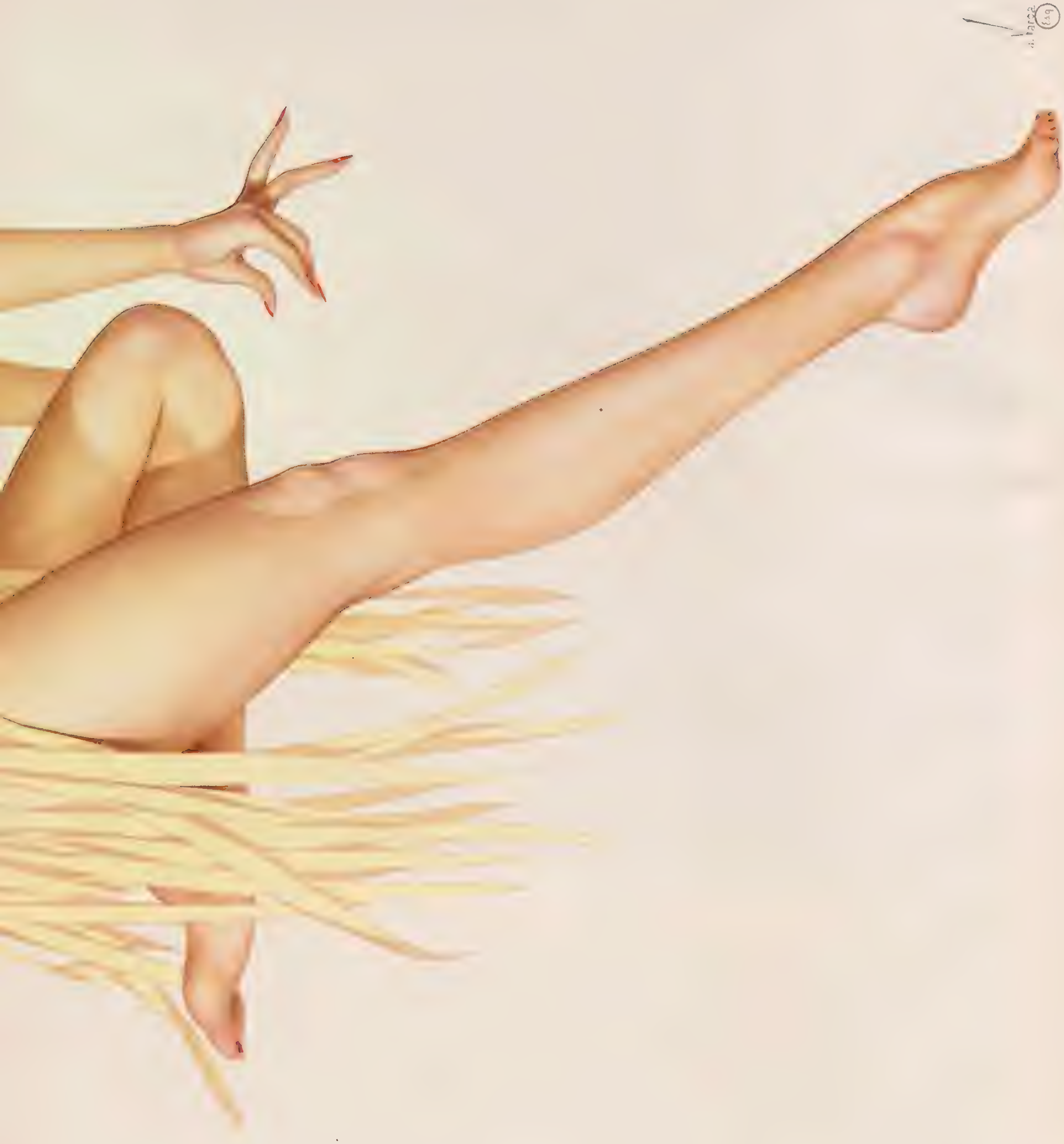
by Douglass Crockwell

SHOCKING SUGGESTION

The shocked expression that I wear
Is simple to explain,
A lot of men in uniform
Are now in my domain,
A lot of them are camera fans
With lots of nerve to boot—
One just asked me to pose for him
In a modern *bathing suit!*

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK




A. Varga
Esq

The Predatory Bus Boy

Diners at the Mitygude were forced to admire his finished technique with a tray, and he was aware of his coterie

by JOHN FORBES

• FICTION •

The feeling at midafternoon of Scolla's first day in the Mitygude Cafeteria was that he would not be adequate as a bus boy.

He was so small, and the place so large. He was slow. The people at lunch time ate swiftly and littered the tables with dirty dishes delaying the crowd coming in.

But if Scolla realized that he was inadequate he was outwardly undismayed.

Maybe the little guy was thankful for one day's pay and all the food he could eat. Maybe he was indifferent about keeping the job.

It looked as if either of these theories might be the right one until along about four o'clock, a short time before the supper rush began. Then Scolla started to take life on by easy degrees. Perhaps his system had recovered from the shock of solid food and was responding to the energizing nourishment of thick soup, hot meat, good vegetables, well-made coffee.

Or maybe Scolla had been suffering from stage fright and the seizure had passed.

Whatever the explanation, he began moving lightly now through the aisles formed by the rows of tables. And he did not, as the supper rush got under way, make the error of so many bus boys—he did not overload his tray at the sacrifice of speed and form.

On the second day he began to convey the impression that he was more like a bird than a man. He had the profile of a sea gull wearing spectacles. Two bright, buttony eyes hung on his long, thin beak. Receding forehead and chin, receding fast. He was quiet and still when not in action, perched on one leg, his tray like a folded wing under his arm.

But, as customers neared completion of their meals, Scolla would wheel and soar, hover within striking distance, and then, as the last spoonful of dessert was consumed, he would bank sharply and swoop. His timing was a thing of wonder.

With the end of the second day Scolla was told that the job was his and he would receive two dollars a week over and above the original agreement. He proved in the next few days that while his form was perfect it was not at the sacrifice of speed nor at the cost of breakage. He became, in fact, the best bus boy the Mitygude had ever had or hoped to have.

Customers began to notice him. They observed the efficiency with which dirty dishes vanished from their tables the minute they were finished with those dishes. They noticed Scolla himself.

In time a few customers even teased Scolla. A diner would raise the last spoonful of dessert toward his mouth. As Scolla poised for the swoop that would net him dessert dish and spoon and a cleared table, the customer would lower that last spoonful into the dessert dish again, baffling Scolla's start toward the kill. But he never wavered. Ambition possessed him.

Scolla was not unaware of the admiration his public was developing for him. There were some who went back to the counter for extra dishes of food for the pleasure of timing Scolla's fast work at their tables. He could not help overhearing people, who had meant to sit and chat for a few minutes, saying as they went out: "The man is a positive genius."

Yet Scolla strove each day for greater heights in his dizzy career at the Mitygude. A rush of workers had multiplied patronage, but Scolla could take a whole rush hour singlehanded and reduce the margin of time between the emptying of a plate or cup and its removal from the table to four-tenths of a second.

Still the soul of the man cried out for greater artistic perfection. Another two weeks did it. Scolla had reduced his removal average to nothing flat.

Having attained this mastery Scolla coasted for several weeks. Perfection is perfection. You can't beat it—or can you? Maybe Scolla started to wonder about that, especially after the customers got so they reacted to his perfection like machines, without response, streaming into the Mitygude, feeding quickly and walking out like robots.

The absolute ideal had not been attained. Then one day it happened. It's the supper rush. The tables are full. A line is waiting. But Scolla lolls back, perched on one foot, tray under arm, birdlike head held sidewise, and lets the crowd get a whale of a start.

Well, the customers go ahead eating and piling up dirty dishes on the tables until they have Scolla practically snowed under.

Some of the customers watch Scolla. They've beaten him. Some of them are taking a minute for a word or two with the coffee. Some have lighted cigarettes. They are actually enjoying themselves.

It looks as if Scolla has been overconfident. Then he begins to gain. Now he's only ten minutes behind. Five minutes.

Now he's reduced the table time of the empty dishes to three minutes. Now it's one minute.

Next Scolla has caught up with the customers. Not one dirty dish on a table more than an instant.

He holds his ground awhile but you get the idea that Scolla has something in reserve, that he's not giving them his best, his Sunday punch. Then it happens. Scolla no longer is just keeping up with the customers, he's passing them.

Instead of just picking up empty dishes he's grabbing them before the customers are finished.

Now he swoops down on full, untouched dishes, plates, cups of coffee the moment the customers set them down on the tables from their trays.

Next he grabs the full dishes, plates and cups off the customers' trays as they pass the service counter, leaving them nothing on the trays but their checks.

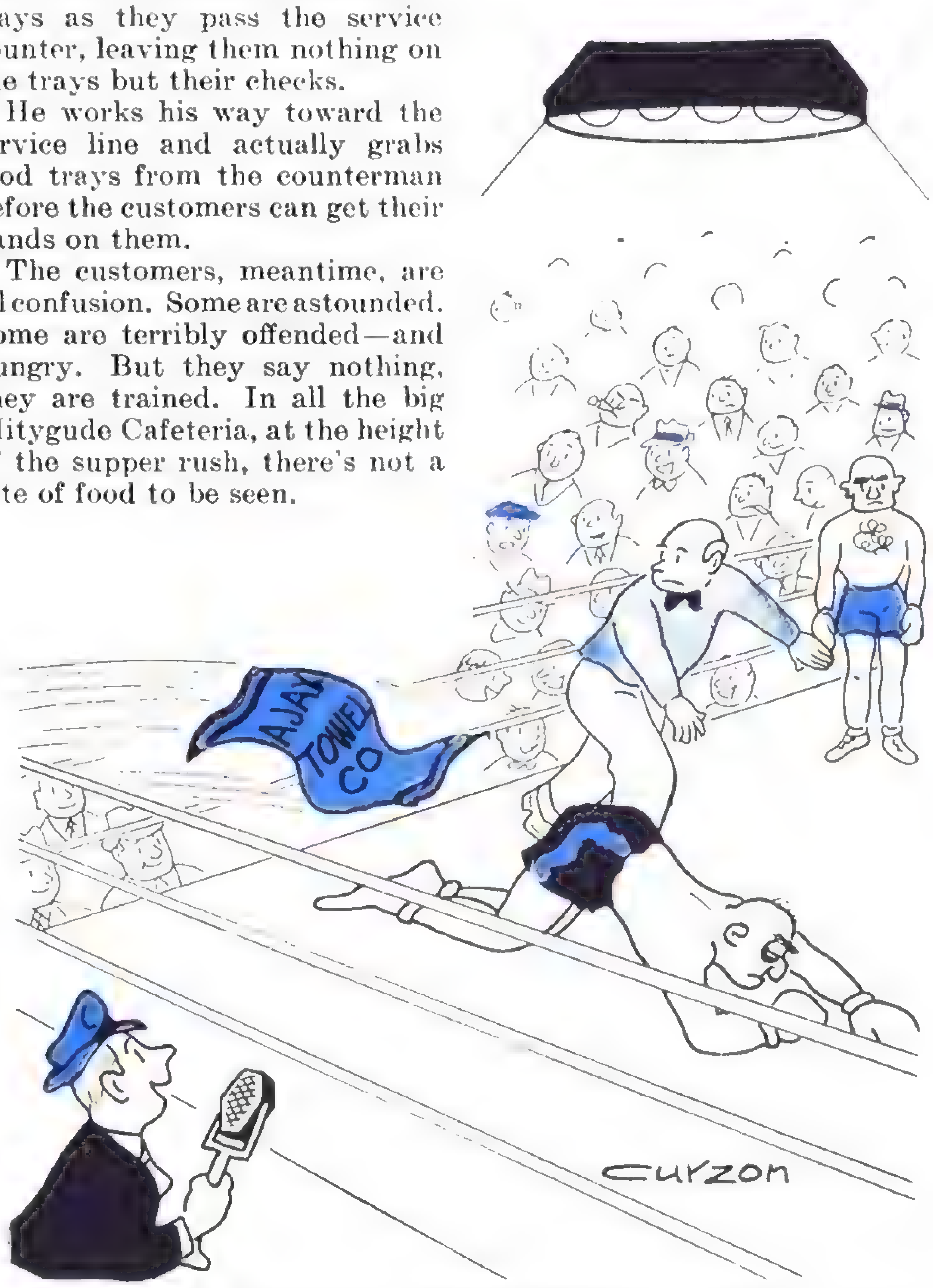
He works his way toward the service line and actually grabs food trays from the counterman before the customers can get their hands on them.

The customers, meantime, are all confusion. Some are astounded. Some are terribly offended—and hungry. But they say nothing, they are trained. In all the big Mitygude Cafeteria, at the height of the supper rush, there's not a bite of food to be seen.

Scolla reaches under his white coat, brings forth a large blue and white pennant and hangs it on the service counter, held up by two heavy sugar bowls. He rings the counter gong and steps to one side. The legend on the pennant is visible. It is the one word: VICTORY.

Scolla leers triumphantly at the customers. But perfection has no praise. The boss, who smiled paternally at Scolla's previous efforts, rushes out of the kitchen. He sees that the check girl's adding machine is not clicking. He rushes out into the street, returns with a cop. The bus boy exits through the back door.

Farewell to Scolla. Yet the sacrifice of a man seeking the highest is not lost. Time for clearing a table and getting a customer out of the Mitygude now set at thirty seconds. If the bus boy can shade that by a half or three quarters all is well. ⋕



"Ladies and gentlemen, this broadcast is coming to you through the courtesy of the Ajax Towel Company"

A Picture of Oscar Wilde

Of the snobbish world which fostered the lost genius who expressed his own tragedy in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

by OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

• ARTICLE •

Fifty years after the downfall of Oscar Wilde, the screen production of two of his stories (*The Canterville Ghost* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*) and the fact that nearly all his writings are still in print, seem to give a clear indication of the abiding quality of his genius.

"If such characters really exist in Dublin," said Bernard Shaw on reading a book by James Joyce, "there should be a Commission to inquire: Why?"

Not only do such "characters" exist in Dublin, but they have been there for two hundred years from Dean Swift to Bernard Shaw, who is one of them himself. Another of them was Sir William Wilde, father of the subject of this article.

Dublin is a city out of the Eighteenth Century, adorned by beautiful and spacious squares bordered with lilac, hawthorn and laburnum behind their iron railings. On each side stand stately houses of rose-red brick in front of which, in the days of Wilde's childhood, rows of cabs awaited a call or carriages moved up and down. These were the houses of the "nobility and gentry."

Number One Merrion Square, one of the largest of the squares, was the residence of Sir William Wilde, a man of immense energy and appetites, the famous aurist, oculist and archeologist. When a modern surgeon is operating for mastoid disease, the first incision he makes is "Wilde's incision." As an eye doctor Sir William is not so fixed in history; but there is a story which is told of him today, that when a rich patient expostulated at Sir William's charges for removing his eye, Sir William said, "My good man, it took me a hatful of eyes before I could do what I have done for you." Which goes to show that one has to pay for experience.

His were the pioneering studies in the heroic sagas of Ireland which led to the Gaelic revival. From these sagas came the names with which he named his famous son: Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde; Oscar was the Irish Hector, the son of the Irish poet-warrior Ossian, who was the son of Fingal or Finn.

His admiration for the O'Flahertie, one of the Princes of Connemara (a lovely mountainous district by the Western ocean), led Sir William to call his son after him as well as after the heroes of thousands of years ago; and also to buy a beautiful lodge or "camp" on an isle in Lough Fee in the heart of Connemara. It is known as Lady Wilde's Island. But to return to . . .

Dublin, where Wilde got his wit

Eighty years ago there was a caste system in Dublin as defined as that in Montreal or Quebec. The educated and the wealthy formed a coterie which included nobility, gentry and the professional classes of medicine and the law. Medicine and law never flourished more successfully than in Oscar Wilde's Dublin. The great doctors entertained each other and dined out almost every night with judges, lawyers or eminent Government officials. Wit and anecdote circulated with the port. The reception rooms of the lofty houses were almost as fine as those in the Provost's House. Lady Wilde, with earrings to her shoulders, held her salons and wrote patriotic poems for *The Nation*. These poems were not altogether approved by the aristocratic, and therefore conservative elements of the city, but then allowances must be made, for Lady Wilde, who called herself Speranza, was undoubtedly "a little queer."

The sallies to which young Oscar listened were such as these: Sir William Harcourt was blackballed by one of the exclusive Dublin clubs. His remarks on hearing the result: "It's quite a nice club—only for the members," went the rounds and can be traced in the wit of Oscar, which often depends, like that of Shaw, on inversion. Another citizen, well known for his wit and his shrew of a wife, lay dying and answered with a smile when a friend asked him how he was: "Hovering between *wife* and death."

TELLER
Angelo

"In normal times, Fortescue, this would mean instant dismissal"

One of the doctors, who was a great trencherman and host, was afflicted by a superabundance of flesh seen only once in a century. He must have weighed close on six hundred pounds. He drove about in a "fly" or hansom cab imported from London. The street arabs could not resist: "Dr. Meldon, lend us your belly for the next picnic!" And the wits propounded the quiz: "What is more wonderful than Jonah in the whale's belly? Dr. Meldon in a fly!"

In one of the houses almost directly opposite to that of Sir William, another famous surgeon and resident of "the Shadow of the Valley of Death," as Merrion Square was called, got himself involved in divorce proceedings with the wife of a dentist. It was bad enough to bring notoriety of this unsavory kind on oneself, but with the wife of a dentist! That was a breach of the caste system, reprehensible and unedifying. The dentist charged that the surgeon took his wife in a cab for a drive one night through the leafy lanes of Dublin's suburbs. There was much wrangling in court as to whether misconduct was possible in a cab. The Dublin cabbies rose in importance. They felt proud of being a part of such notoriety. A year later, when the surgeon was leaving church with a young bride on his arm, about to go on his honeymoon, a cabbie approached and, saluting with a whip adorned with a knot of white satin, offered his services: "Cab, sir?"

Dublin blazed with another scandal. This time the principal was Sir William Wilde himself. Rumor had it that one of his lady patients accused him of misconduct. It was never cleared up. The public, full of faith in human frailty, believed the worst.

Trinity College, Dublin University

Trinity College, with its park, groves, gardens and athletic grounds, occupies the center of the city. Its gates almost touch the gardens of Merrion Square. The Fellows of Trinity had an immense influence in forming the opinions of aristocratic society. Trinity had educated most of the men who ruled the country at the time and it held itself superior to Oxford and Cambridge.

Upon two "dons," or Fellows, the fame of the College depended in young Wilde's day. One was the Rev. John Pentland Mahaffy. The other Dr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Professor of Greek. Naturally the men were rivals.

Mahaffy had an enormous influence on the growing Wilde, more than has ever been suspected by his biographers or pornographers. He was a magnificent figure of a man, physically and mentally. One of the greatest scholars of his century, he stood well over six feet. With a broad forehead, auburn hair that turned into two close ear-whiskers, wide generous lips and shrewd eyes, he looked like the personification of all the dons who ever walked a college cloister. He had that rare thing, a perfect musical ear. He was a good judge of claret and cigars. He enjoyed the acquaintance of many kings and talked to them as an equal—intellectually, at all events. In fact his rival, Dr. Tyrrell, was well aware of this foible and used to quote:

"The King of Assyria was drinking himself drunk in his tent with the four and twenty kings who were with him and who were helping him." Then he would add innocently, "I think that our friend Mahaffy would not have refused a little light refreshment in that society."

Dr. Tyrrell anticipated criticism by making no pretences to abstinence. "Is it true, as the Archbishop says, that you got drunk at his dinner table?" "Oh, no, I took the obvious precaution of coming drunk."

Mahaffy practiced what the Greeks call *eutrapelia*, that is, the justifiable arrogance of the well-bred. The effect of this on the susceptible Wilde may be imagined. It made him arrogant without justification. The effect of Mahaffy's remark to an undergraduate whom he overheard swearing, can by no manner of means be taken as edifying. "My young man, if you continue to swear you will lose your immortal soul; and, what's worse, be fined two and sixpence."

In 1877 they both went on a visit to Greece. The trip through Greece and the meeting with the King did little good for any humility a youth should have. Oscar heard his Master correct the King:

"I am afraid Your Majesty is laboring under a misapprehension. These tunnels are not catacombs. The Greeks were never so barbarous. They are entrances to silver mines. Plato, for all we know, may have been a profiteer."

On their return they were fined for outstaying the leave of absence. And Mahaffy was forbidden to preach in the college chapel because of a sermon, or rather a lecture, he delivered to the students on his *Rambles and Studies in Greece*. "I never could quite forgive St. Paul. There was an excellent university at Antioch. He never once availed himself of it. Never!"

When Dr. Tyrrell heard that Mahaffy was forbidden to deliver any more sermons he complained to his friends: "Since Mahaffy has been silenced, I am suffering from insomnia in church."

What biographer has realized the influence of such an atmosphere on the development of Oscar Wilde?

As Mahaffy says: "The inevitable never happens in Ireland, the unexpected always." And what could be more unexpected than that one morning Mahaffy should say to his disciple: "You are not quite good enough for us here, Oscar. Better go to Oxford."

What lay behind that we shall never know. Mahaffy was a shrewd judge of men.

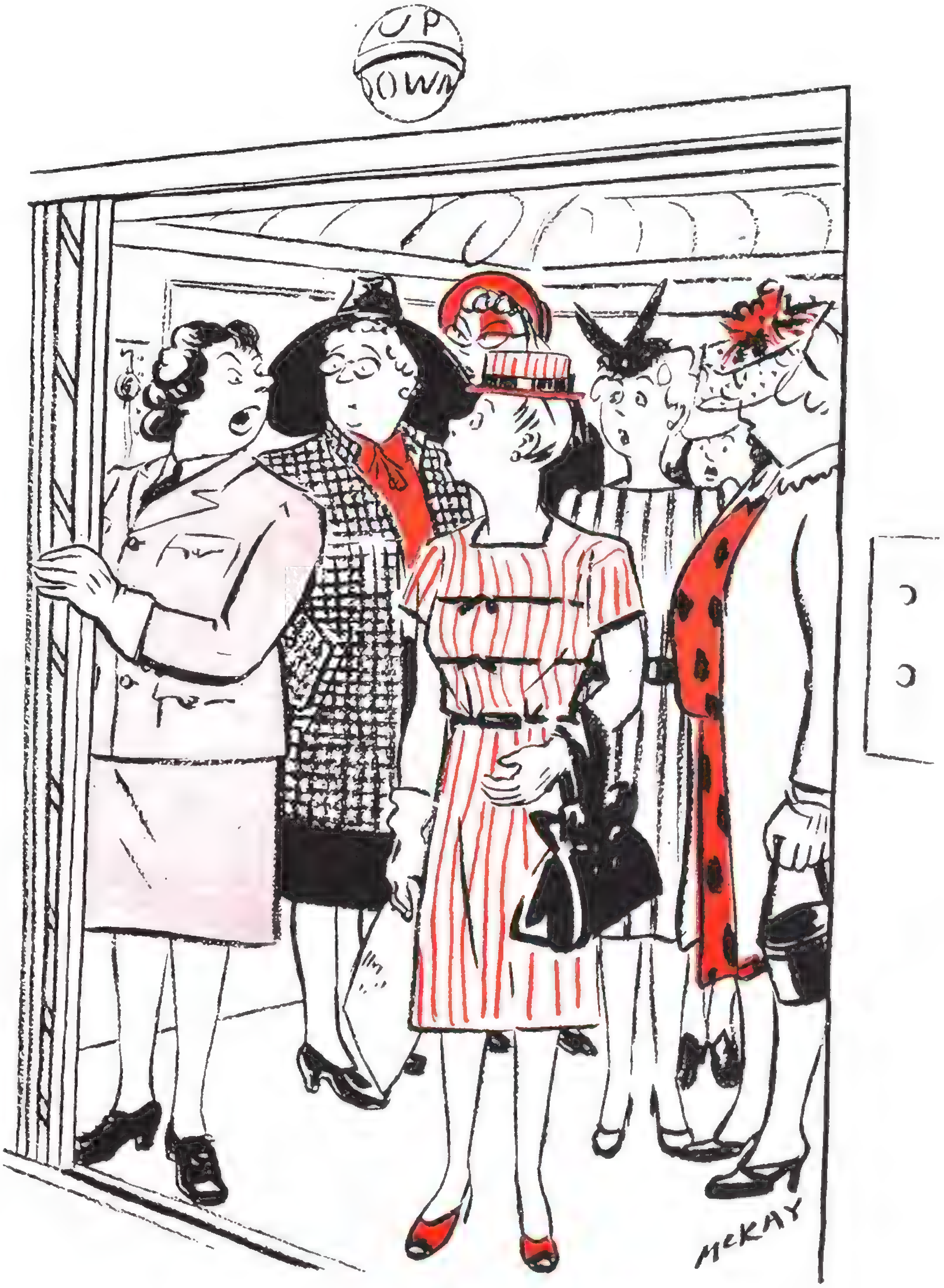
Oxford

At this time Oxford was about the worst place for a neo-pagan and poseur. It provided a stage and what Oscar wanted—limelight. A stage whereupon to practice his interpretation of Mahaffy's disdain. But he could not quite "get away with it," though he went very far, for he had neither the authority, the wisdom nor the grandeur of his preceptor.

He brought to Oxford a whole battery of Dublin's quips and quirks. When asked why, with his seemingly powerful physique, he did not take up rowing and join one of the College eights that were practicing and training on the Thames, he replied: "I don't see the use of going down backwards to Iffley every evening."

Among the mistakes he made, a fundamental one, was to think that anyone can transport the wit of Dublin to an English city. Ireland abounds in wit which is explosive and cruel. England has humor which bespeaks the toleration of a people who believe that they are above vicissitude. When vicissitude does come it brings out their humor, which is

Continued on page 149



"Third floor, electric refrigerators, electric stoves, elastic girdles and nylon hose—after the war!"

Revolt from a Niche

It seemed that even during a pass in town one could not quite escape the barriers of the Army's caste system

by MICHAEL GERSON

FICTION

THERE were too many white houses with high picket fences, and the corporal began to realize he would have to reach deep into his pocket for the address again. He fumbled for the paper, holding it under the lamplight. Even bending his head and squinting, the writing was barely discernible. His lips formed the numbers, as he moved on toward the middle of the street.

When finally he found the front gate, he hesitated before swinging it open and walking down the short stretch of lawn to ring the bell. He hated barging into the privacy of homes when there wasn't a room available uptown, but it was either that or going back to camp.

He gave the bell a quick jab, and heard the short pling-g-g echoing through the house. Feet padded down steps, and someone twisted the door mechanism. It was a small grey-haired woman who poked her cautious head out, until seeing the boy in uniform, she opened the door wide.

"Evening, ma'am." He blinked at the light filtering through the darkness. "Wondered if you had a spare room to put me up for the night. Hotels in town are full."

"Yes, I can put you up, boy," she said, passing her eyes in swift appraisal. "Come on in. Ain't often you can get a boy coming out here to sleep. Usually they want to stay closer to town, and can't say I blame them either." He moved in through the door, and she closed it behind him. "I'm Mrs. Keeler. You're a sergeant, aren't you?"

He squirmed with embarrassment. "No, ma'am. I'm a corporal. Sergeants have three stripes."

"That's right," she readily admitted. "I had a sergeant staying here about three Saturdays ago. Big blond-haired boy from Missouri. Plumley, I think he said his name was; or was it Huntley? Maybe you know him?"

The corporal shook his head.

"What'll I call you?" she suddenly asked. "Not that I'll remember, but you oughta learn names at least once, I guess."

He felt himself turn an uncomfortable pink. Of course he should have mentioned it when she had volunteered hers! "Hutchins," he stammered. "Jeff Hutchins."

She led him into the front room, motioning him to the wide sofa. "You can sit here if you like, or I can show you your room. It's much warmer downstairs here," she added.

"I guess I'll sit here for awhile," the corporal decided. He wondered, once the words escaped him, why he had said it when he had been dreading just that all along. Inconspicuously he wedged himself into a chair.

"On maneuvers?" the woman asked.

"Yeah, my outfit's just this side of Carthage. Been there for six days now."

"Been in long?"

"About eight, nine months."

"Where you from?" The questions seemed never to end.

"Indiana, about seven miles out of Terre Haute," the boy answered.

"There's hot water if you want a bath," the woman said.

"That'd be just fine," he said. He was glad she had mentioned it. "Haven't had a real bath since I left home. All you usually get in the Army is showers, and we don't even have these at Carthage. A guy gets pretty dirty back in the woods."

She nodded her head. "I guess you would."

"Oh, it's not too bad, though you kinda get tired of it after awhile. I've been wanting clean white sheets and a soft pillow underneath my head for over a month now. Funny how you always take things like that for granted. Now all I ever want to do is take hot baths and climb between white sheets."

"My boy's in the Army. He's twenty-four and been in for two years now. Says just about the same thing, too." She stood up, then walked over to the hallway. "I'll fix that water for you."

"Thanks," he muttered. She disappeared through the doorway, and he had a chance to look about him. It was an old room, full of furniture that must have struggled through some thirty or forty years. The springs sagged and gave way on the chair when he moved, but it was soft and comfortable and the light from the corner lamp seemed warm. He could hear the water pouring into the tub from where he sat. It was probably a white porcelain tub that had several cracks, and he would lie there naked with his head resting against one end and toes stretched out against the other, hot water lapping against his chin and soaking into his every pore. He could feel the intoxication and languor of it already. If his room were near by he would dry himself briskly, as his mother used to do for him when he was little until his skin glowed and tingled, and then dash for bed, and lying between the sheets, glory in their softness and clean whiteness. His thighs and shoulders, the small of his back, and his every limb would lie encased in myriads of feathery whiteness, and he would fall asleep almost at once, soundly and freely, as he had not done for a long time.

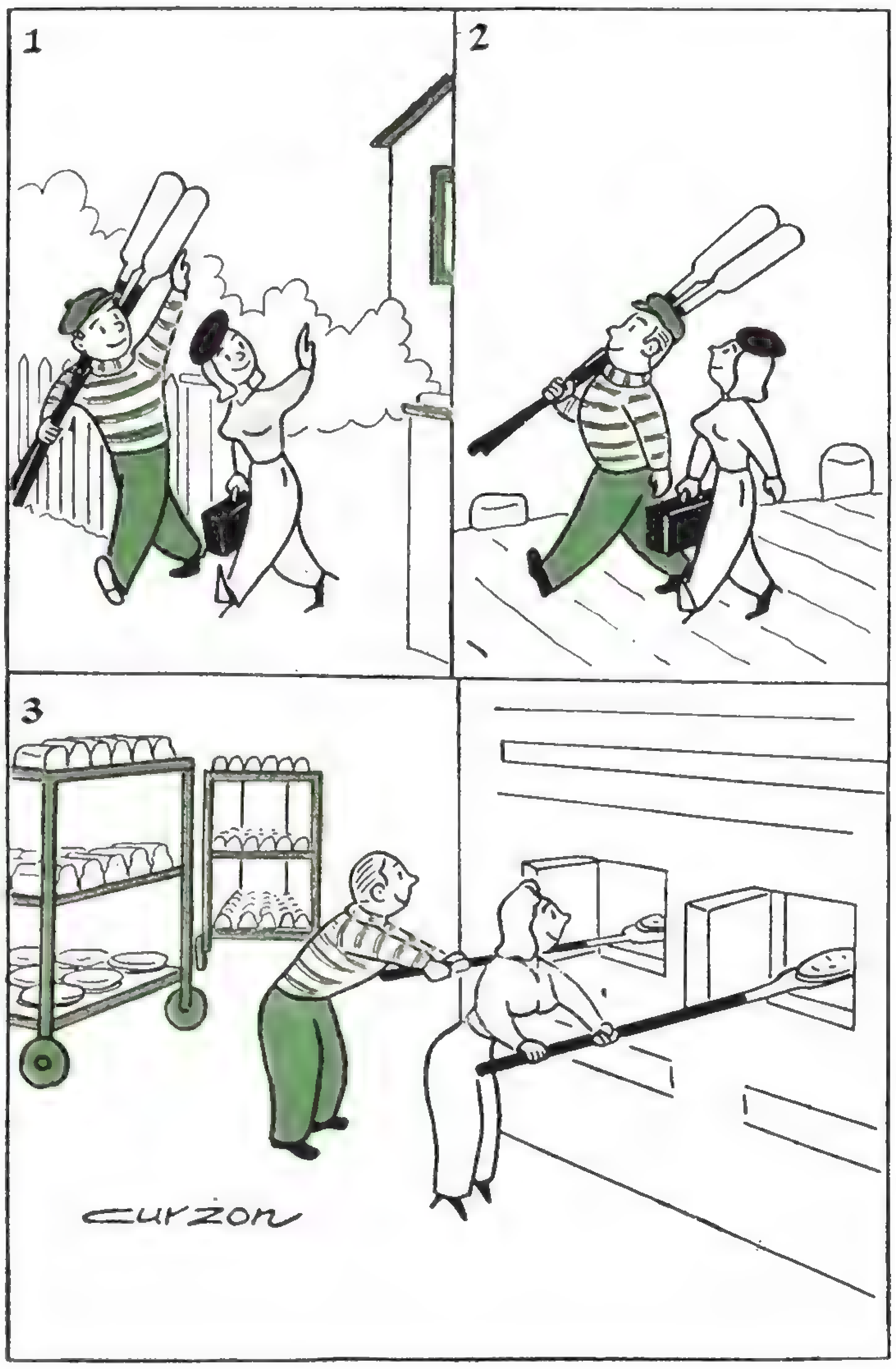
The doorbell rang suddenly, and he heard her closing the bathroom door and coming up the hall. There was only the muffled sound of falling water coming from the other side of the house. "It'll be ready soon," she called back, as the bolt was sprung on the front door.

She talked quietly there for a few minutes before returning. She came in saying, "I've two of you now," and the corporal looked up to see a second lieutenant beside her, resplendent in his light pinks and the glitter of gold bars. "This is Corporal—," she began, faltering at the name.

"Hutchins," the boy volunteered. He stood up, his arm twitching forward an imperceptible notch as he debated whether to stretch out his arm for a handshake, but the lieutenant merely nodded in recognition.

"How are you, Corporal?" he heard the other saying, and his arm relaxed and dropped to his side. For the first time he felt strangely aware of his wrinkled, sweated clothes, and muddy shoes.

"I never remember names," the



woman said. "Names and dates don't mean nothing to me any more. Seems as though everything's standing still and waiting."

"Just get into town, Corporal?" the lieutenant asked.

"About two hours ago, sir." He cursed himself for adding that *sir* once he'd said it. It reeked of discipline and Army, and that was one thing he wanted none of tonight. He stood dismally about, his arms hanging awkwardly at his side. The lieutenant sank into the large couch, and extended a cigarette pack. "No, thanks," the corporal shook his head, settling reluctantly into a chair.

The lieutenant drew one for himself and lit it. Of a sudden the air was laden with tobacco fumes that brought back thoughts of barracks and the flip of rapidly shuffled cards, dice rolled flatly against a tin locker, a stench of shower rooms and someone flying aimlessly about with a towel wrapped around his middle.

"Sure you don't care for one?" the lieutenant insisted.

"Naw, I don't smoke."

"There's not a room to be had in town tonight," the lieutenant remarked warmly, "and a mile line in front of every theatre."

"I couldn't get a bed uptown either," the corporal put in curtly. The lieutenant couldn't have been much older than he, twenty-seven or eight at most; still he seemed infinitely more remote, not so much in age but in dignity and bearing, in the sure and cocky way his lips curled and the way he sat there smoking. It was the clothes that did it, he knew. The clothes and those little flashes of gold glittering on each shoulder; the knowledge that in his world they meant everything. It was like wearing a watch or a new ring. They made you swagger and feel like a million dollars the first days you had them on. The corporal was beginning to feel bitter and resentful, sitting there. The humility of a few moments before was gone, and he wished the bath were ready so he might get away.

"I'd better check that water," the woman said suddenly; "should be almost ready." She turned to the lieutenant. "You're welcome to take one after he gets through if you like."

"One what?" asked the lieutenant.

As if he doesn't know, the corporal thought.

"Bath," she answered. "He's taking a bath, and there's plenty hot water for the two of you."

The lieutenant smiled and said quickly, "No, thank you. I had one just before I came in tonight."

You would, the corporal thought. You probably bathe with milk before each meal and brush your teeth six times a day. He studied the smooth, clean-shaven face of the other, cursing the miserableness of the cold water he had used inside his own steel helmet that morning in scraping the black stubble from his chin and the side of his face.

The woman disappeared through the doorway. "On maneuvers?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yeah, just a couple miles out of Carthage," the boy said.

"Pretty rough, eh?"

"Not bad. You get used to it after awhile." He thought for awhile before prompting the question, then, "You stationed near by?"

"I'm right here at Fort Llewellyn," the lieutenant said.

The corporal grinned. After a

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How to Help the War Effort

Is the eyebrow therapy industry going to take a government edict lying down?

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •

Let us say you are a prominent executive in the eyebrow therapy business, eyebrow therapy being a process whereby with a dozen treatments everybody can have eyebrows as nice as Greer Garson's or Paul McNutt's. Let us assume that the government clamps down on eyebrow therapy for the duration on the ground that it is using too much electricity, wasting too much manpower, and otherwise hindering the war effort.

The question is: how are you going to indicate that your industry will back up this ruling one hundred per cent? Well, there are certain undeviating steps that must be taken in a certain recognized order.

1. *Unqualified Support:* If you are on your toes tomorrow's paper will report that: E. Carter Higgins, president of the National Eyebrow Therapy Association, declared today that the ban on eyebrow therapy will have the NETA's unqualified support. Said Mr. Higgins, "This is a trifling sacrifice compared to what the boys overseas must face. We had felt, of course, that eyebrow therapy had a valuable contribution to make to wartime America, but if the government believes differently, we will back it up one hundred per cent."

2. *Concern For Labor Dislocations:* You must, however, realize that unemployment brought on by the ban will inevitably create certain problems. Several days later it is your patriotic duty to let the press know that you are seriously concerned with the plight of the twenty-five thousand trained eyebrow therapy workers who will be thrown out of jobs. Of course, specialized industries like eyebrow therapy and horse racing have a personnel which could not possibly be trained for such highly technical wartime tasks as bolt-tightening, riveting or punching time clocks.

3. *Sympathy For Mr. Morgenthau:* It is now time for the public to read that: E. Carter Higgins, speaking for the eyebrow therapy industry, today repeated his promise that eyebrow therapy would observe the government ban scrupulously. However, he regretted "that large sources of revenue formerly produced by the twenty-five per cent tax on eyebrow therapy, will now be lost to the federal government." (Mr. Higgins is not an alarmist. He does not claim that, because of the drying-up of eyebrow therapy taxes, America will have to quit making B-29s or battleships. He doesn't even advocate withdrawdrawing from Saipan.)

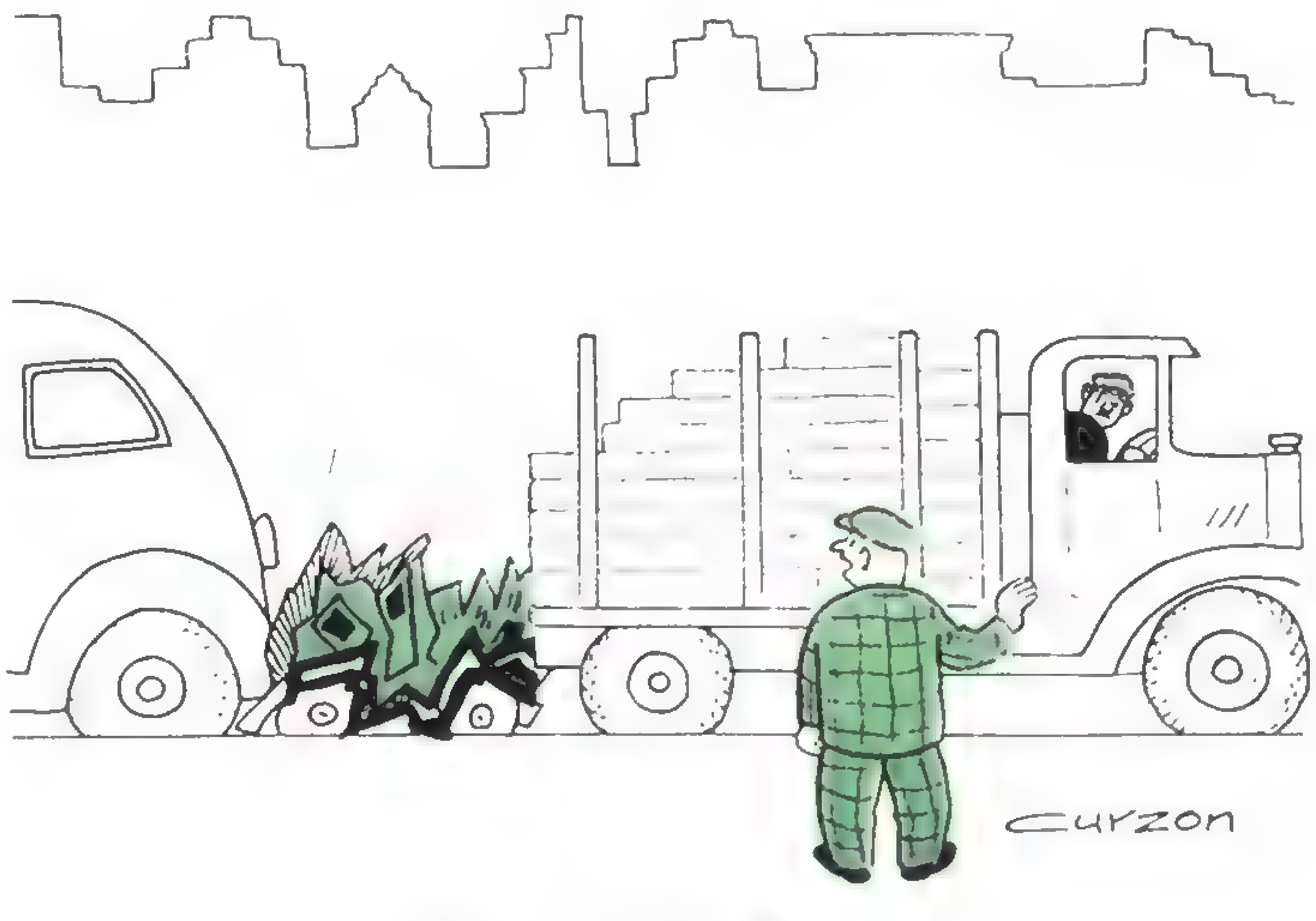
4. *Bond Drive Comment:* It might be well for Mr. Higgins to point out in an interview that those in eyebrow therapy are justly proud of the fact that the industry to date has sold over 250,000,000 dollars worth of bonds. Let the people draw their own conclusions. They're no fools.

5. *Faith in American Spirit Of Fair Play:* Reiterating his determination to back up the government's edict, our spokesman should nonetheless state his devotion to the American way which never has been the way of unjust discrimination. Thus Mr. Higgins can be puzzled why: "—this ban should not also apply to the manicuring, and leg-paint industries which — though obviously performing noteworthy services of the highest order—would not appear to have exceeded eyebrow therapy in this respect."

6. *Feeling The Public Pulse:* It now becomes your duty to let the public know what its opinion is: E. Carter Higgins, president of the National Eyebrow Therapy Association, pointed out today the interesting result of a poll among enlisted men at Camp Braceford after a recent visit there by Arvena Hotchkiss, motion picture star chosen by them as "the girl with the eyebrows we'd most like to run our fingers through." This poll disclosed that eighty-two per cent of those questioned at Camp Braceford believed eyebrow therapy should be unrestricted for the duration. The morale factor was given as the chief reason. As one corporal put it: "Democracy would be hardly worth saving if American girls didn't retain their lovely eyebrows."

7. *A Thorough Airing.* Senator Touchard of your home state may now announce that he is backing an investigation to find out whether the ban is essential or should at least be modified.

You may justifiably feel proud that you have contributed much towards the solution of the problem by open discussion—the time-honored democratic way of handling things in America. You'll know that you've waged a successful war against having the whole problem obscured by silence. And if you've had lunch with the senator in Washington once or twice it might be just as well that you met in some out-of-the-way place — if you could find any. ###



"Bit too close, Butch"

How to Play Check Pinochle

A lively variation of pinochle is sweeping the country as gin rummy never did, even invading the bridge clubs of Manhattan

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

• ARTICLE •

Many New Yorkers, for whom contract bridge was once a religion and a way of life, are now embracing that livelier partnership card game: Check.

Converts, and they include an impressive per cent of the bridge masters, claim that Check has just about everything a popular card game should have—pace, balance, color and a not too complex variety of problems. That verdict comes as no surprise to the pinochle faithful. They always knew it was a question of time before the card-playing multitudes got wise to the superior brand of card fun that lay in a pinochle deck.

As the story goes, a prominent New York businessman, a good bridge player but a pinochle addict at heart, came across the game in Texas. It was a case of love at first playing. He brought the game back home and within a comparatively short time it began to monopolize most of the tables in the leading bridge clubs, something even gin, in its heyday, was never close to accomplishing. Word of that newsworthy card event got around fast and Check was off to a flying start in its terrific bid for popular favor.

The thing that usually strikes the initiate to pinochle when he picks up a hand in Check is the eye-filling wealth of high cards. Not a deuce or tray in the lot, nothing below a nine, as a matter of fact. That's because the forty-eight-card pinochle deck, used for play, consists of eight each of the following: aces, tens, kings, queens, jacks and nine-spots—a pair in each suit. It takes him a little while, too, to get used to the idea of duplicate cards in the same suit and denomination.

Another thing that is likely to throw him for awhile is the rank of the ten in a trick. The ten is topped only by the ace and is better than the king, queen and jack, which rank below it in the order named. The nine-spot is the lowest card.

Beside the comparative rank of the cards there is a second important factor a player must bear in mind when evaluating the strength of his hand—certain cards also have a point value. Any ace or ten counts ten points and any king or queen counts five points when taken in tricks.

The third thing to remember is that certain combinations of cards, known in pinochle as "melds," are worth points. (A list of them and their point values is given in the Scoring Tables at end of article.) No matter how beautiful a hand is in high trick-taking and counting-cards, it is only deceptively strong if it lacks melds.

With all that in mind, let us take a look now at how the game is played. The four players cut cards, and two high play against two low in partnerships. High card is the dealer and after the shuffle by him and the cut by the player at his right each player is dealt a hand of twelve cards, three at a time in each round.

Player at dealer's left has first chance to bid. But to qualify to make a bid he or any other player *must* hold a king and queen in the *same suit*. This combination is known as a "marriage" in pinochle and is one of the melds. No matter what other melds a player holds and no matter what the strength of his hand is otherwise, he may *not* bid unless he holds a marriage. This rule is peculiar to Check.

Numerical bids are made for the right to name which suit will be trump for the deal. The winning bidder obligates his side to score points in melds and counting-cards combined, at least equal to the amount of his bid. The bidding turn goes in clockwise rotation, each player bidding or passing. Once a player passes he may not re-enter the bidding, but until he passes he may continue to bid in his turn.

The lowest bid is 200. Successive bids must be in multiples of ten, but a player may overcall by as much as he cares to. Thus, the bidding may go "200," "210," "260," etc. Note that players don't name the suit they want to make trump. The bidding ends when three players pass a bid.

There is only one exception to the rule that no player may make a bid unless he holds a marriage. If the first three players pass, the dealer is forced to bid 200 and he doesn't need a marriage for this automatic bid. (Check players call that being "in the seat.") But if he wants to make a higher bid than 200 he can't do so unless he has a marriage. You can see that no deal is passed out, something that doesn't happen in most other games.

The bidding over, winning bidder names the trump. Then any player who holds a melding combination for which he wishes to score, lays it face up on the table. Partners add the point values of their melds together and the total is recorded as a single score. Now take another look at the scoring tables. You'll see that certain melds also have check values. These checks are entered in a separate column. Actually checks mean the same thing they do in poker—chips—but it's easier to score them in this game than to pass them back and forth in a deal.

There are two rules which govern melding. You've probably noticed that the melds in the scoring table are divided into Classes A, B and C. The first rule is that a player may use a card in more than one meld *only* if the melds are in different classes. For example: A player may meld ♠K ♠Q as a marriage (Class A) and may add the ♦J to the ♠Q to form the meld known as "pinochle" (Class B). The second rule is that a player may *not* combine any of his cards with partners, to form melds.

After the melds have been scored, they are picked up and put back in the hands. Both sides can now figure how many more points the bidder and his partner are going to have to win in counting-cards to fulfill the contract and can plan their play accordingly. The play in Check is troublesome to the pinochle tyro until he gets the hang of it. The successful bidder makes the first lead and every other player in turn to the left also plays a card to the trick. Everybody plays and no dummy hand is laid down. As long as a player can follow suit he must do so, but if he can't follow suit he *must* play a trump if able to. Unlike bridge he has no option. As a

"I think it's the wrong approach, but she's determined to get a man"

matter of fact, he must play a trump on the trick even if some player in preceding turn has already trumped and he can't or doesn't want to play a higher trump. The only time a player may discard is when he has none of the suit led and is out of trump.

If a trump is led, each player *must* play a higher trump than the one preceding him in turn if he is able to. The highest trump in a trick wins that trick. In a trick containing no trump cards, highest card of the led suit wins. Winner of a trick leads to the next and play continues until all twelve tricks have been played. Just one more thing. If two cards of the same suit and denomination—duplicates—are played to a trick, the first one played is considered to have higher rank. Thus, if an ace of trumps were led and caught the other ace of trumps, singleton, in somebody else's hand, the first ace wins the trick.

The side winning the last trick scores ten points. The bidding side then adds the points it won in tricks (point values of cards, etc.) to the melds it made earlier. If the total is at least equal to the bid, the contract has been brought home and the side scores for all the points it made in play (the score for melds already has been recorded). In addition, it gets an award of checks according to the amount of the bid.

But if the bidding side falls short of contract, known in pinochle as "going bate," the penalties are stiff. It scores nothing at all—any melds, checks or other points made in that deal are canceled. Furthermore, it is "set back"—that is, the amount of its bid is deducted from its previous tally, even if it means getting a minus score. And, finally, opponents score *double* the value of the defeated bid in checks. In any case, opponents score everything they made in the deal whether they beat the bid or not.

A game in Check is 1,000 points. First side to reach that total wins the check bonus for game. If both sides reach 1,000 points in the same deal, the bidding side gets the game checks.

Now for the pay-off. The checks for both sides are totaled and the side with the greater total is the winner by the margin of the difference between the two check scores. You can see that a side may reach 1,000 points first and still lose in the final accounting. For example: side A winds up with 1,060 points, B with 930 points. But B has 36 checks to A's 32. That makes B the winner by four. In other words, the final tally of points does not decide the result, but the checks *do*.

The rules for the two main irregularities are: if any of the first three players bids without a marriage his side gets nothing for melds, but the deal is played out at the final bid. Non-offending side scores everything it makes. A player revokes ("reneges" in pinochle) if he fails to follow suit when able to do so, fails to trump when he should and can, or fails to trump higher when he should and can. Penalties are of varying severity. The usual one is to turn the improperly played trick and all subsequent ones over to non-offenders. Many pinochlers play that if revoker is member of bidding team his side has "gone bate." Perhaps the fairest penalty in informal play is to replay the cards in the improper trick and give non-offending side last two tricks won by offenders.

Here is a deal of balanced strength as given by bridge master Lee Hazen, of the New York Bridge and Whist Club. In this deal each player holds a marriage qualifying him to bid.

	♠K-Q-J-9 ♥A-K-9 ♦A-A-J ♣Q-10	
♠10-9 ♥A-10-J ♦10-K-Q-Q ♣K-J-9	N W E S	♠A-10-J ♥K-Q ♦J-9 ♣A-10-K-Q-9
	♠A-K-Q ♥10-Q-J-9 ♦10-K-9 ♣A-J	

With West dealer, North would open with a bid of 200 (holding a hand of moderate point-making strength). East overcalls with 210 (he holds two melds and a long suit that would be powerful as trumps). South raises to 220 (since his partner has bid, he indicates fair assistance. He is willing to accept whatever suit his partner wants to make trump, but if he had a strong suit of his own he would jump to 230). West passes (not much to raise on). North goes to 230 (partly to make it tough for East to bid and partly to see if partner wants to try for a higher check bonus). East passes (without any assist from partner he might be sticking his neck out for a "bate" if he goes any higher). The others also pass.

North declares spades trump and melds ♠K—♠Q, adds the ♦J and melds the ♠9 (dix) for 90 points altogether. His partner, South, melds ♠K—♠Q for forty

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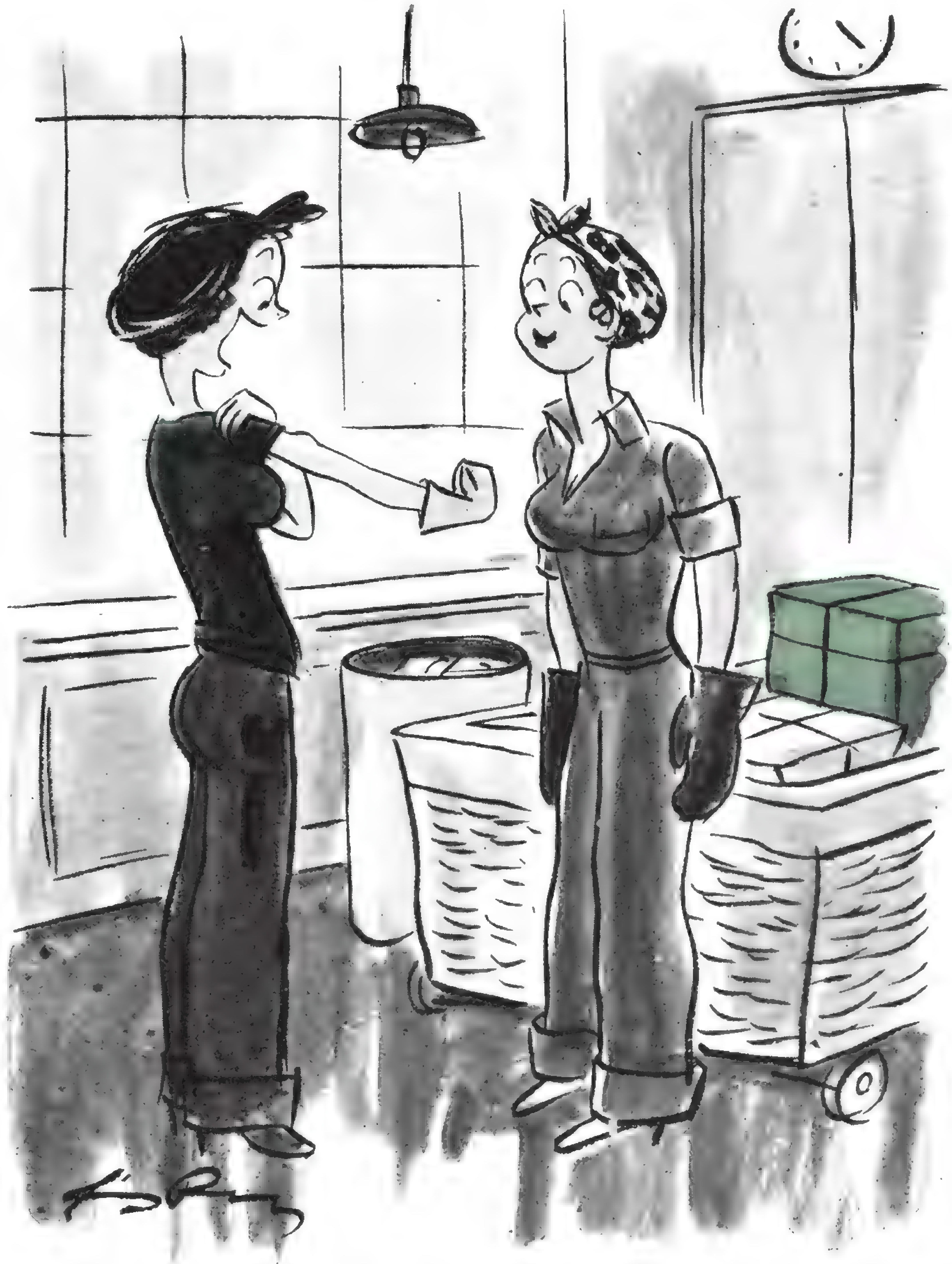

"I'm so relieved—I just found out these funny little lumps on my arms are muscles"

This Man's World

Of portents in the sky, the memorable thrill of vacations in Europe and those greatly overrated creatures, the birds

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

At four o'clock in the afternoon in New York, on the day and on the minute that funeral services for Franklin Delano Roosevelt were to begin at the White House in Washington, there was a flash of lightning across the dark sky followed by a long, rolling barrage of thunder that shook the house, echoed deeply from the skyscraper canyons and finally died away in the distance, as though the gods had ordered the last salute fired to the fallen Commander-in-Chief.

And then there was another time recently when quite early in the evening, President Truman opened the United Nations Conference in San Francisco with his address from the White House. I had been down on the farm in Jersey, where it had been raining, blowing and storming all through the day.

The downpour had been solid, and a wind was whipping the young leaves from the trees. The sky was leaden and forbidding and great cavalcades of black clouds scudded ceaselessly across the heavens. It had been a chill, dreadful, sodden, depressing day. Towards evening, I was battened snugly in my kitchen against the weather, with my radio turned on to listen to the opening speech of the President of the United States, to the conference upon which rested all the hopes and prayers of mankind, for peace and surcease from killing and the misery of wars.

As Mr. Truman began to speak, I glanced out the window and was startled to find the small circle of world that surrounded me, suffused and colored by a strange and eerie glow. I went outside to see what it was and found myself and all my surroundings bathed in a soft, orange-pink light from a setting sun that had stolen its rays through a break in the clouds far down on the western horizon. But it was more like a dawn light than sunset.

The storm was over. The rain had stopped and the wind died away. From inside the house came the simple, purposeful voice of Harry Truman speaking the aspirations and prayers of the millions upon millions of little people. And outside, the trees and grass, the woods and distant rolling hills, even the tumultuous clouds overhead were colored with rose, the light of hope.

Had we been living two thousands of years ago, these phenomena would have been reported and given wide circulation under the heading of Omens and Portents. Finding ourselves citizens of the enlightened Republic of the United States of America, Anno Domini, 1945, we list the happenings as a couple of coincidences, knowing full well that whatever the course or careers of the midges infesting this planet, the weather at those particular moments would have done exactly the same thing. The peal of thunder would have passed unnoticed as an odd, pre-summer storm; the rose light down on the farm would have elicited nothing more than, "Oh, look, the rain's stopped, and see what a funny light there is outside."

I find myself regretting this enlightenment. I am not even sure that I am enlightened, that deep within me I do not truly believe or at least wish to believe that they were omens, that a Higher Power was noticing us and our poor efforts and aspirations, and signaling His sympathy.

All down through ancient history, great events were heralded or accompanied by manifestations from the gods, thunders and lightnings, weird lights in the sky, falling stars, windstorms or earthquakes that toppled statues in the square, clouds that darkened the face of the earth like night, rifts in the sky showed when man's hopes and fortunes seemed at lowest ebb.

Maybe those guys had something. Somehow, I figure that when a rousing omen or portent came along, perhaps the people of those times didn't feel quite so lonely. They lived very close to their gods in everyday life and received communications through nature, signs of anger or displeasure, frequently, to be sure, or on the other hand an encouraging pat on the back. But at least they felt they were not neglected, that their pagan deities were on the job and concerned with what went on below. Faith is a wonderful thing, but there is nothing like a real, lusty Manifestation to keep the citizenry reminded of Who's Boss.

When a convenient and coincidental earth tremor rocked the Forum and tipped over the statue of the current ruling headache, everybody felt better right away at this certain sign that the gods were about to remove the tyrant, or at least people felt relieved that they weren't going to get into any trouble with the Boys Upstairs, if and when they decided to take matters in their own hands. Rainbows assisted in presaging the end of wars which everybody was tired of anyway. Cloud shapes in the sky at the time of royal birth or royal death helped the populace to bear up under both these calamities and believe that everything was going to be all right.

I really feel perhaps we are missing something. If you do not mind, I think I will hold aside just a modest portion of belief in my private Omens and Portents. There was a rosy pink glow that replaced the bitter storm. The brave new world may be a-comin' after all. . . .

La Chapeau Shoppe

"We have a little booklet that goes with that hat called, 'The Secrets of Sailing, or How to Tack and Luff a Dinghy'!"

Our Feathered Friends

At the risk of losing the friendship of Mr. John Kieran, for whom, as you may have gathered from my recent article on him in this space, I have the greatest admiration, as well as sacrificing the good will of many of my constant readers of which there are now sufficient to hold monthly meetings in the nearest telephone booth, I must reveal that during a recent stay on my New Jersey farm I have watched the behavior and general antics of those little creatures known as our feathered friends, and I say the hell with them. I do not like birds.

God knows, I have tried to like birds. I tried once for a whole year after I got into a mess of trouble by announcing my dislike for the silly things to several trillion people on Mary Margaret McBride's radio program one fine afternoon, and the storm hasn't subsided yet. I like horses, cows, dogs, cats; I can even conceive an affection for pigs for their genuinely human qualities. But birds? No.

You may write to me and denounce me if you will; it can only relieve your blood pressure. I would be happy if you were t point out to me any virtue in a bird other than that it eats bugs and harmful insects, but only a a last resort after it has stuffe itself on all the seeds in you garden and there are none left.

I would like to demolish firs the nonsense that there is an beauty in their song, a noise whic runs the gamut from the sou

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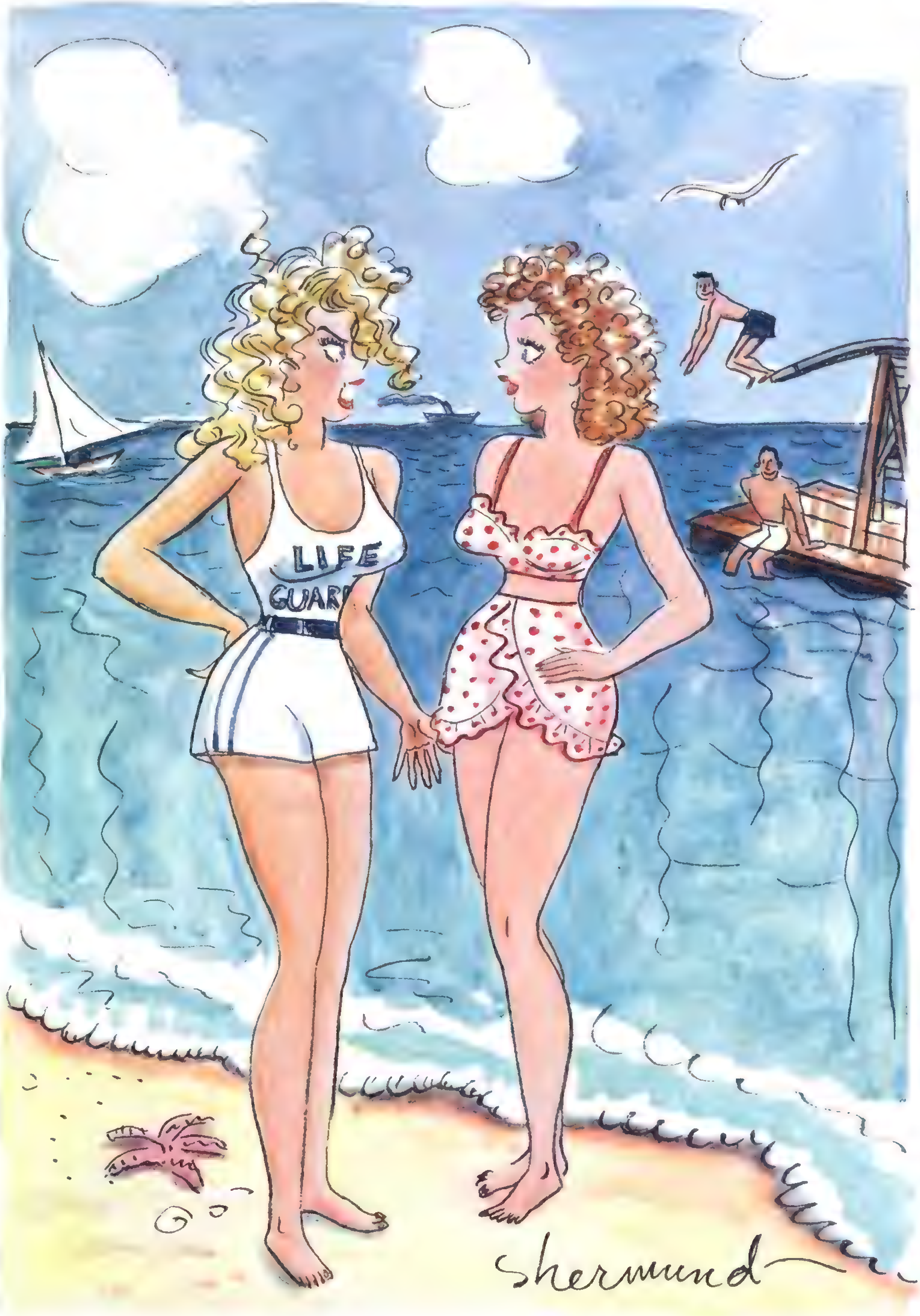
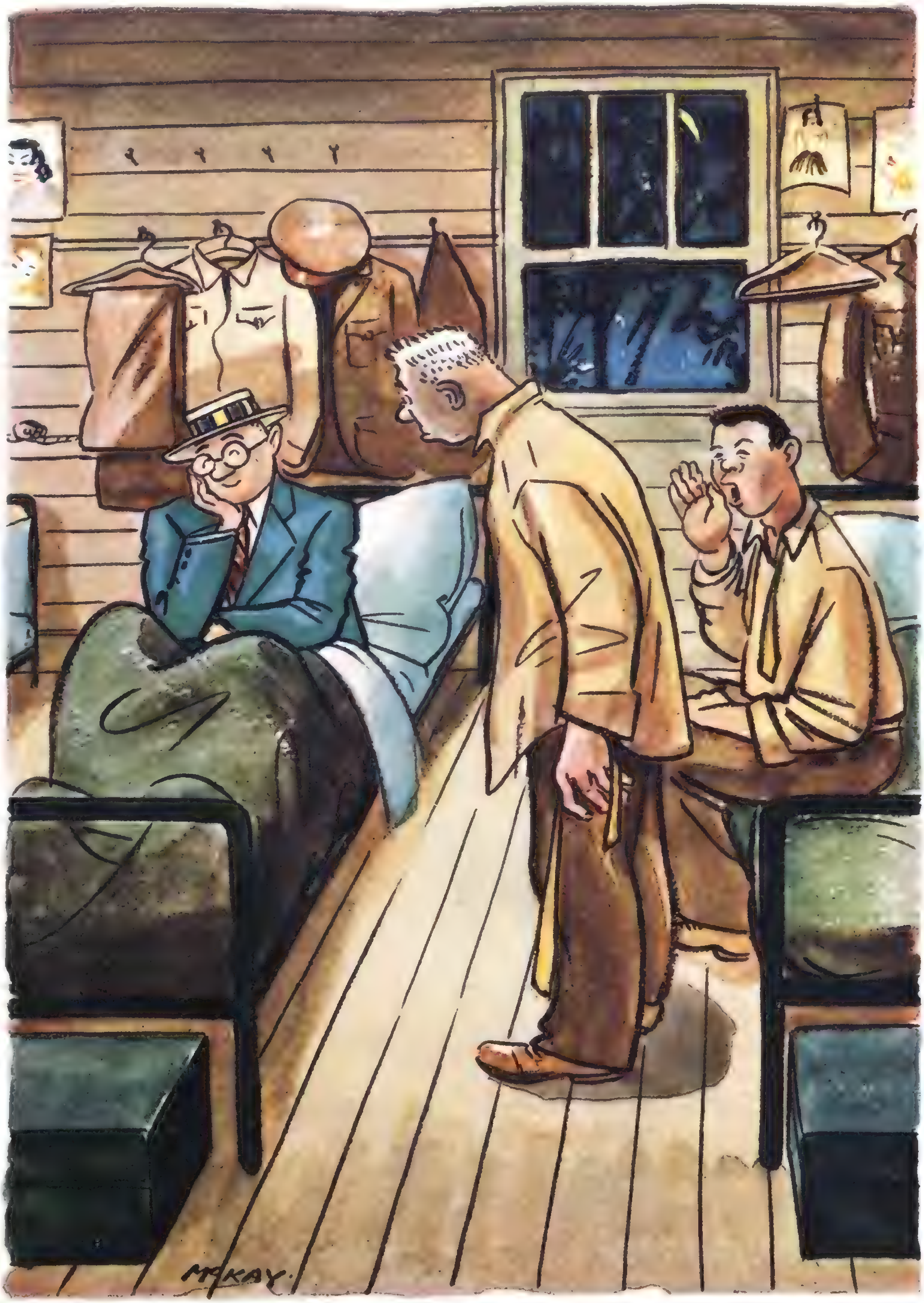
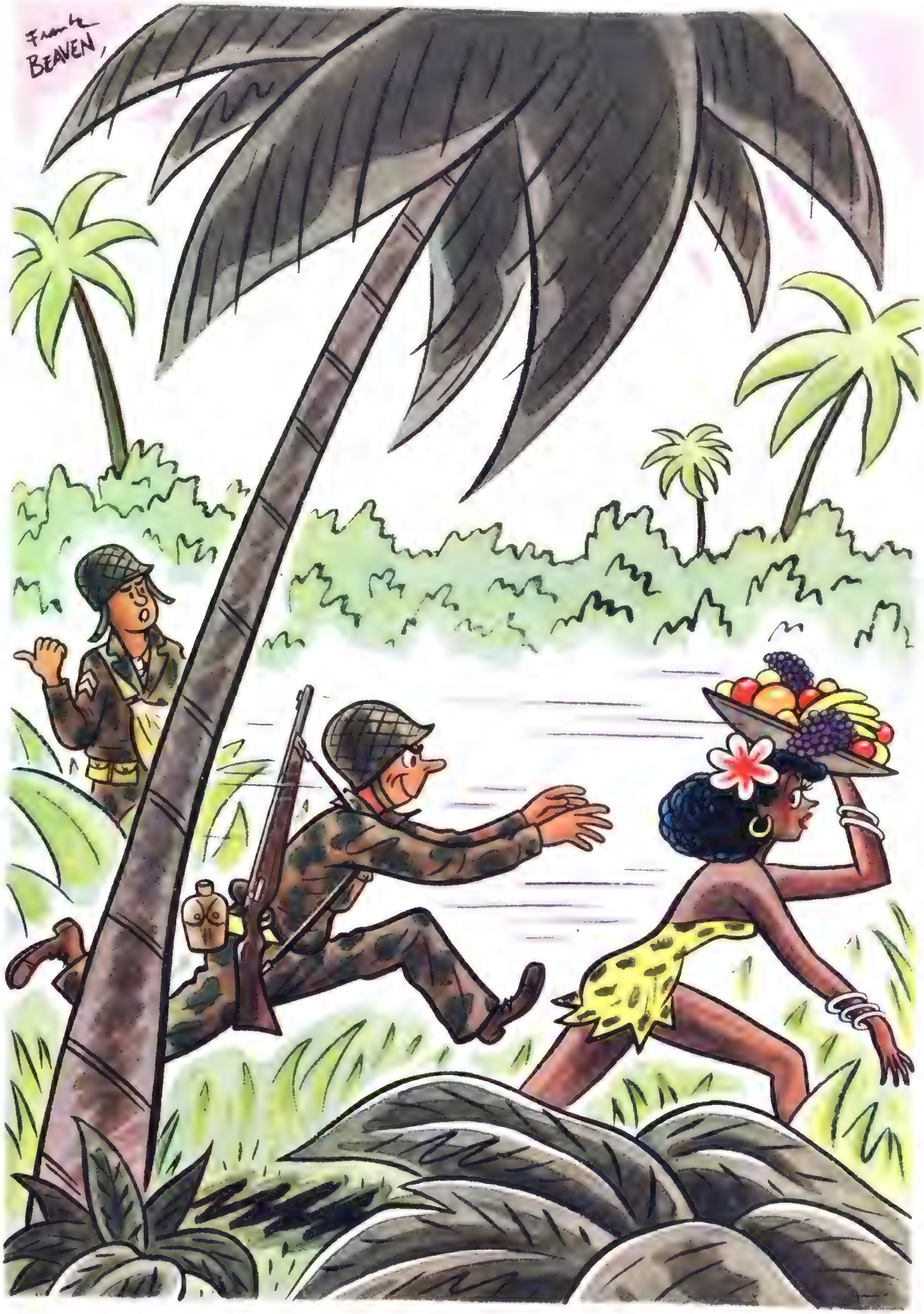

LIFE
GUAR
shermund

"The trouble with this job is that it's my own life I have to be guarding"



"He gets his discharge tomorrow"



Frank BEAVEN

"Private Jones—the Japs went thataway!"

The Order of the Crackpots

Organized zanies lampoon stuffed shirts in high places, urging their targets to take life with less pomp and more humor

by GEORGE ZARAFONETIS

• ARTICLE •

THE Crackpot Club, Inc.—with a membership ranging from a Greek restaurant owner who wouldn't allow lemon meringue pie on the menu because he couldn't pronounce it, to the gent who built his own town so he could be mayor—has one of the most unique rosters in the history of mirth.

Organized in 1939 for the purpose of "teaching public officials not to take themselves too damned seriously," the club has lampooned scores of public officials with satirical attacks that have made headlines in leading newspapers of America.

John L. Lewis (of the coal-mining Lewises) is one of the club's favorite targets. The Crackpots took a pot shot at Lewis for the coal strikes by naming him "as the American who did the least for the war effort in 1943." Through the efforts of a reporter-member of the club, the A.P., I.N.S. and U.P. wire services were sent copies of the telegram. The press associations seized upon the item and gave it considerable prominence.

To Col. Robert R. McCormick, Chicago *Tribune* publisher mentioned as a possibility for the Republican presidential nomination, the Crackpots wired: "Will support your candidacy—with the provision that you name John L. Lewis on the ticket as vice president." The club, whose home is in Grand Rapids, Michigan, gave the story to the press associations, but also gave special coverage to the rival Chicago *Sun*. The *Sun*, which apparently does not think the *Tribune* publisher is exactly a great guy, ran the story on page one.

Representative Jeanette Rankin, who duplicated history by again casting the sole vote against entry of America into the war, received the following telegram from the club:

"Please address our club on the subject of 'Why a Lady Shouldn't Say Yes.'"

The club has forty-seven charter members, but scores of honorary members who are recognized for some "unorthodox achievement in reverse English." Each of the charter members is a vice president and the club has no president in order that no political jealousies ensue.

When things get slack and the members can't find a national figure who is considered fair game as a target, they pick on each other or the local starchy elements.

Floyd Mayo, an office supply company executive, has been the butt of the organization's alleged sense of humor on several occasions. Mayo, known as a successful businessman with unorthodox advertising methods stressing humor, attained a limited "screwball" immortality while serving with the A.E.F. during the First World War. During a major battle, Mayo's first baptism under fire, the going really got rough. After the scream of shells subsided, Mayo screamed at the top of his voice:

"Jeez, I wish I was home and Mother was here!"

The exclamation not only relieved the tension of his buddies near by, but stamped Mayo as a man long to be remembered by his comrades. After the Armistice, Mayo and a group of drink-bent members of his outfit started hitting the high spots of gay Paree and he became detached from the fellow soldiers. A searching party was launched for Mayo. After much walking through the French equivalent of saloons, they were finally greeted by a bunch of elbow-bending Frenchmen whom they found chanting over and over:

"Vote for Mayo, vote for Mayo."

When Mayo returned to Michigan he started working as an employe of the Bixby Office Supply Company and eventually attained the position of manager and part owner. In his window advertising, Mayo frequently made cracks about Hitler in the early days of neutrality. Huge posters that emblazoned his show windows gave the impression that Der Führer's parents hadn't bothered about getting married.

"Look what he did to our globes and maps. You can have the two-dollar ones for twenty-five cents," screamed the ads.

Two of the Crackpots, one a printer, provided letterheads and stationery of two nonexistent German-American bunds on which they sent Mayo some choice threatening letters, having them mailed from out of town.

Mayo took the threats seriously and so did the police who gave his business and home ample protection. He emblazoned the letters in the store window and added appendages to the effect that what he said about Hitler "still goes."

When the Crackpots decided Mayo didn't scare easily and that the gag boomeranged by having customers flock to his establishment in sheer admiration for the World War I veteran, they tipped off a newspaperman who exposed the hoax. Next time they tried something more simple.

Running Mayo's name as a sticker candidate for constable of East Grand Rapids where he resides, the club members had their fellow Crackpot elected to the office.

Chief of Police Don Williams, also a club member, said his duties include handling barking dog, noisy radio and wild party complaints. A reporter on the Grand Rapids *Herald*, also a Crackpot, ran a story telling of the duties to which the new constable was assigned.

The harassed Mayo family had little peace for some time to come as the phone rang continually with petty complaints by the taxpayers. He finally overcame the problem by having his phone yanked out.

One of the club's honorary members is "Swift" Lathers, a weekly editor who prints a paper described by veteran newsmen as the last stronghold of the free press.

Lathers, of Mears, Michigan, prints a tabloid-size weekly called the *Mears News*. He exposes everything and everybody. Lathers informs the cashier in a small town restaurant that her boy friend has stepped out on her and with whom. He takes a rap at employers who dismiss workers of long standing or those who underpay the hired help. One of his favorite tricks is to expose "sales" at stores where they are merely bargains on paper.

It was Lathers who thought he would branch out into politics and become a mayor. Logically, he figured he would take a short cut and eliminate campaigning and playing politics.

He would build his own town at his own leisure.

So he started constructing "Dune Forest" on the dunes of Lake Michigan. His first structure was a combination schoolhouse and church with belfry—seating capacity of five people. With this classic out of the way, he started on his general store, a structure of comparable size which could accommodate any number of people—one at a time.

The stock of the general store was comprised of four bars of candy and a sack of Bull Durham

Continued on page 146

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

A Dog's Life at the Latin Quarter

THE two camera muggers with the lovelies opposite, are currently earning their dog biscuits y parading around with the show irls in the finale of the show at Lou Walter's Latin Quarter in ew York. But the Great Danes re pretty nonchalant about the hole thing, having appeared in any movies and stage productions. Baron, standing, and Goldie, n the floor, are owned by Manattan pet shop proprietor Billy ose (not the impresario).

Packaged with the same lavish and that the posters outside the lub describe as "Ziegfeldian," e new show at the Latin Quarter -*Give Me a Thrill*—hasn't any articularly new thrills, but plenty customers find nothing lacking the standard ones. This offering one more of the kind that has ept the Latin Quarter a most-for-our-money attraction among the roadway night clubs. Costumes one cost in the neighborhood of ,000 dollars. The comedy is fast, not too subtle. There's an Irish nor, a lady trapeze artist, an pache act that is sheer mayhem, us assorted dancers. As for the high eye appeal of the girls—you can see for yourself.

Down in front and wearing a tomorrow-we-die costume is Marjorie Noble. This Florida sun-kissed blonde was born in a theatrical family. At thirteen she was doing a dancing act with her three sisters. She's been featured at Earl Carroll's on the Coast. Seated, at left, is Jean Sorenson, from Long Island. She toured with the road company of *Junior Miss*. Seated at right is Nici Leighton from Washington, D. C. She's a professional ice skater, a Powers model and a hopes-to-be novelist. All this and nineteen years old.

Standing are Ruth Barber, Thana Barclay and Irene Vernon. Ruth also comes from Long Island, and started as an acrobatic dancer. Thana is from California, wants to become a dramatic actress, and has done radio work. Irene wishes Hollywood would hurry up and discover her. This Indiana brunette has already appeared in some "soundies" or "juke box movies." Now she's ready for bigger things.

It should happen to Baron and Goldie!

OTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

The Brave Deserve the Lovely

This pretty Navy bride killed the long days of waiting the usual conventional ways and this was her first evening out

by PAUL KUNASZ

•FICTION•

Tilton followed Carol to a table about halfway down the room. The bar in this staid old California hotel was brown and quiet and peaceful. Not half the tables were occupied. Tilton was one of few men not in uniform. They were mostly young ensigns or lieutenants, home on leave or furlough. The metal of their insignia gleamed dully against the brown walls hung with faded engravings. They sat with their girls in the same chairs, in the same casual attitudes as they had in other years. Nothing seemed different but their clothing.

They glanced up at Carol with sudden, sharp interest that faded at once into well-bred blankness. This confirmed again Tilton's own judgment and pleased him.

The waiter brought their drinks and in a slight gesture he raised his glass to her and smiled. "The last time I saw you you drank milk and your mother watched me like a hawk. I hope you remember that dinner. A lot of planning went into it."

"It was dazzling," she said, "but you're wrong about mother. She liked you. You impressed her. All that Washington business."

"But I was trying to impress you. I had hoped you knew that."

"You did," she said, "terribly. But you worked so hard at being an old man. All that poise and talk. I had to take you at your word."

"What else could I do?" Tilton said. He was serious, so he made a satirical face. "I'm thirty-four now. I was thirty then and a government economist. Very dignified. You were seventeen and in school. There's quite a difference."

She took up a cigarette and smiled. "Do you think so?"

"I don't know. I didn't then, but I thought I was supposed to." He raised his glass. "Well. Here's to beauty."

"And marriage," Carol said, smiling.

"Yes." He put down the glass. "I haven't forgotten. I just thought it gave me the right to talk my head off. You know, consolation prize. After all, I knew you first." He looked at the end of his cigarette. "Lord, Lord, the first day I saw you, on that cove! Me, a simple Easterner. You had on a black bathing suit and you were just coming in out of the surf. I felt as if someone had clubbed me. Then, later, I used to watch it happen to other men. It's quite a body you've got there, you know."

She smiled, without much interest. "So the lads tell me."

"It's just as well mamma was around in those days."

"She's still around," Carol said. "Isn't that a fine thing? Almost two years married and living with your mother. Did I tell you Jim's a full commander now? With his own ship, a destroyer, one of the old ones. At twenty-eight, imagine that Irishman. Of course he's Annapolis, and a lot of good that does me. With that extra stripe they'll never let him come home."

Tilton shifted in his chair. "You'll get a wire one of these days," and added quickly, "saying something like 'Meet me officers' club pronto,' then it'll all be different."

"Once," Carol said. "I've seen him just once since Pearl Harbor. For two days, in San Francisco. That was more than a year ago. And heaven knows he's no letter writer." She leaned forward, her long, tapering back flat and light and firm, a swimmer's back, a swimmer's body. "I'll tell you what scares me. Sometimes I can't remember what he looks like. He seems a complete stranger. That's only once in awhile, but it's getting more often. We were married in Honolulu, did I tell you that before? I met him there and we were married a week later. Just like that, very indecent. Five weeks and two days later was Pearl Harbor. That's all I ever knew him, except San Francisco—they shipped me out right away. The whole thing was so, well, you know, a tropical island and all. Sometimes it seems like he's a man I've heard a lot about and have been waiting to meet. Or like a man I met and had an affair with a long time ago and never saw again." She sat back. "I shouldn't have said that."

Four years, Tilton thought. Good Lord, four years.

"So," Carol said, "I'm a Navy wife. A Navy wife has to decide. Either she gets herself talked about or she doesn't. I decided at the beginning. I live with mamma. In the summer I swim, in the winter I read. It would be all right if I had children, I'd like that, but I haven't. I do war work, the usual thing, tea cups and station wagons and the same damn females I've known all my life, mostly the ones who could never get married. They keep a hawk eye on me. So mostly I wait, I'm not sure for what. This is the first time I've been out in months and you're an old friend."

"Don't put it that way," Tilton said wryly. "I have to go back to Washington in a day or two. Try to be charitable."

She was looking up at the entrance. A young Army lieutenant had come in and stopped by one of the first tables. His back was to them but before he turned, Tilton had noticed on his blouse the wings of both the AAF and the Royal Air Force. He was dark, very thin, not especially tall. He had a social, almost theatrical manner, leaning forward as he talked, working his hands and thin shoulders.

Carol looked at him steadily, the level, completely absorbed woman's look. "Someone you know?" Tilton asked.

"I think so," she said without changing her gaze. "And if it is who I think it is, he's a louse. I haven't seen him for years."

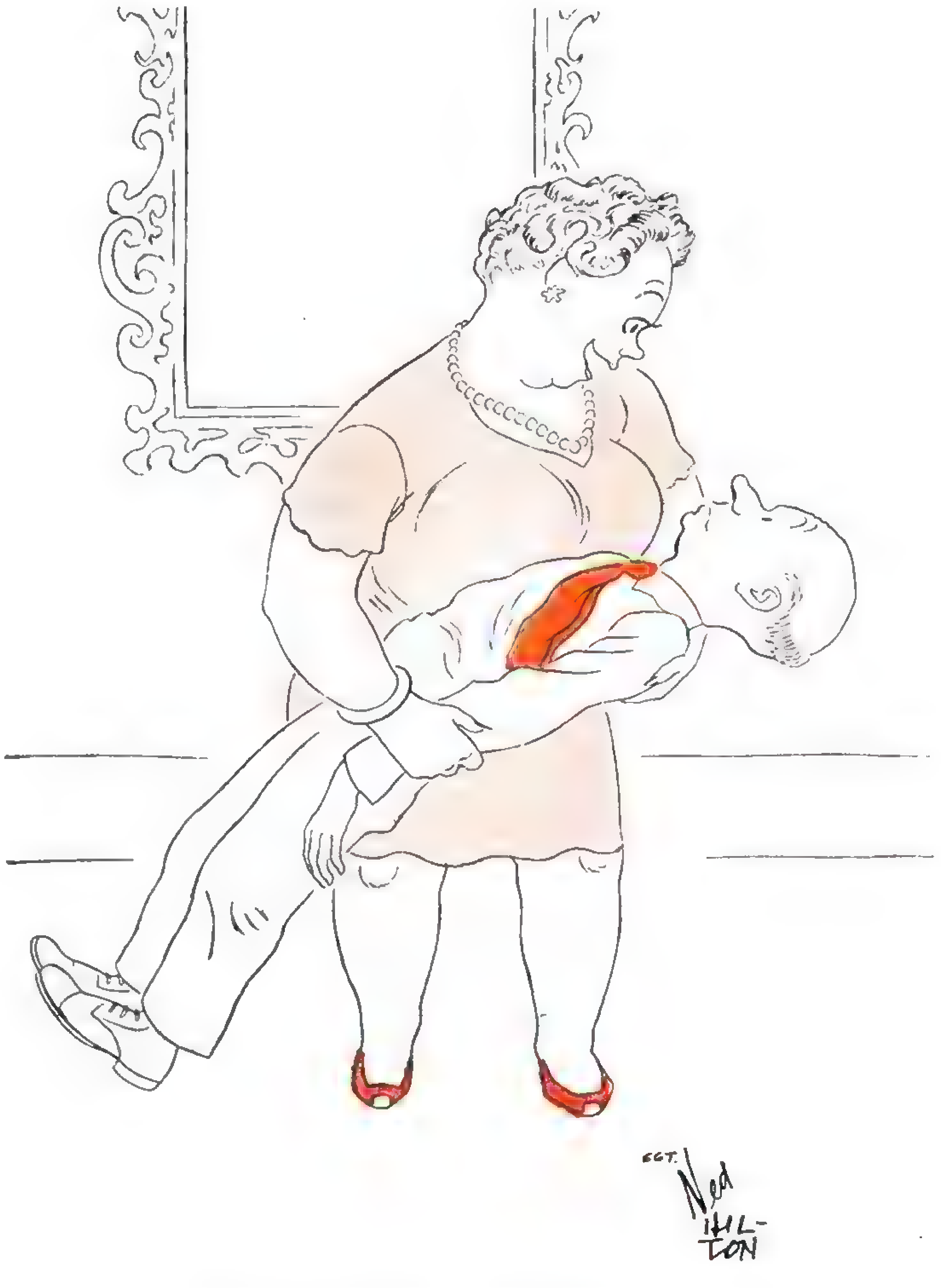
The lieutenant turned away from the table and looked around the room, one eyebrow higher than the other. He stopped when he saw her. There was a momentary something, a drawing in, as if he had been caught unawares, then with an expression of exaggerated surprise, he went directly to her. Tilton stood up.

"My God," he said, taking her hand, "I don't believe it."

"Colander." Her face was a little harder and more focused. "Colander, the ladies' man. What're you doing here?"

"Looking for you," he said, grinning, leaning toward her.

"I could say something about



"I'm really lucky I found you before some movie star did"

that but I won't. What's the matter, the English throw you out? Lieutenant Colander, Mr. Tilton. It is lieutenant, isn't it?"

"Just a lowly lieutenant," Colander said, shaking hands. "Sit down, old boy. Let's all sit down." He turned a chair around and, straddling it, sat on Carol's right, half turned to her. "But really, Carol, where in the world have you been? I've been back a week now and not a sign of you."

"Same place," she said, looking at him. "Same phone."

"But I mean I heard you married the Navy and had ten children and all that." His lower jaw waggled back and forth when he talked. His accent was quite British. On the left side of his blouse he wore the blue ribbon with the maroon center of the DSO.

"That's right," Carol replied, "except for the children."

"Where is he, Pacific?"

She nodded. "Commander. And a skipper. Destroyer."

He raised his eyebrows. "You don't say? Old guy?"

"Two years over you," she said lightly, "and maybe seventy pounds."

He shook his head, grinning. "Well, well." He looked at her carefully, deliberately. "The body beautiful. You haven't changed a bit." He grinned again, then turned to Tilton. "Let's have a drink, old boy. Waiter!"

"You were with the RAF?" Tilton asked.

He nodded casually. "Until three months ago. I'm just out of hospital. Marvelous hospital. Marvelous time."

"You don't have to go back?" Carol's hand stopped a moment at the ash tray.

Colander grinned the loose, silly grin that didn't go as high as his eyes. His eyes were long, black and expressionless. They were the only strong thing in his face. They would be right in a fast ship. It takes all kinds to win a war, Tilton thought.

"Too old," Colander said. "Too busted up. They're putting me on instruction next week."

"Here?" Carol tapped a fresh cigarette. "You're stationed here?"

"Right here," he grinned. "Near you, dear."

"I'm sorry to hear it."

Colander grinned again and leaned on one elbow while the waiter came up and Tilton ordered. "Make mine a double, John," Colander said.

Tilton said, "All doubles," he didn't quite know why.

"By the way," Colander said, "how's mamma these days?"

"She's fine. You'd better not let her hear you're in town. She's at Arrowhead this week."

"You're all alone there?"

She nodded, looking at him.

He grinned. "You don't say."

"Don't be stupid," she said, smiling.

Tilton lowered his head to light a cigarette.

"You know," Colander said to Carol, "you're really very rude. You haven't said anything about my DSO."

"What about your DSO?" she asked.

"I won it," he said. "For being brave and valiant. That's what it said in the papers. Aren't you impressed?"

"Very," Carol said.

"No respect," he said to Tilton. "This younger generation."

"There aren't many of those around," Tilton said, looking at the ribbon. "How did you happen to go over? In the first place, I mean?"

Colander looked through his glass. "The usual reason. For excitement. Nothing very grand."

"That was all?" His thinking had become complicated and difficult. "You're sure? Nothing to do with patriotism or social reasons or anything like that?" He flushed a little and hurriedly finished his drink.

Colander smiled faintly. "You mean Brave New World and all that? Economics, third term? Beveridge and Wallace and so on? I'm afraid not, old boy. I was just stinking bored and I could fly a little. Awfully sorry. Waiter!"

"It doesn't matter." Tilton felt weary. "I guess it comes to the same thing in the end. I mean you did all right. Where's that goddam waiter?" he said suddenly as he glanced around the room.

Carol reached for her bag. "I must get home." She didn't look at Colander.

"Maybe you'll drop me?" Colander said. "You're driving, aren't you?"

She smiled at Tilton. "I guess we can do that for a hero, can't we?"

Women, Tilton thought. How marvelous they were. Marvelous, obvious and wonderful.

They all got into the front seat of the big government sedan. Colander helped Carol in and Tilton, walking around the car, heard the quick, smothered whispering. Carol sat coolly between them, leaning back, her long, beautiful

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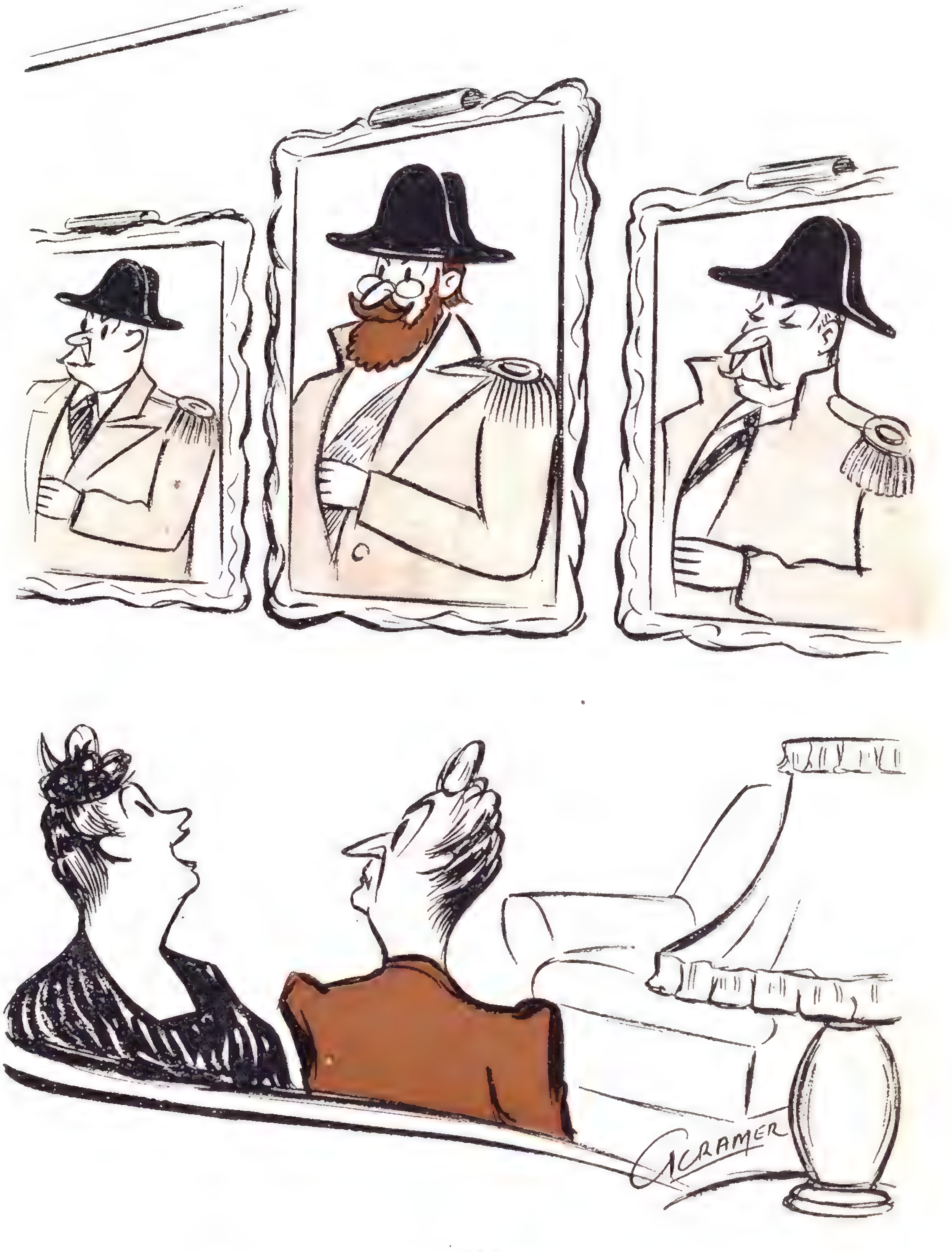

"Was there much insanity in your family?"

Some Crime Does Pay

Never let fear of exposure make you a victim of the vicious and costly blackmail racket: go to the police

by **SIMON J. CALLINAN & ALAN HYND**

• ARTICLE •

BACK in the so-called good old days, when Enoch L. (Nocky) Johnson, Atlantic City's brassy political czar, was ruling the racket roost in New Jersey's renowned ozone-and-pleasure resort, a pompous, fiftyish, small businessman from the interior checked into a leading boardwalk hotel to attend a convention. He didn't know it, but his visit was going to set him back twenty thousand pieces of lettuce in blackmail.

The local blackmail specialists, who were permitted to exercise their talents so long as they ponied up a percentage of the take to Boss Johnson, were attracted to Mr. X, as we shall call the victim, because he was dignified and apparently affluent. Give a silence-sold-for-cash mob a dignified gent who is doing well at the bank and they'll take over from there.

Just to make assurance doubly sure, the wolves made a quick check of the sheep's financial rating by means of an underworld credit agency which maintained representatives in all principal cities. When they confirmed their original diagnosis of Mr. X's monetary condition, the fun started.

Mr. X was dining alone in his hotel on the second evening of his fateful sojourn, when a demure looking young lady in her early twenties, dressed in mourning, sat down at a near-by table. Mr. X was immediately aware of the fact that the young lady was paying more than passing attention to him. He did not, however, mark her down as someone on the turf, owing to her innocent appearance and the fact that she was in mourning.

When Mr. X was almost through with his meal, the young lady, who had hardly touched the food she had ordered, began to sob. Mr. X—a human enough type who happened to have a daughter about the same age as the sobbing chick—approached the young lady and asked if he could be of assistance in her obvious distress.

"Forgive me," she said, dabbing her wide blue eyes, "for acting this way just because I saw you."

"Because you *saw* me?" repeated Mr. X, puzzled.

The girl lowered her eyes. "You look so much like my father," she murmured, "and, you see, I lost daddy only last week."

Mr. X was touched, as who, under the circumstances, wouldn't have been? Fatherlike, he took the young lady for a stroll on the boardwalk and then to a movie. When, late in the evening, he escorted her to her hotel she was spilling over with appreciation. "I'll probably never see you again, Mr. X," she said, "and I feel so ashamed of myself for acting the way I have that I insist that you come up to my room for a minute so that I can show you daddy's picture. You can see for yourself how striking your resemblance to him really is."

Mr. X was sitting in a chair in the young lady's room, facing a large Chinese screen, while she went behind his back, apparently to get daddy's picture out of a suitcase. Then the lightning struck.

Before Mr. X realized what was happening, the young lady was sitting in his lap—minus her mourning clothes, and just about everything else—and a flash bulb went off behind the Chinese screen. A camera, the lens of which had been integrated into the pattern of the screen, had recorded a choice piece of blackmail bait.

Two burly criminals stepped from behind the screen. As was the wont of Atlantic City blackmailers before Nocky Johnson was eventually sent to prison for income tax violations, the boys went straight to the point. "X," said one of the criminals, "the plate of this picture is goin' to cost you just twenty thousand dollars. And we won't take a check, either. It's got to be cash."

X, recovered from the initial shock, showed signs of the shrewdness that had taken him to the top of the business heap. "I won't pay!" he snapped. "This is a frame-up and my wife and daughter will quickly recognize it as such."

"Really makes his news dramatic, doesn't he?"

The second criminal smiled and said, "Maybe you're right there, X, but could you explain it to your friends—and your enemies?"

"What do you mean?"

"We could strike off about a hundred copies of a picture like this and see that they got to the right people—if you didn't play ball."

Mr. X, although framed in the crudest sort of way, decided to play ball. He knew enough about human nature to realize that criminals as daring as these would carry out their threat to place copies of the picture where possibly ruinous embarrassment or ridicule might result. In other words, the blackmailers were in possession of a commodity—a photographic plate—which, no matter how obtained, appeared to be worth twenty thousand dollars to the frightened businessman.

Mr. X acted humanly enough, though far from wisely. When a man is threatened with blackmail, whether by way of a frame-up or through real goods that the blackmailers may have got on him, the smartest thing he can possibly do, *no matter what the circumstances*, is to beat a fast path to the law-enforcement authorities and yell his lungs out.

In all the long and dark history of blackmail, fear—fear of exposure on the part of the victim—has, without a single exception, been the pivot upon which every extortion has turned. Once a prospective victim shows that he has guts instead of fear, a blackmailer is through before really getting started. Moreover, in most instances, exposure itself is not nearly so bad as the lingering suspense entailed while the victim waits for the blackmailer to come around and put the slug on him again and again and again. The first payment that a victim makes for silence is as often as not only a *down payment*.

In New York some years ago an ex-criminal named Philip Musica changed his name to Frank Donald Coster and became the head of a nationally-known and highly-reputable wholesale drug company. One day Musica, or Coster, received a call in his handsome office from a man out of the past—a sleazy weasel who demanded a big chunk of dough under threat of disclosing Coster's real identity to his business associates.

What Coster should have done was to have knocked the pins from under the threat by going straight to his associates and spilling the works. His associates happened to be the kind of men who might well have applauded the fact that an ex-criminal had been clever enough to shake off the past and establish himself in a new and undeniably brilliant career.

But no, Coster was frightened. He paid the blackmailer—or, rather, began to pay him. Coster was a very wealthy man and the financial sandbagging bled him for a fortune over a period of years. Partly as a result of being victimized by the blackmailer, Coster fell back into his criminal ways and began to monkey with the funds of his company. He wound up as a suicide in disgrace, whereas it is conceivable that he might still have been alive today—one of the country's business leaders—had he showed intestinal fortitude instead of fear when the man from the past walked into his office that very first time.

The bigger a man is, the better target he makes for the sharpshooters in the blackmail ambushes. Statesmen, diplomats and politicians are prize game and the season is always open. Not many years ago, an internationally-known diplomat was taken for sixty grand in a variation of the photograph racket that was worked on Mr. X in the Atlantic City hotel.

At least three Presidents of the United States—Grant, Wilson and Harding—have been blackmail targets, with one of them—Harding—an actual victim. Grant liked his liquor, and numerous seekers after political plums threatened to tell the whole country he was a lush unless he came through with certain appointments. Grant told the political blackmailers where to head in and went on bending his elbow as much as he pleased.

Woodrow Wilson, in his younger days, wrote some rather personal letters to a certain lady—letters that weren't worth the paper they were written on until Wilson became President. Then the lady made attempts, through intermediaries, to sell the letters back to Wilson. The President wouldn't hold still for a shakedown, whereupon the addressee reportedly disposed of the epistles to a foreign government for fifty thousand dollars.

Warren Harding, who turned out to be a skeleton in the closet of the Republican Party, had been something of a chaser before becoming President. The late Gaston Bullock Means, who was, during Harding's administration, at one and the same time a G-Man and an archcriminal, dug up the dirt on the President and put it on a paying basis. When, however, Harding grew weary of handing Means favors and power—the medium of exchange that was used in that particular operation —Means sold the information to Mrs. Harding, with the result that there were many far-into-the-night quarrels between the President and the First Lady—quarrels that could have been averted had Harding confessed everything to his wife after Means' first threat.

A few years back, in a certain state, a governor wanted to get a pet bill through the Legislature,

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Box-Office Natural in Six Steps

It takes only a little discernment to find romance in Paxley's *Fourth Grade Arithmetic*

by TRACY PERKINS

CRITIQUE

I NEVER fail to be amazed at Hollywood's resourcefulness in adapting best-sellers into movies. However unlikely its material might appear to the uninitiated, practically every popular book is certain to develop into a box-office natural replete with thrills, action, drama and love interest—whether it came off the presses as *Mission to Chungking, Memoirs of a Pewter-Fancier, How to Make Good in the Army* or *Foreclosure Cases, Alabama, 1907.*

For instance, there is certainly a successful movie in *Paxley's Fourth Grade Arithmetic,* a tome familiar to thousands of school children. I shall select a few problems and demonstrate that any Hollywood script writer could build a scenario around them without even taking off his coat or the cap of his benzedrine bottle:

1. If John can do a piece of work in nine hours and Philip in twelve, how long will it take the two of them working together?
2. If a farmer has expenses of 200 dollars a month and total receipts of 125 dollars a month, what will his total profit or loss be in two and one quarter years?
3. What is the interest on 5,000 dollars at 2½ per cent for five years compounded semi-annually?
4. Fifty-three and three-eighths gallons equals how many pints?
5. What is the tenth part of a million?
6. If the distance from Prairie Corners to Niagara Falls is 1,065 miles what will two round-trip fares cost at 2½ cents per mile?

Okay. We start off with John and Philip and their task. First we change Philip into Sandra. She is eighteen, blonde, blue-eyed, with a figure like Betty Grable. If she *is* Betty Grable, so much the better. Sandra has inherited a dairy farm and is running it to help the war effort. John, an attractive twenty-year-old 4-F with a punctured eardrum, has the dairy farm next to her, and in due time they meet. If the show is to be a musical they may even sing a snappy arithmetical song—like: *You Add Up to Everything; They Never Can Divide Us.* Well, it seems that, try as she will, Sandra can never get her work done on time. This draws the two of them closer and together they manage to get her tasks completed.

Still, Sandra grows more despondent, and she finally reveals that her capital funds are running out. Things are in a state, and Sandra threatens to chuck the farm, go to the city and become a model. John is pretty blue. Finally he gets a brilliant idea. (That's problem 3. What's the interest on 5,000 dollars at 2½ per cent for five years compounded semi-annually?)

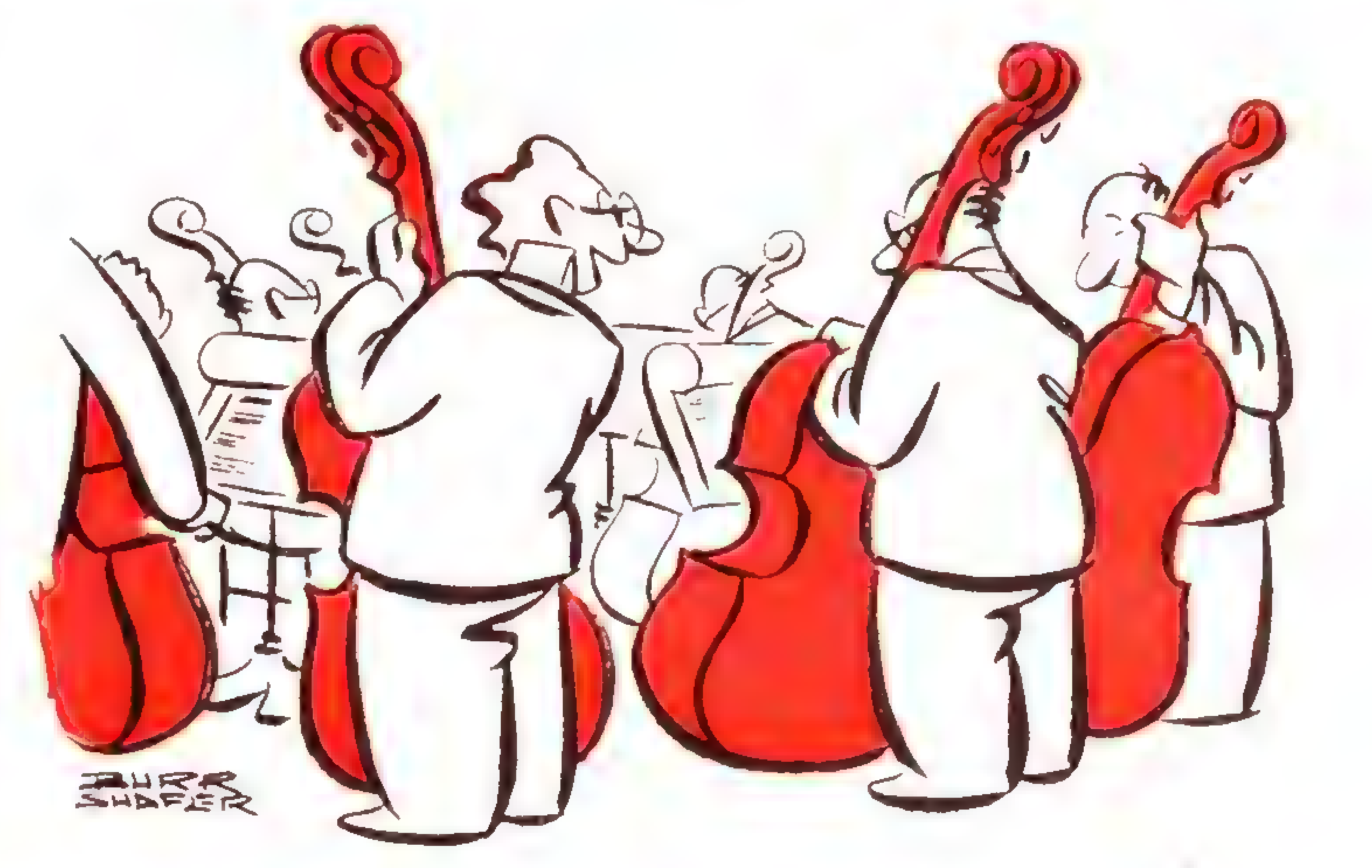
So he goes to Sandra and offers to lend her a large sum of money. She is highly insulted, completely mistaking his motives.

It looks tough for romance. Sandra feels lonely. But a mystery diverts her mind. Her best cow, Belinda, suddenly goes dry. Anyhow when Sandra comes to milk her every morning she fails to get any milk from Belinda. This is odd as Belinda has always been her best producer. She (Sandra) gets up earlier next day and solves the mystery by catching John milking Belinda. She threatens to have him jailed.

What she doesn't know is that John has long suspected Belinda of being a champion milk producer, has been furtively milking her in order to prove his theory. (See Problem 4.) John's hopes are confirmed, and he tries to break the good news to Sandra. But she's so burned up that he can't get a word in edgewise.

She is even more burned up when, after a trip to town to see her lawyer about suing John, she returns and finds Belinda missing. She turns in the alarm. Here a Western element is introduced and an armed posse gallops out over the prairies in search of the guilty miscreant. Tracking him down, they discover it is John! But he dodges their bullets and makes good his escape.

The next evening John steals into Sandra's cottage. She hears him, grabs a gun and is about to shoot the man who worships the stool she milks on, when he makes a dive and captures the gun just in time! And then he holds up a check, made out to her, for one tenth of a million or 100,000 dollars! (Problem 5.) John's theory has indeed been correct and he has succeeded in selling Belinda for that stupendous sum when she turns out to be the greatest milk-producer in bovine and celluloid history.



"I love this piece—makes me think of cowboys and Indians"

Do I need to elaborate on Problem 6, the train fare between Prairie Corners and Niagara Falls? Sandra realizes she would be helpless without John and before you can say: "Whoa, Bossie!" they are married. The only thing we've neglected is a title for this epic of the digits. I can think of *He Had Her Number, She Knew All the Answers* or *Time to Multiply,* but maybe you can dream up something better. ##

The Tarpon Were in Love

It was springtime on the Pánuco River and Judge had a theory about catching silverfish within the age of consent

by HART STILWELL

• FICTION •

"THERE is only one thing wrong with tarpon," Judge explained, as he and Doc and I settled into the skiff on the Pánuco at Tampico, Mexico, and pushed off along the clear blue waters of the broad river.

"There are lots of things wrong with them," Doc cut in, "one of which is that they never strike when they should."

"No sir," Judge went on, "the main trouble with tarpon is they come in too many sizes—the whole family, mamma, papa and grandchildren come waddling along together. Now if you could figure out some way to separate them and get them into schools so they would run about the same size, like mackerel or weakfish, why a man would know what to do. But can you do that?"

"You can do it if you go to some of the canals in Florida at the right time of year," I put in.

"But I'm talking about these tarpon—and about most tarpon that I ever saw," Judge continued. "I go out with light casting tackle, and what do I catch?"

"Nothing," Doc suggested.

"I always hang a big one. And there I am, perfectly able to land him, all right, but usually stuck with some selfish companions who absolutely refuse to wait for me," and he looked hard at Doc.

"Then if I go with big tackle, equipped to handle a six- or seven-footer . . ."

"Just when did you ever land a seven-foot tarpon?" Doc wanted to know.

"Let me finish, will you?" Judge said peevishly. The guide got the motor going then, and Judge raised his voice so we could hear him above the hum of the motor.

"I figure," he said, "I've got this thing here solved. The guide tells me the tarpon are making love now."

"What's that got to do with it?" Doc asked.

"Plenty. You know love comes before food . . ."

"Not with me," Doc said.

"But these tarpon are not withered old remnants," Judge said. "Those big tarpon, the way I figure it, will pass up anything in the way of food when they are making love. And the little ones, why they don't know what it's all about yet."

"But they make that same funny sideways lunge, like the big ones," I said.

"That's just practice, like a little girl putting on make-up," Judge assured me with the confident manner he uses to a jury. "They'll take food, all right."

"Fiddlesticks," Doc said. "The people down here even hold a rodeo at this time of the year, spring fever or no spring fever, and they catch plenty of big ones."

"True, very true," Judge went on, "but I've figured that out also. Even the love-makers must eat at times. Now what we do is let out our lines with the big tackle, then we troll for awhile to see if anything will hit. If the big ones strike, then they're taking a rest from love-making, and we'll give them the works. If they don't, then we are safe—we can rig up the light stuff and cast for little ones."

"It won't work," Doc said doggedly. "Things you figure out never do work."

"Well, at least it's better to make some effort at using your brain instead of just sitting there handing out the same pill to everybody that comes along, no matter what's wrong," Judge said.

"Every time you go using your brain we get in trouble," Doc said.

We slowed to trolling speed and let out our lines. We had taken three different kinds of tackle to Tampico, and we had already used our lightest tackle. We spent two days fishing the Tamesi, a small river which empties into the broad Pánuco just above the city. We fished there for snook, and we used light casting tackle, ten- or twelve-and-a-half-pound test lines with light bass rods, casting small floaters or metal spoons.

The snook were not in a striking mood (maybe they also were making love), but for one hour on the first afternoon we had a double handful of action with little tarpon. Late in the day they went hog wild over anything that we worked fast near the surface, and we must have had twenty or more of them in the air, landing three, which I figure is a fair average percentage in casting.

The second day proved a water haul, however, and we transferred our scene of operations to the Pánuco and got ready for the big ones. In the Pánuco along in March and April you can see tarpon at almost any hour of the day—in fact, in some of the big bends you see them at almost any minute of the day. And so long as I can see tarpon, I am content to fish on and on, figuring some time they will hit.

We put away our lightest tackle for this trip onto the Pánuco and assembled our medium casting tackle and our trolling rigs, although we really had little intention of trolling. We went to the Pánuco to cast. I had my fill of trolling there the year before when I polished a big Number Seven spoon behind a boat in that river for three days with almost no action. I had come this time to cast, and had not made the mistake of getting in one of those little river launches which we used the year before. And I had brought every lure in the box to tempt the tarpon with.

Now tarpon in showing, ordinarily simply come up slowly, dorsal fin upright, and get a breath of air. Either that, or they make a lunge at the surface so you know they are feeding. And when they are feeding, they usually strike. These tarpon, however, lunged sideways, sometimes slow, sometimes fast. Then as they went back down, they frequently flapped their tail at the surface.

I had figured out during my first trip there—at least figured out to my own satisfaction—that these tarpon in the Pánuco were feeding on some little fish that came up near the surface and then turned and dived back down.

But my guide assured me that I was wrong. They were feeding, he said, on shrimp way down near the bottom of the river. And also, he said, they were making love. That accounted for the odd, sideways lunge at the surface.

We trolled for more than a half mile, letting out plugs and spoons on the fifteen-thread line on our heavy reels. Most of the tarpon caught in the Pánuco are taken on twenty-four-thread line. A man can, of course, handle the big ones there with nine-thread line. But when you fish three men to a boat you don't like to tie up the boat for an hour, or maybe two or three hours, which is something you are quite likely to do if you hook one of those monsters in the Pánuco. So we compromised on fifteen-thread line for trolling.

We never had a bump all the way to the bend. There were plenty of tarpon, but they wouldn't strike the lures we trolled.

So we cut the motor at the bend and got out the casting tackle. We worked floaters, my favorite lure for any fish, then switched to shore-minnow type lures, medium size spoons, and fast sinkers. No strikes.

Finally I decided to try a trick

Continued on page 156

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

"Two Likable Lads Loaded With Laughs"

THIRTY years ago a violinist who had worked his way through Northwestern U. playing in dance bands, and a ragtime piano player left a Chicago rathskeller quartet and started out as a comedy team. They billed themselves as Two Likable Lads, etc. Now riding high on their third Broadway production—*Laffing Room Only*—Olsen and Johnson are still likable. They're also loaded with dough.

During their years on the old Pantages circuit, the Lads got an inkling of the gold mine that lay in the belly laugh. Building their slapstick technique and talent for wholesale pandemonium to an institution, they played to packed vaudeville houses. But it wasn't until they moved into the Winter Garden in 1938 with *Hellzapoppin'* that they found out how big a gold mine it was. *Hellzapoppin'* ran three years and rang up 4,272,876 dollars. *Sons O' Fun* followed, with a two-year run and more millions. All the shows have peddled the same brand of corn, but production costs have been progressively greater. *Laffing Room Only* is staged by John Murray Anderson, with Stewart Chaney sets, and its talent includes the Fred Waring Glee Club.

The world seems divided into those persons who are crazy for Olsen and Johnson, and those who aren't. The critics have been uniformly among those who aren't. But Olsen and Johnson should worry. Who cares about critics when he has the mousetrap?

Olsen and Johnson have been indefatigable in taking units to play at Army and Navy hospitals, camps and bases. Between Broadway shows they've sandwiched in several movies, numerous benefits and radio appearances. In addition, Ole keeps a business hand in a New York restaurant, a West Coast ice palace and other interests. On his days off, Chic squires around on a large farm in upstate New York. Both are married and have families.

The young ladies, from *Laffing Room Only*, reading from left to as-far-as-you-can-see are named: Virginia Gorski, Doris York, Penny Holt, Gae Hess, Olive Nicolsen, Gretchen Houser, June Walker, Eleanor Leaman, Elan Keller.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Anton Bruehl

The Most Popular Man in the World

FDR was a supersalesman whose charm derived from his strong convictions about the rights and dignity of man

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

In our time, popularity is as often a synthetic product as a natural one; the extraordinary thing about the popularity of Franklin Delano Roosevelt was that he used all the media by which artificial popularity is induced, but hardly needed them. At the time of his death he was the most popular man in the world—and the media of print and movies and radio added only this: that he was, in a sense, the most popular man of recorded time. We may not have known this until his death, chiefly because we were far more aware of the fact that he was the most revolutionary figure in American public life. The two things go together; but I am concerned only with one of them, the phenomenon of his popular appeal which came, I think, from an almost hidden source of strength—that he made public affairs a people's interest. And, in a serious sense, he was an artist, a popular artist.

When you have been busy for years observing the popular arts, you begin to get some fairly coherent ideas about popularity itself. Perhaps the simplest is that both great and second-rate people can become popular, that popular songs, movies, or comic strips can either have or miss the quality of greatness; but whenever you catch the rare and beautiful combination of popularity and greatness, you will always find a highly developed, highly individual style.

Once, in the early thirties, Heywood Broun went to see FDR and came out swearing he would never go to the White House again because, "if I did, I'd never be able to attack him again." That might have been sheer charm, the disarming quality of a million "good fellows"; to exercise it over a long period of time, over millions of people, begins to be an art. It begins to have style.

That style, at its low points, was excessively irritating to many people. It was the cocked cigarette holder and the wisecrack that failed to turn away a question, but seemed intended to make the questioner seem foolish. Not bad, but ineffective, were some jocular asides which appeared, sometimes, in his public addresses. In 1932 he had flown to Chicago to accept the nomination, and said, in effect, "after many anxious hours for you . . ." and then threw in, smiling, "and for me." It seemed then, lacking in spontaneity, a little forced. I now think it was probably genuine. For this dubious side was part of the good side, since the basic style of FDR was the injection of excitement and enthusiasm into public life. It was what Al Jolson did with the sentimental song, what American dancers are doing to the ballet; in an extraordinary sense FDR made public affairs popular—he excited popular interest in foreign and domestic questions—and he did it by the methods of all popular artists, by making things simple and exciting. It may turn out to be his greatest service to his country, if his work is not destroyed.

Not only his delivery, but his thought was ideal for the most popular of all forms of communication—radio broadcasting. His masterpieces were his astounding explanation of economic problems presented with order and clarity, reduced not to the style of the comic strip, but to that of a folk song—a much harder thing to accomplish.

He had the good fortune to arrive after a low period of political intensity; the sober reformist energy of the Square Deal and the New Freedom had dwindled; Coolidge was neither loquacious nor lively. Hoover was glum, his voice querulous; and Smith, who had a popular touch reaching far lower than Roosevelt, had been rejected. Politics was not understood by the people, and not liked by the cultivated minority; it was an obscure or a dirty or a dull business. And to it FDR brought a positive gaiety. No one could have been more serious in dealing with the depression or with the rise of fascism; but from day to day the stylistic approach was light. It rose out of some sheer psychological pleasure, some profound conviction about his work, that corresponds exactly to the belief popular artists have in their public. You cannot fake it.

From time to time an event occurs which suddenly multiplies ten times over the number of people who enjoy any given art. The ballet in *Oklahoma!*, the broadcasting of symphonic music, the rise of color lithography, the appearance of twenty-five cent books, the outlines of everything that began with H. G. Wells, are examples; they indicate that in many things we have just begun to understand what popular taste and popular capacity may be. Roosevelt's career was just such an event in the area of politics; he was a popularizer.

That he was at the same time the first American world-figure in generations is not surprising. We do not know what his style was in international affairs; the best opinion seems to be that he was patient, flexible and wise; Churchill has given him credit for leadership in the invasion of Africa; apparently the decision to hold in the Pacific and defeat Germany before Russia could be attacked by Japan was also his as much as anyone's. But these could be the work of a great strategist who was at the same time a skilled diplomat; the chances are that he brought to the war the same basic quality of mind he had in domestic affairs: he apparently was light of touch and daring, so that he could ignore the old rules.

It is an exceptional country—in which a radical figure becomes the chief magistrate over and over again by due electoral process. That came about, I think, from another aspect of Roosevelt's style. It was the style of a well-born individual who found in public life the only natural use for his energies. In 1933 when he was being compared to the leaders of the French Revolution, I happened to be reading history and came across a perfect parallel: the patrician Gracchi who came into power to redivide the Roman land among the plebs, to cancel debts, and, generally, to go off the gold standard. They are presented to us now in a noble light; in their time they were feared and reviled because "they had betrayed their class."

This war turned all FDR's capacities into new channels and placed the revolutionary in the ascendant. Until 1940, he had been a descendant of the Populists; thereafter he became a son of the people, of the Founding Fathers and of the immigrant. It was in this period that his vast natural, but superficial, popularity became universalized, and infinitely deepened. He became less the popular artist and more the national, and international, creative artist who expresses the soul of an era.

The desperation of our social plight was made bearable by his gaiety; perhaps those who have suffered losses in the war will find consolation because they now share their sorrow with the world.

In his time it was great to be alive; and by his work he made our nation, and ourselves, young again. ##

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Billie Kelley

This lush eighteen-year-old bloom sprang forth from the rocky hills of Vermont. And it was her native Vermont twang that led her circuitously to a modeling career—although she no longer has the twang.

Billie's mother decided the twang must go, and accordingly enrolled her daughter in the Emerson School of Oratory (for young ladies) in Boston. While acquiring a gentler accent, Billie also became interested in dramatics. In the summer she played in stock in Plymouth. A year ago she came to New York, and she hopes soon to trade floodlights for footlights.

Although her height (not to mention her figure) brings her many offers for show girl jobs, she's holding out for talking roles. Last winter she weakened and went down to Miami to take a night-club job. But after rehearsing two hours, she said no—and caught a plane to Cuba for a couple of weeks. She modeled beach wear in Miami shops—and on the beach—for the rest of the season. At night she was hostess in an officers' service club, where she was assigned to teaching the rumba. She thinks most American men are too self-conscious to rumba well, but she's proud that she got her pupils doing a reasonable facsimile.

Billie's been trout fishing since she was knee-high to a wading boot. Second best with her is deep sea fishing. She also likes horseback riding. And we might as well as face it—she *can't* cook.

Miss Kelley on Men: "More men should rediscover two of the lost arts. One is ordering a meal. I like to go out with a man who can really take a menu in hand and assemble an interesting dinner. Second is letter writing. These days when you have to do most of your wooing by mail, you can make a lot more time if you'll give your letters more thought . . . and more of *yourself.* But by mail or in person, don't throw yourself at a girl's feet. You like her to be a little hard-to-get. She feels the same about you.

VITAL STATISTICS.• *Height:* 5 ft. 11 in. with heels; *weight:* 125 lbs.; *bust,* 35 in.; *waist:* 25 in.; *hips:* 35 in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Korcuff Sang for the Japanese

The old Breton resented the politeness of the Jap officers and distrusted their motive for keeping him plied with cognac

by GEORGES SURDEZ

• FICTION •

It must be understood from the start that Pierre Korcuff did not hate the Japanese. He was French by nationality, Breton in race, and extended to them the tolerance granted Orientals by the seagoing men of Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. When he had reached Indo-China, the ghosts of the Russian ships sunk at Tsu-shima floated fresh upon the waters and he had shared the prevalent feeling—the Japanese were a smiling, polite, brave little people, dwarfs in flowery kimonos who had shown an amazing aptitude at handling twelve-inch rifles, a David among nations.

From year to year he had seen them when their ships called at French ports, and year after year he had denied the growing menace. When they finally appeared openly as conquerors, he had been too old to change his opinions much. He even shrugged at their arrogance and brutality: they were little people, masquerading in European clothing, on top through an amazing series of chances, and made the most of their short day.

When he was invited to work for them and told by a French official that he had best comply, he had shrugged: why not? He was sixty-nine, had retired in 1939 from his post as harbor master in an obscure little spot of the Annamese Coast, and the Japs had decided to put him back there, to assist their own people with his long experience. The first misunderstanding came when the Japs accepted his courtesy title of "captain," although he had not been commissioned in the Republic's navy. Korcuff was given passage from Haip-hong south on a destroyer and an officer, a *Chu-i*, assigned to make him comfortable.

In normal times Lieutenant Sukata would not have been appointed, for the Imperial Navy is traditionally careful in such matters. Sukata had never been to Europe and had but a very vague knowledge of Caucasians and no knowledge at all of Bretons. He had orders to make Korcuff feel at home, and consulted records for information. As a result, Korcuff was served an English breakfast his first morning aboard, complete with tea, and a bottle of cognac was placed before him.

Korcuff, a good-sized Breton, five feet ten and massively put together, felt cramped in surroundings planned for Japs. Moreover, he did not like tea and he liked cognac. Even this cognac, which was an illegitimate fourth cousin of the real thing. He resisted temptation for three minutes. He resented this form of hospitality, for he saw in it a hint that his personal habits had been spied upon. Even in his young days, when in the Navy, he had enjoyed some fame as a drinker.

"Trying to make me drunk," he mused. "Nasty little monkeys. Want to worm things out of me."

Later, Sukata escorted him for a walk on deck. And, in his eagerness to be entertaining, he explained to Korcuff, a Breton, trivial matters of the sea and ship structure. He smiled as he spoke, and the old man thought he was being kidded.

"I served twenty years," Korcuff said. He indicated the green and yellow ribbon of the Military Medal, which should have revealed that fact. "At sixteen, I was on the torpedo boat *Flamberge*."

Sukata was duly impressed. He asked questions in his stilted French, made conversation according to the manual outlining tactics for a talk with a foreign seaman.

"You torpedo officer?"

"Not officer, quartermaster." Korcuff nodded. "But I knew a thing or two."

Sukata took him to the triple-tubes, talked of the mechanisms, of the improvements in torpedoes since 1911, when Korcuff had left the service.

"Does French Navy use torpedo much?" he asked. He listened attentively to Korcuff's answer and resumed: "Did you yourself ever fire torpedo at ship?"

And Korcuff shook his head, deeply humiliated. Sukata could not know that this was a sore point with him. No, he had never fired a torpedo at a ship. For years he had specialized in torpedo service. He could close his eyes and remember his first lesson, aboard an old cruiser, hear the instructor's voice, see the figures and lines on the blackboard. He recalled his first "war exercises," off Cherbourg.

He wondered how the devil that little chap knew that he had been tormented for several years because he could not ply his trade, between 1914 and 1918. The Government had insisted that he was more useful in Indo-China than on a destroyer. He felt that these chaps had found that out, somehow, and had decided to torment him. No, he had never fired a torpedo at a ship!

At every meal, the grinning mess-boy placed a bottle of cognac before him. Sukata was always there, and other officers, some in uniform, others in kimonos. They spoke to him in stiff French or in English, which he understood quite well. They did not smile, did not stare at the bottle, but he felt that they were watching him, waiting for his hand to reach out, waiting for him to get drunk. Dull rage started squirming in him. He knew that the Japanese loved to drink, that they got drunk. So why did they think it so amusing to tempt him?

"You were officer in Navy?" one would ask.

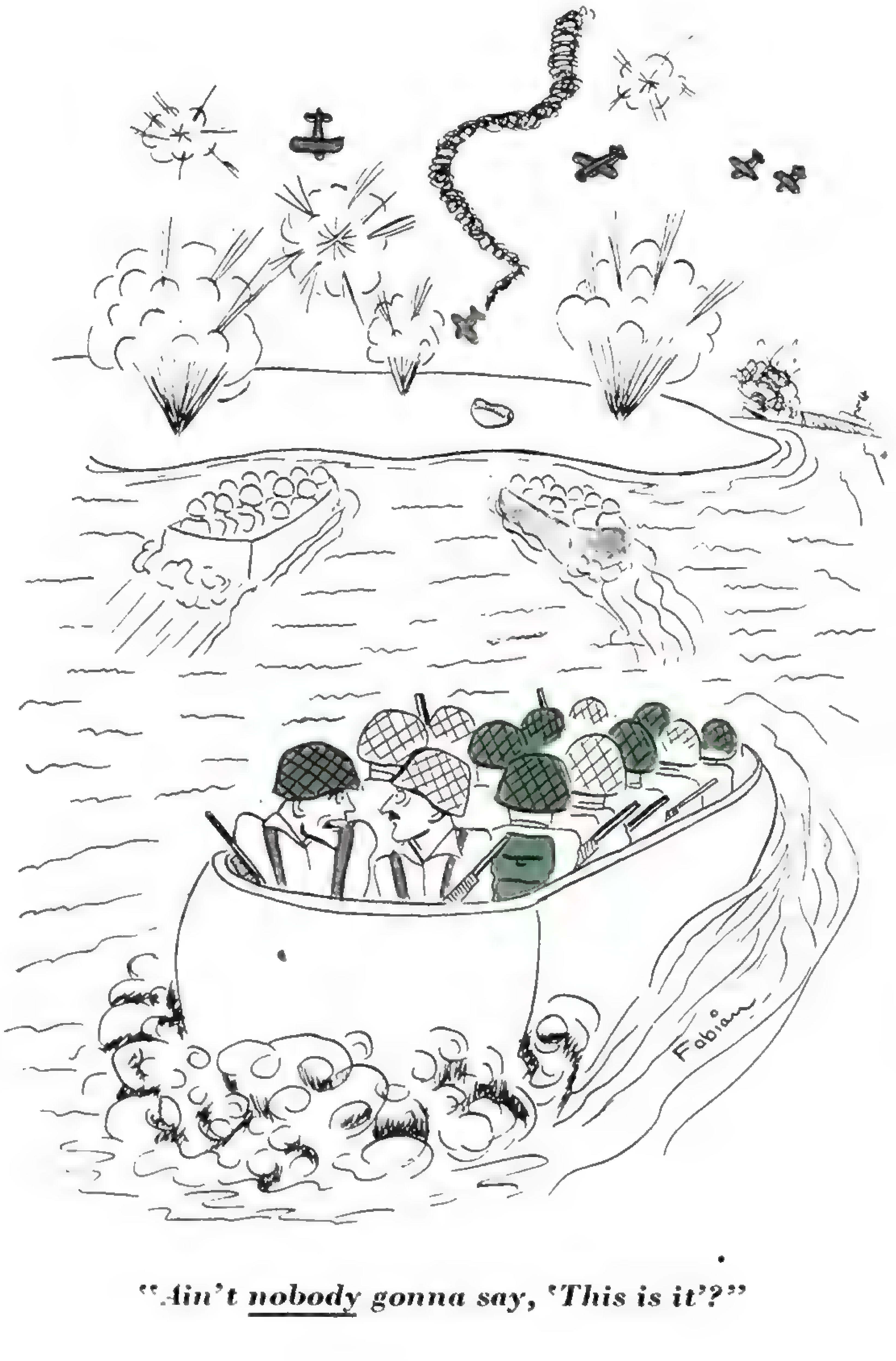
"I was a quartermaster when I retired," Korcuff would reply. "I am called 'captain' because I was wharf director."

"You were specialist with torpedoes?"

"I was, yes."

"Does French Navy consider torpedo important weapon?" And a moment later: "Did you yourself fire torpedo at ship?"

Korcuff could not know that Lieutenant Sukata, obedient to his instructions to treat the Frenchman well, had gone to some trouble to coach his colleagues on how to create "interesting professional discussion." What irked the old man more than anything was that these chaps knew the exact facts and dates, it seemed, of every successful torpedoing by a Japanese ship. While he, Korcuff, a Breton with



"Ain't nobody gonna say, 'This is it'?"

twenty years in the navy, could not recall any conspicuous torpedo feat of the French unless he went back to the eighteen-eighties and brought up Courbet's exploits against the Chinese.

He felt he could not very well bring up that ancient stuff. So that a dull rancor, a sense of inferiority, fed his newborn hate. He, a Breton, a Frenchman, a white man, found himself at a disadvantage when facing those little fellows. He grew to believe that they disliked him because they needed him for his special knowledge of the Coast and that they purposely reminded him that he had not served actively at sea—in action.

Part of his trouble was that while new officers came in from time to time—it was polite for all to meet the guest-passenger—he could not always distinguish one from the others. They seemed to twit him with the same set of questions, time after time.

"Does French Navy make much use of torpedo? Did you yourself fire at a ship?"

Korcuff grew a little surly and impatient in his answers. But it was probably as hard for the Japanese to interpret the expressions on a Breton's face as it was for him to read their faces. No one ever reached for his bottle. The men off watch would drink sake, which Korcuff qualified with degrading comparisons, and imitation Scotch. The mess-boy, by instructions, kept him provided with his national beverage.

They watched him with steady interest. He believed they expected him to get drunk, and tried to avoid it. But his throat, as often happens in Bretons, had been constructed with a steep slope, down which fluids poured easily. He was made the thirstier by his awareness that he represented not merely a nation, but a whole race.

He slipped on the second evening. The vibrations of the ship, the smells, the swishing of the sea, lulled him into automatic gestures.

He thought himself aboard the old *Flamberge*, three hundred tons of torpedo boat, off Cherbourg, with the cold wind whipping white spray from grey Channel waters. Yes, he had fired his first torpedo, and he had celebrated that night. He had worn his best uniform, and Miquette, who said she had sung on the Paris stage, had sung just for him. Miquette—if she was alive, she was over seventy!

"De tous ces jolis valseurs . . . c'est les électeurs!"

He looked around, aware suddenly that he had sung aloud. The Japanese had not moved, but he felt the weight of their concentrated attention, the impact of their smiles. He felt cold in his chest, a long forgotten sensation, which had come with physical fear. He was afraid, afraid of the present. For an instant, his mind had cleared, he seemed projected outside of himself and looking back—he saw himself in his worn suit, with his red nose above a straggling yellow-grey mustache, his bald skull wrinkled like a dried apple, his Breton-blue eyes watery and vague. What the devil, he was a Frenchman, a white man, and they were dressed-up, little brown monkeys!

"Patriotic chant?" Sukata asked with intense interest.

Korcuff wanted to spit at him, smash his fist into his face. But that also would make a show for them. The mess-boys would catch him and brutalize him, as he had seen other Frenchmen brutalized at the beginning of the occupation.

"Patriotic, yes."

Clever little guys—they were ready to use him, use his thirty years of experience, but meanwhile they would have their fun, laugh at him. They made him drunk to make him sing. Who had told them he sang when drunk?

He could not recall clearly when that had started. He had been fifty-eight, fifty-nine, the first time he remembered. Aboard a Dutch ship. They had laughed

Continued on page 118

Definitive Life of Jane Roswell

Autobiography to end all autobiographies written by an author to end all authors

by **BENNY JONES**

PARODY

Mr. Horrorwitz clutched his hair and jumped up and down and shrieked. Then he ran to the sub-office, thence to the outer office, thence to the reception room, thence on beyond into the Consulting Cubicle, and shouted for someone to fetch Mr. Masters. Mr. Masters was Editor of the currently best-selling magazine, *Carper's Bluebook and Metropolitan Companion for Ladies' Homes and Gardens.* Mr. Horrorwitz was Assistant Editor of C. B. and M. C. for L. H. and G's. Presently, the assistant to the Assistant Editor, Mr. Obeldorff, came trotting down the hall with Mr. Masters held fast in his hand, or rather, Mr. Master's hand held fast in his hand.

"Mr. Masters," Horrorwitz said, "I am worried, perplexed and nonplused. I have here a problem. Look—read! It is by Jane Roswell, the brilliant young authoress we discovered, who wrote the poignant tale of Geoffrey meeting Celeste and falling in love with same on a roller coasting device in last month's edition of *Carper's Bluebook and Metropolitan* etc., etc. This morning came this from her. It is for our 'Thumbnail Description of a Bird's-eye-View into the Lives of our Authors' page. It is her own autobiography. Here, Mr. M., sit down and read it. It confuses me—maybe she is pulling our leg—maybe she could be being facetious."

Mr. Masters eyed his subordinate with profound distaste.

"An awkward phrase, 'be being,' Mr. Horrorwitz. Don't let me hear you saying it again."

"No, sir." Mr. Horrorwitz inclined his head and Mr. Masters sat down and read aloud, as follows:

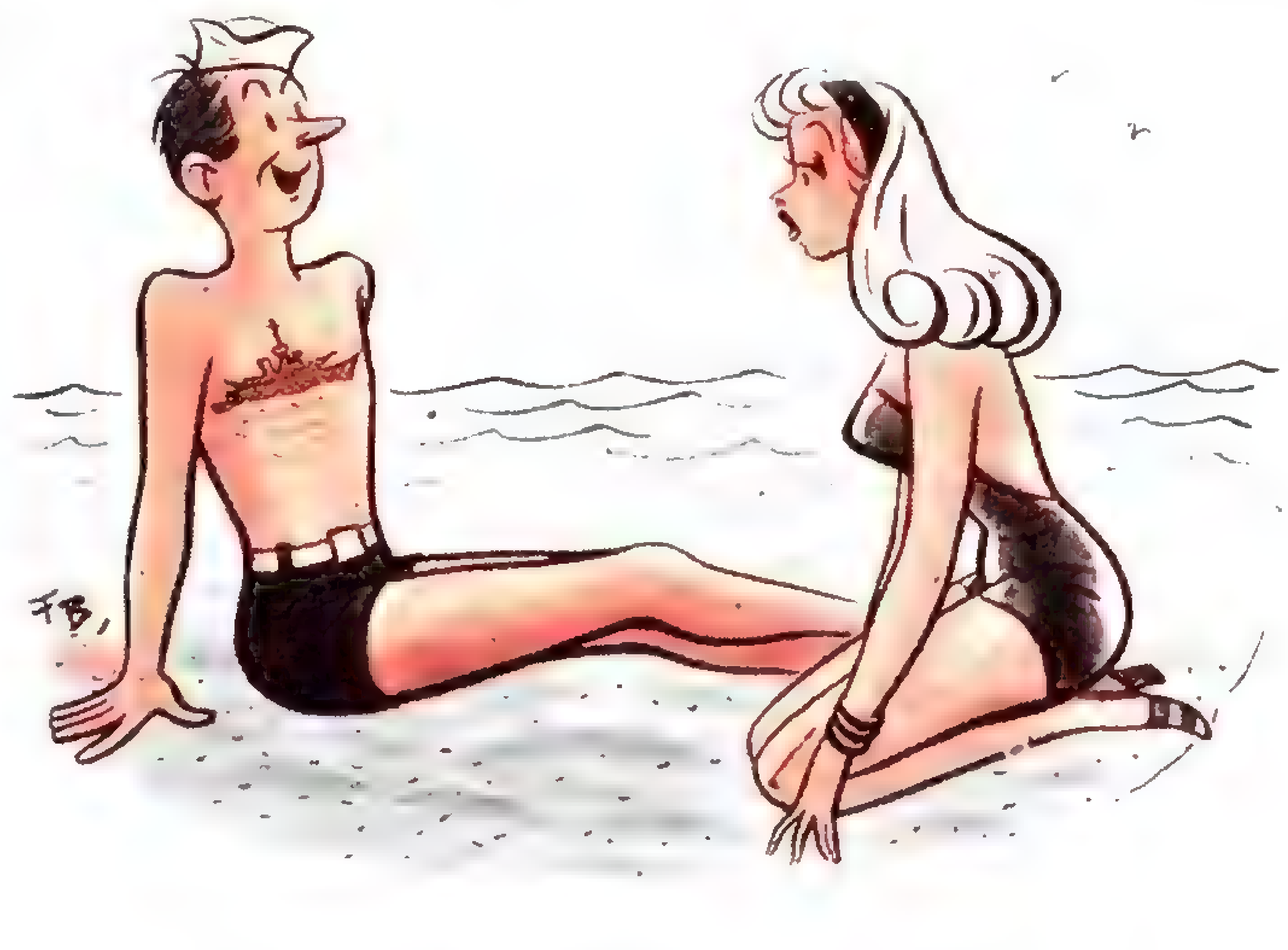
"My Autobiography—by Jane Roswell:

"I was born in September of 1920, twenty-five years ago, in Nacadora, New Hampshire, a blissful little village resting on the rim of a great metropolis. I was tumbled into the lap of luxury, so to speak, of parents of modest means. But the silver spoon means nothing, for I love to ramble in the great woods of a big city and ferret out little gamins and give them apples. I have two shaggy cocker spaniels, one Dalmatian, one Boxer, two Angoras and one Shetland pony, who are my constant companions. I am also married and have a handsome husband and seven happy babies. When I feel tired and the monotony of life gets monotonous, and I wish to take pen in hand and busy myself in my work, I simply retire to the beloved shambles at the scene of my childhood and read a best seller. My education is of modest proportions. I have had fifteen years of college, eight years of marriage, and two years to myself. Aside from my work as an authoress, poetess, playwrightress, lecturess, novelist and radio script writer, I have my numerous household duties and am assistant to the Undersecretary of Commerce, Treasurer of the Women's Club and State Representative. Somehow, though, I still find time to write, for that is my chief love and interest in life. Otherwise, I am slightly illiterate, unimaginative and unworldly. I adore pickled rutabagas and alligator pears, men 6'6" tall with or without mustaches, and love house guests—it is so good when they leave. That is all of interest about me—a very normal and ordinary individual with a penchant for reading, writing and vice versa. Someday I want to take a tramp and steam up and down a coast somewhere.

Signed: Jane Roswell—Age 25."

Mr. Masters squinted his left eye, pinched his ear, looked abstract, thoughtfully rubbed a bristled cheek for a moment, then boomed, inspired, "Mr. Horrorwitz, it is a masterpiece! It is great! The admissions of a simple, pioneer woman. A true democratic spirit if I ever read after one. By all means, print it! A regular blueblood, poor and struggling with seven husbands and a no-good baby—and still she writes great stuff like this here! Why man, it fairly rings the Liberty Bell! Oh, my, print it!" And he walked humbly out of the Consulting Room mumbling in awe and wonder.

"Fifteen years—wow! Wonder what kind of degree you get for fifteen years?" ###



"That's a picture of the only other lady I ever loved"

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Spanish III

This final lesson provides idiomatic sentences to help you make friends in the numerous Spanish-speaking nations

by FRANK HENIUS

• EDUCATION •

HAVING brought you the most common Spanish words and the simplified rules of Spanish grammar, we now present the everyday idiomatic phrases and sentences you will need as soon as you set foot in a Spanish-speaking country. These will be the means by which you will eat, drink, find lodging, entertainment, and transportation; by which you will buy and sell goods and services, tell time and comment on the weather. They will offer the medium for the exchange of compliments and small talk between you and your new friends.

When reading the sound-spelling, follow the instructions in the preceding two lessons: speak each syllable separately and distinctly, placing the stress on the syllable printed in CAPITALS.

Even though your beginning attempts may be stumbling, you are bound to experience a peculiar pleasure that comes only from speaking another language in another land. And though your first sentences may be far from perfect, they will be understandable and effective to a degree that will surprise you. You will find that not only are your wants satisfied, but that you are an immediately popular person with the people to whom you are trying to speak. For the friendly spirit behind your efforts to address them in their own language will be considered quite a compliment and deeply appreciated by the natives of whatever country you are visiting.

The phrases and sentences are presented to you in such a manner that you may extend them or "fill them in" with the specific thoughts or requests you may wish to convey at the moment.

EDITOR'S NOTE: While reprints of these Ready-to-Speak Spanish articles are not available, readers who wish to pursue the soundwriting method of language study are referred to the publishers of the *Dictionaries for the Soldier*, by Frank Henius, of which Spanish, French, German and Italian editions may be obtained by sending fifty cents, for each edition desired, to *The Infantry Journal*, 1115 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. The Spanish edition is available in soundwritten English-Spanish and Spanish-English containing twenty thousand words each.

	English	Spanish	Sound-spelling
GREETINGS	good day	*buenos días*	BWAY-nohs DEE-ahs
	good evening	*buenas tardes*	BWAY-nahs TAR-des
	how are you?	*¿cómo está Ud. (usted)?*	KO-mo es-TA OOS-TED
	very well, thanks	*muy bien, gracias*	MWEE BYEN GRA-syahs
	sit down, please	*siéntese Ud., por favor*	SYEN-tay-say OOS-TED, por fa-VOR
	excuse me; pardon me	*dispénseme Ud.; con su permiso*	dees-PEN-say-may OOS-TED; kohn soo payr-MEE-so
	I am glad to see you	*me gusta verle*	may GOOS-ta VAYR-lay
	allow me . . .	*permítame . . .*	payr-MEE-ta-may
	come in!	*¡adelante!*	ah-day-LAHN-tay
	you are always welcome	*Ud. es siempre el bienvenido*	OOS-TED ES SYEM-pray el byen-vay-NEE-do
	with whom do I have the pleasure?	*¿con quién tengo el placer?*	kohn KYEN TEN-go el pla-SAYR
	what can I do for you?	*¿en qué puedo servirle?*	en KAY PWAY-do sayr-VEER-lay
	happy holidays (vacation)	*alegres vacaciones*	ah-LAY-gres va-ka-SYO-nes
SMALL TALK	I regret it very much	*lo siento mucho*	lo SYEN-to MOO-cho
	it does not matter	*no importa*	no eem-POR-ta
	I am very happy to . . .	*estoy muy contento de . . .*	es-TOY MWEE kohn-TEN-to day
	I am sorry I cannot . . .	*siento no poder . . .*	SYEN-to no po-DAYR
	when does it suit you?	*¿cuándo es más conveniente para Ud.?*	KWAHN-do ES MAHS kohn-vay-NYEN-tay pa-ra OOS-TE
	it does not suit me . . .	*no me conviene . . .*	NO MAY kohn-VYAY-nay
	I will be grateful . . .	*le agradeceré . . .*	LAY ah-gra-day-say-RAY
	my regards to . . .	*mis saludos a . . .*	MEES sa-LOO-dohs ah
	you are very kind	*Ud. es muy amable*	OOS-TED ES MWEE ah-MA-blay
	I beg of you . . .	*ruego a Ud. . . .*	RWAY-go ah OOS-TED
	will you be good enough to . . . ?	*¿tendría Ud. la bondad de . . . ?*	ten-DREE-ah OOS-TED la bohn-DAHD day
	do I disturb you?	*¿le interrumpo?*	lay een-tayr-ROOM-po
	is Mr. . . . at home?	*¿está el señor . . . en casa?*	es-TA el se-NYOR . . . en KA-sa
	Mr. . . . has gone out	*el señor . . . ha salido*	el se-NYOR . . . AH sa-LEE-do
	all right, I will come back	*muy bien, volveré*	MWEE BYEN, vohl-vay-RAY
	what is your name? My name is . . .	*¿cómo se llama Ud.? Me llamo . . .*	KO-mo say LYA-ma OOS-TED? may LYA-mo
	how old are you?	*¿qué edad tiene Ud.?*	KAY ay-DAHD TYAY-nay OOS-TED
	I am . . . years old	*yo tengo . . . años*	YO TEN-go . . . AH-nyohs
	where do you come from?	*¿de dónde es Ud.?*	day DOHN-day ES OOS-TED
	are you coming with me?	*¿viene Ud. conmigo?*	VYAY-nay OOS-TED kohn-MEE-go
	I came to tell you that . . .	*vine a decirle que . . .*	VEE-nay ah day-SEER-lay kay
	many thanks	*muchas gracias*	MOO-chahs GRA-syahs
	I am much obliged to you	*le estoy muy agradecido a Ud.*	lay es-TOY MWEE ah-gra-day-SEE-do ah OOS-TED
	where is . . . ? It is there	*¿dónde está . . . ? Allí está*	DOHN-day es-TA? ah-LYEE es TA
	here is . . .	*aquí está . . .*	ah-KEE es-TA
	I regret I have not . . .	*siento no haber . . .*	SYEN-to NO ah-BAYR
	I have seen . . .	*he visto . . .*	AY VEES-to
	well, we shall see	*bien, veremos*	BYEN, vay-RAY-mohs
	what shall we do today?	*¿qué haremos hoy?*	KAY ah-RAY-mohs OY
	when is your birthday?	*¿cuándo es su cumpleaños?*	KWAHN-do ES soo koom-play-AH-nyohs
	my congratulations	*mis felicitaciones*	mees fay-lee-see-ta-SYO-nes
	bring me . . .; give me . . .	*tráigame . . . ; déme . . .*	TRA-ee-ga-may; DAY-may
	I have to write to . . .	*tengo que escribir a . . .*	TEN-go kay es-kree-BEER ah
	there is a letter for . . .	*hay una carta para . . .*	AH-ee OO-na KAR-ta pa-ra
	there is no letter	*no hay ninguna carta*	NO AH-ee neen-GOO-na KAR-ta
	do you understand . . . ?	*¿comprende Ud . . . ?*	kohm-PREN-day OOS-TED
	I understand a little	*entiendo un poco*	en-TYEN-do OON PO-ko
	I understand nothing	*no entiendo nada*	NO en-TYEN-do NA-da

	English	Spanish	Sound-spelling
SMALL TALK	speak slowly	*hable Ud. despacio*	AH-blay oos-TED des-PA-syo
	how do you pronounce . . . ?	*¿cómo se pronuncia . . . ?*	KO-mo say pro-NOON-sya
	how does one say in Spanish?	*¿cómo se dice en español?*	KO-mo say DEE-say en es-pa-NYOHL
	can you tell me?	*¿puede Ud. decirme?*	PWAY-day oos-TED day-SEER-may
	explain to me . . .	*explíqueme Ud. . . .*	es-PLEE-kay-may oos-TED
	do you know?	*¿sabe Ud.?*	SA-bay oos-TED
	I know . . . very well	*yo sé . . . muy bien*	YO SAY . . . MWEE BYEN
	I do not know	*no sé*	NO SAY
	come here quickly	*venga acá enseguida*	VEN-ga ah-KA en-say-GEE-da
	I want to take . . .	*quiero tomar . . .*	KYAY-ro to-MAR
	wait a moment	*espere Ud. un momento*	es-PAY-ray oos-TED OON mo-MEN-to
	don't mention it (you're welcome)	*no hay de qué*	NO AH-ee day KAY
	repeat that word	*repita Ud. esa palabra*	ray-PEE-ta oos-TED AY-sa pa-LA-bra
	good-bye, and thanks	*adiós, y gracias*	ah-DYOHS, ee GRA-syahs
TRAVEL	show me the way to . . .	*muéstreme Ud. el camino de . . .*	MWAYS-tray-may el ka-MEE-no day
	which is the shortest way to . . . ?	*¿cuál es el camino más corto para . . . ?*	KWAHL ES el ka-MEE-no MAHS KOR-to pa-ra
	follow the . . .	*siga el . . .*	SEE-ga el
	cross the . . .	*cruce el . . .*	KROO-say el
	downtown; the main street	*el centro; la calle principal*	el SEN-tro; la KA-lyay preen-see-PAHL
	the square; the city hall	*la plaza; el ayuntamiento*	la PLA-sa; el ah-yoon-ta-MYEN-to
	to take a walk	*dar un paseo*	DAR OON pa-SAY-O
	a drive in a car	*un paseo en automóvil*	OON pa-SAY-O en ah-oo-to-MO-veel
	when does the train leave?	*¿cuándo sale el tren?*	KWAHN-do SA-lay el TRAYN
	the train leaves at eight o'clock	*el tren sale a las ocho*	el TRAYN SA-lay ah lahs O-cho
	when will we arrive?	*¿cuándo llegaremos?*	KWAHN-do lyay-ga-RAY-mohs
	a ticket for . . .	*un billete para . . .*	OON bee-LYAY-tay pa-ra
	a round-trip ticket	*un billete de ida y vuelta*	OON bee-LYAY-tay day EE-da ee VWAYL-ta
	do you go to . . . ?	*¿va Ud. a . . . ?*	VA oos-TED ah
	does the . . . pass here?	*¿pasa el . . . por aquí?*	PA-sa el . . . por ah-KEE
	please, where is . . . ?	*por favor, ¿dónde está . . . ?*	por fa-VOR, DOHN-day es-TA
	bring my baggage to . . .	*traiga mi equipaje a . . .*	TRA-ee-ga mee ay-kee-PA-hay ah
	to live in the country	*vivir en el campo*	vee-VEER en el KAHM-po
	to take a trip	*hacer un viaje*	ah-SAYR OON VYA-hay
	where are you going?	*¿adónde va Ud.?*	ah-DOHN-day VA oos-TED
	we will leave tomorrow	*saldremos mañana*	sahl-DRAY-mohs ma-NYA-na
	go slowly (quickly)	*vaya despacio (ligero)*	VA-ya des-PA-syo (lee-HAY-ro)
	turn to the right (left)	*doble a la derecha (izquierda)*	DO-blay ah la day-RAY-cha (ees-KYAYR-da)
	let us go to . . .	*vamos a . . .*	VA-mohs ah
	where is the hotel?	*¿dónde está el hotel?*	DOHN-day es-TA el O-TEL
	can you give me a room?	*¿puede darme un cuarto?*	PWAY-day DAR-may OON KWAR-to
	I have a room with . . .	*tengo un cuarto con . . .*	TEN-go OON KWAR-to kohn
	call me at . . .	*llámeme a . . .*	LYA-may-may ah
	where is the elevator?	*¿dónde está el ascensor?*	DOHN-day es-TA el ah-sen-SOR
	we will stay here . . . days	*permaneceremos aquí . . . días*	payr-ma-nay-say-RAY-mohs ah-KEE . . . DEE-ahs
	the bath is ready	*el baño está listo*	el BA-nyo es-TA LEES-to
	on the . . . floor	*en el . . . piso*	en el . . . PEE-SO
	how far is . . . ?	*¿a qué distancia queda . . . ?*	ah KAY dees-TAHN-sya KAY-da
WEATHER	how is the weather?	*¿qué tiempo hace?*	KAY TYEM-po AH-say
	it is nice (bad)	*está bueno (está malo)*	es-TA BWAY-no (es-TA MA-lo)
	I am hot (cold)	*tengo calor (tengo frío)*	TEN-go ka-LOR (TEN-go FREE-o)
	it is going to rain (snow)	*va a llover (va a nevar)*	VA ah lyo-VAYR (VA ah nay-VAR)
	the weather will change	*el tiempo cambiará*	el TYEM-po kahm-bya-RA
	it is raining (snowing)	*está lloviendo (está nevando)*	es-TA lyo-VYEN-do (es-TA nay-VAHN-do)
	it has stopped raining	*ha cesado de llover*	ah say-SA-do day lyo-VAYR
	we will have good weather	*tendremos buen tiempo*	ten-DRAY-mohs BWEN TYEM-po
	it is beginning to . . .	*está empezando a . . .*	es-TA em-pay-SAHN-do ah
EDIBLES	I recommend to you . . .	*le recomiendo a Ud. . . .*	lay ray-ko-MYEN-do ah oos-TED
	can I offer you . . . ?	*¿puedo ofrecerle a Ud. . . . ?*	PWAY-do o-fray-SAYR-lay ah oos-TED
	I take . . . ; we will take . . .	*yo tomo . . . ; tomaremos . . .*	YO TO-mo; to-ma-RAY-mohs
	it tastes good	*sabe bien*	SA-bay BYEN
	nothing more	*nada más*	NA-da MAHS
	I want to eat something	*quiero comer algo*	KYAY-ro ko-MAYR AHL-go
	have you eaten?	*¿ha comido Ud.?*	ah ko-MEE-do oos-TED
	where can one eat here?	*¿dónde se puede comer por aquí?*	DOHN-day say PWAY-day ko-MAYR por ah-KEE
	the meal is ready	*la comida está lista*	la ko-MEE-da es-TA LEES-ta
	I am hungry	*tengo hambre*	TEN-go AHM-bray
	have you enough?	*¿tiene Ud. bastante?*	TYAY-nay oos-TED bahs-TAHN-tay
	tell me what there is	*dígame lo que hay*	DEE-ga-may LO KAY AH-ee
	allow me to offer you . . .	*permítame ofrecerle . . .*	payr-MEE-ta-may o-fray-SAYR-lay
	do you wish anything else?	*¿desea Ud. algo más?*	day-SAY-ah oos-TED AHL-go MAHS
	that is all, thanks	*eso es todo, gracias*	AY-so ES TO-do, GRA-syahs
	the check; how much is it?	*la cuenta; ¿cuánto es?*	la KWEN-ta; KWAHN-to ES
AMUSEMENT	when can the . . . be visited?	*¿cuándo se puede visitar el . . . ?*	KWAHN-do say PWAY-day vee-see-TAR el
	when is the . . . open?	*¿cuándo está abierto el . . . ?*	KWAHN-do es-TA ah-BYAYR-to el
	how much is the admission?	*¿cuánto cuesta la entrada?*	KWAHN-to KWES-ta la en-TRA-da
	you have to have a ticket	*se necesita un billete*	say nay-say-SEE-ta OON bee-LYAY-tay
	at the cashier's	*en la caja*	en la KA-ha
	when does the movie start?	*¿cuándo empieza la película?*	KWAHN-do em-PYAY-sa la pay-LEE-koo-la
	the theatre; the opera	*el teatro; la ópera*	el tay-AH-tro; la O-pay-ra
	the dance; the show	*el baile; la función*	el BA-ee-lay; la foon-SYOHN
	let us see . . .	*vamos a ver . . .*	VA-mohs ah VAYR
	you will see . . .	*Ud. verá . . .*	oos-TED vay-RA
	where is . . . ?	*¿dónde está . . . ?*	DOHN-day es-TA

Continued on the next page

The Britannica Collection of Art

Through a national series of exhibitions the Britannica invites America to step up and get acquainted with its native painters

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The Encyclopaedia Collection of Contemporary American Painting, which recently began a nation-wide tour of American museums and civic centers that may be extended through South America and, after the war, through Europe, is an extraordinarily good collection of pictures.

It will not be the fault of the Britannica organization if you are not able to see the paintings either in the original or in reproduction somewhere. Exhibitions already scheduled will keep them on the road for years. Through December of this year the collection is scheduled to make appearances at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Corcoran Galleries in Washington, D. C., the Dayton, Ohio, Museum of Art and Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, and by the time this appears it will have been viewed at the Britannica's home-town Art Institute in Chicago and at Rockefeller Center in New York. As this is being written, open dates are being filled by similar institutions throughout the country. The collection will be sent wherever there exists a desire to see good American paintings—for example, to bomber plants. "Britannica hopes that America will really look at her own art—but the decision, in all good faith, rests not with Britannica but with America." Two editions of a beautifully printed and annotated catalog will be made available to that part of the American public which would like to acquire a facsimile of the collection for the cost of a reasonably priced art book. One edition will be made available at those places where the collection itself is on view; the other will be on sale in book and art stores generally. And if, while looking at this collection, you will reserve a small margin of your mind for the credit line, "presented by courtesy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica," you will be doing no more for one of the leading cultural institutions of the English-speaking world than you do for the manufacturer of a dental cream through whose enterprise the humor of Bob Hope is made available to you. Sponsorship has its points.

The Britannica is the property of the University of Chicago, under which it enjoys autonomy to prosper and serve.

The Britannica has an offspring, Britannica Junior, published for the younger inquiring mind. For this publication it was decided, in September, 1943, to commission several well-known artists to paint illustrations for specific articles. Doris Lee was asked to do a picture on Arbor Day; Paul Sample, one on the process of maple sugaring; Robert Philipp, one on the theatre; Alexandre Hogue, one on soil erosion. Later on, paintings already in existence were married, so to speak, to text to which they corresponded, Benton's *Boom Town* serving to illustrate an article on the Southwestern oil fields, and Schreiber's Gropperesque *Night Haul — Maine*, the subject of fishing. The interest, not to say the enthusiasm, generated by the arrival of these canvasses in the Chicago offices of the Britannica led the executives (E. H. Powell, President; Walter Yust, Editor; Glenn Price, Art Director) to plunge into the project of forming a collection of contemporary American art that would stand as a truly representative national unit without any reference to the use of the paintings as illustrative material. This collection is the result.

There are 121 paintings in the collection, the most recent additions having been acquired since the printing of the catalogue. The collection was begun from the chronological starting point of 1908, when the rebel eight of that year — Sloan, Luks, Glackens, Henri, Shinn, Davies, Lawson and Prendergast — banded together in an exhibition to open the windows and let some fresh air into American art.

Messrs. Powell, Yust and Price probably know by this time that although they have formed as good a collection as they could have under conditions not entirely of their own making, they have not yet included all of the best painters working in the United States today, nor the best work of the good painters who are represented. Some of their best friends have told them. In an evaluation on the whole friendly, C. J. Bulliet has pointed out that about twenty-five per cent of the collection is first-rate, as contemporary American art goes, which he rightly regards as a high average. By this time the Britannica people have heard almost everything that can be said against either a slightly or largely imperfect collection of American art, and they freely plead guilty to certain errors of commission and omission.

Humbly guiding themselves by new light, they have decided, so far as is possible, to hold the collection in a fluid state by exercising the right to exchange a good for a better painting by the same artist, to exclude old things and to include new ones—a common practice in museums whose most knowledgeable curators thereby confess the continuing and constant margin of error on which they operate. The Britannica Collection shows evidence of pilots changed in mid-stream, necessarily and for the improvement of the collection as a whole, and of submission to various pressures which persuaded them to make selections in obedience to the necessity of fair representation.

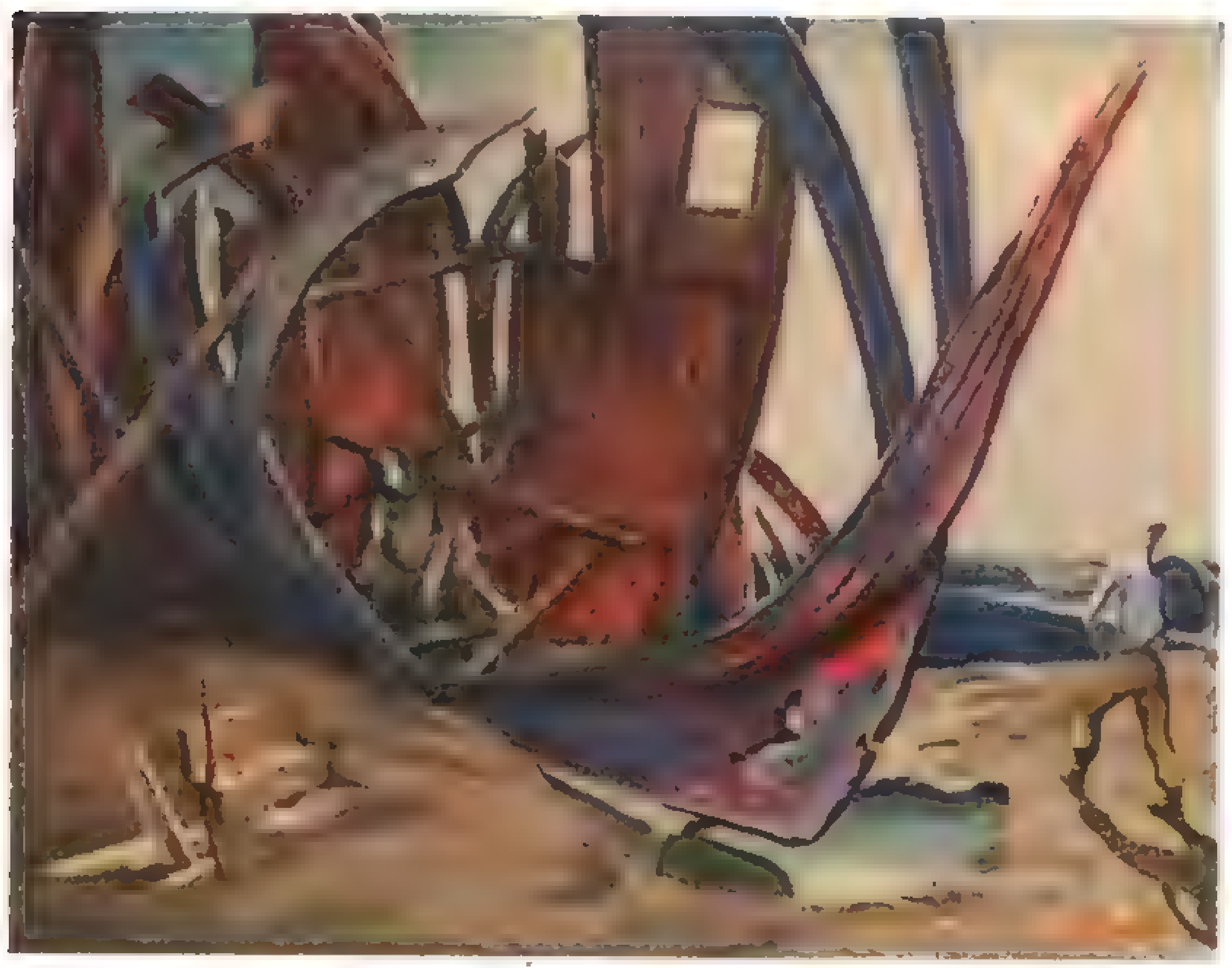
To this pressure, to which they were obliged to submit for lack of a consistent standard of their own, the Britannica people may owe some of their best, as some of their worst, paintings. To frugality, or to loyalty, we must attribute the Britannica's refusal to omit from the collection any one of the original paintings which it commissioned for illustrations. Only so gifted a painter as Philipp or so delightful a spirit as Doris Lee can serve both purposes (within the same painting) with equal aplomb. As a unit, the collection is still too heavily weighted on the side of American scene painting, and necessarily so when it is realized that the basic approach to art of the men who made the final choices is that of describing a place or incident or of telling a story. Yet where else will you find a collection that ranges from Dali to Waugh and that includes the expressionism of Burlin and Weber? If the Britannica people already have heard from their indignant public against the "wild modernism" of Arbor Day—than which there could be no gentler art — they had better put on armor when the same public gets around to the really wild fellows represented in the collection. For the sake of American art, which benefits more from the existence of collectors than from their absence, it is well that the Britannica people did not have a complete chart of the rapids, whirlpools, shallows, sand bars, submerged rocks in the way of the art collector: had they known,

Continued on page 117

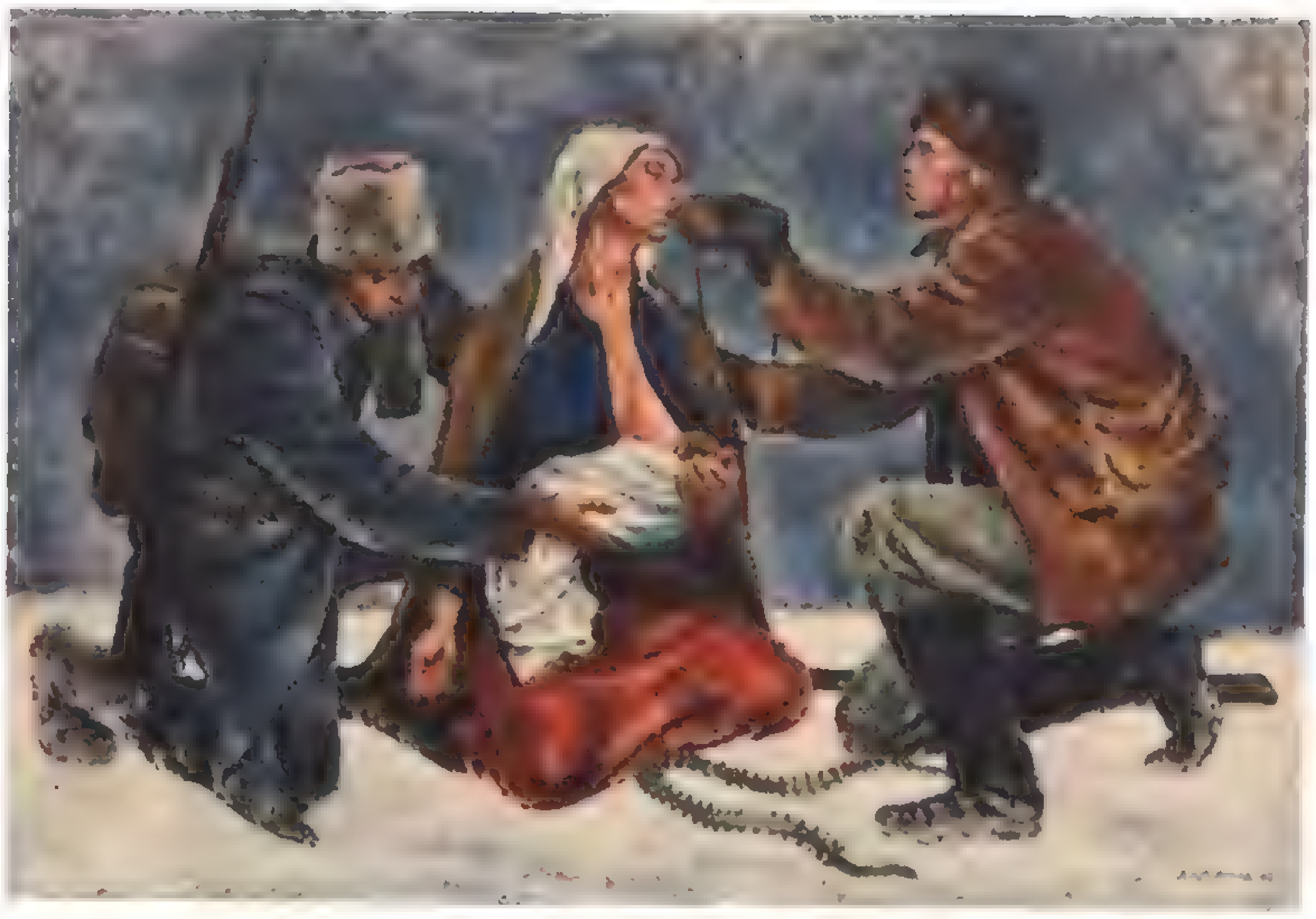
"Let's pretend you're a buck private for the next couple of hours!"

A Group of Six Paintings

From the Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Painting



AN ODYSSEY FOR MODERNS OIL (30" x 24") BY LOUIS GUGLIELMI



GUERRILLAS OIL (41" x 30") BY JOSEPH HIRSCH

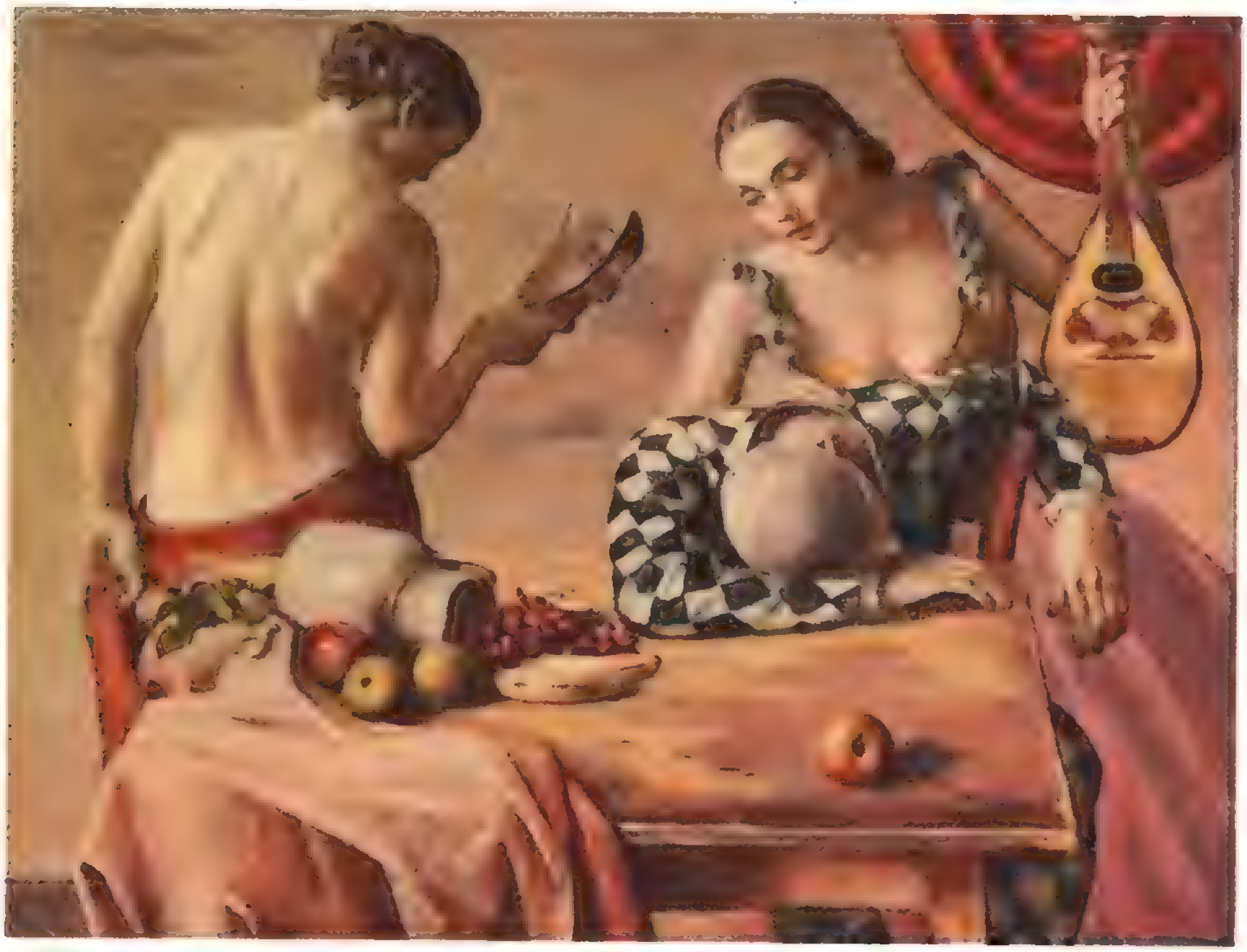
On exhibition this year in the following cities:

The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston,
July 26—August 26

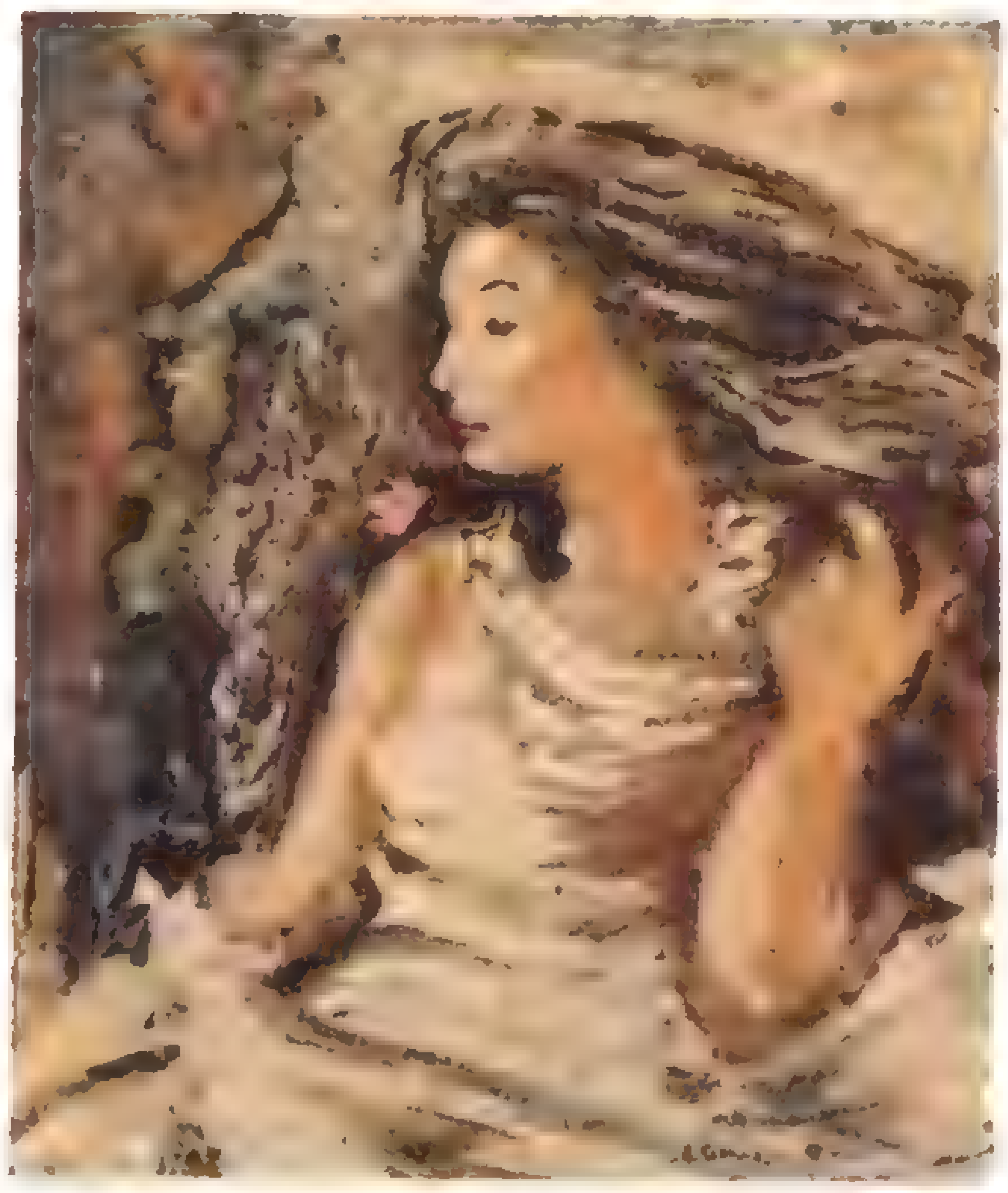
The Corcoran Galleries, Washington, D. C.,
September 13—October 14

The Dayton Museum of Art, Dayton, Ohio,
November 1—November 25

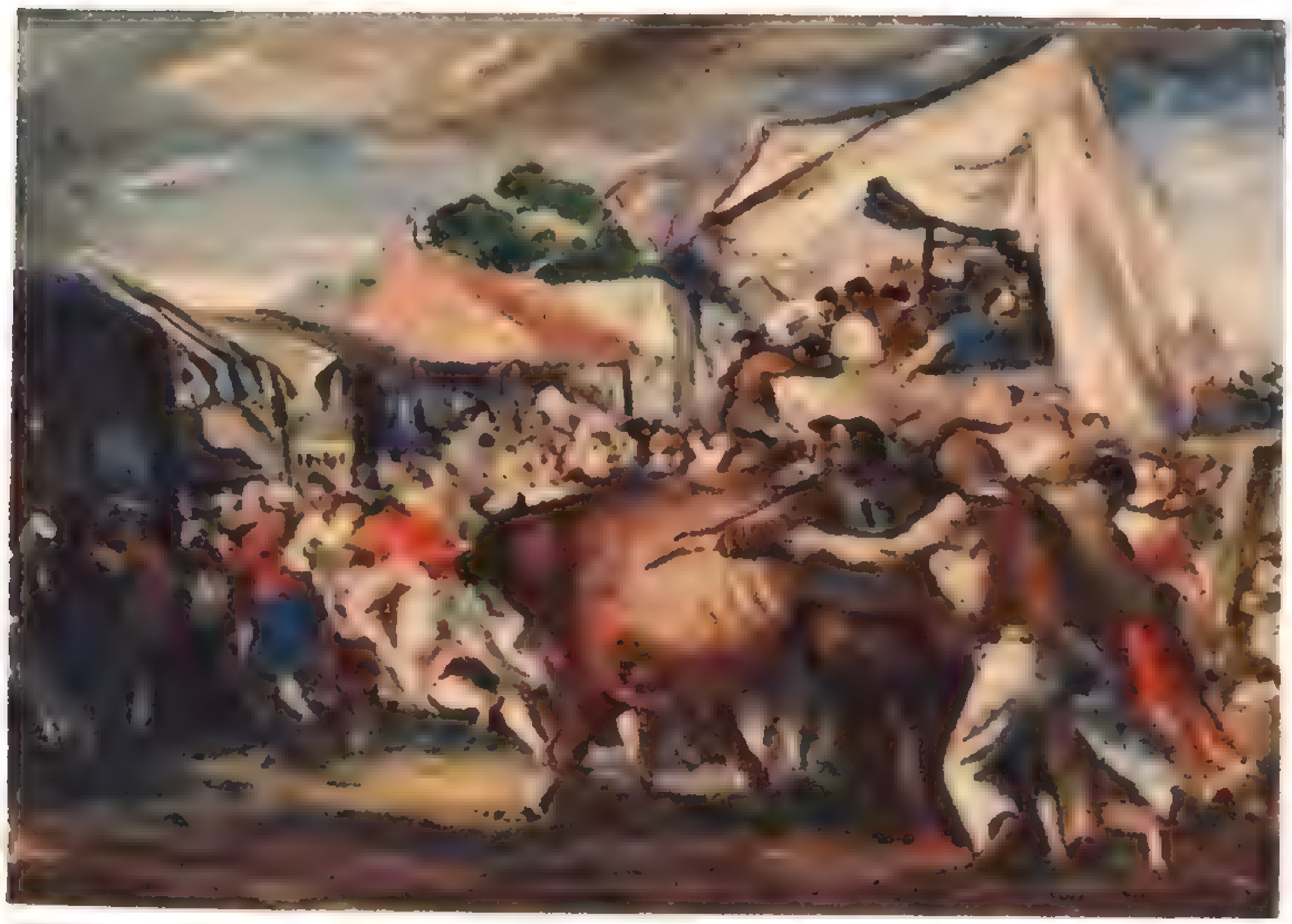
The Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh
December 18—January 27



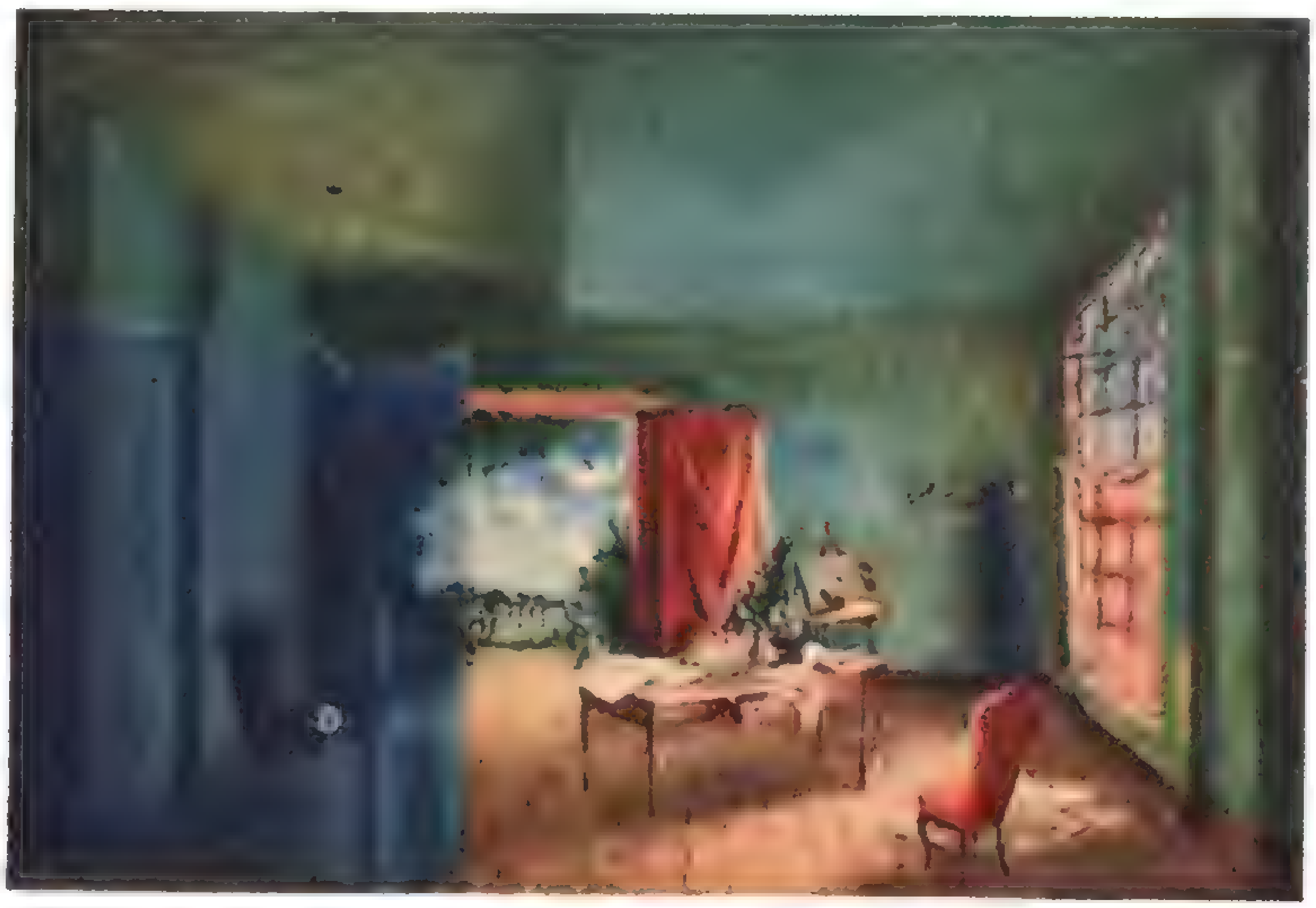
AFTER THE MASQUE OIL (50" x 40") BY ROBERT BRACKMAN



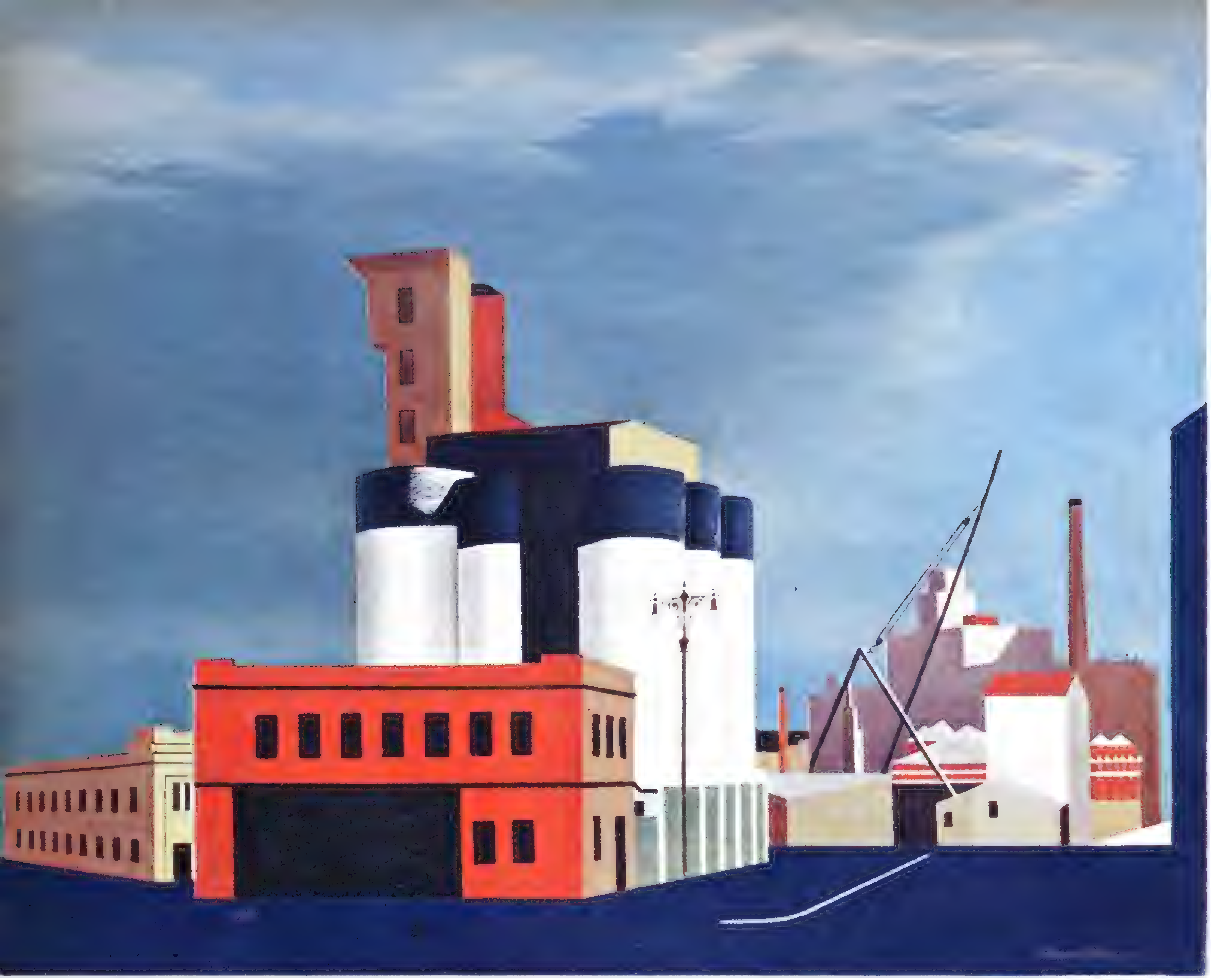
CAME ROSY-FINGERED DAWN OIL (23" x 29") BY ETIENNE RET



BULL AT TOPSFIELD FAIR OIL (40" x 30") BY JON CORBINO



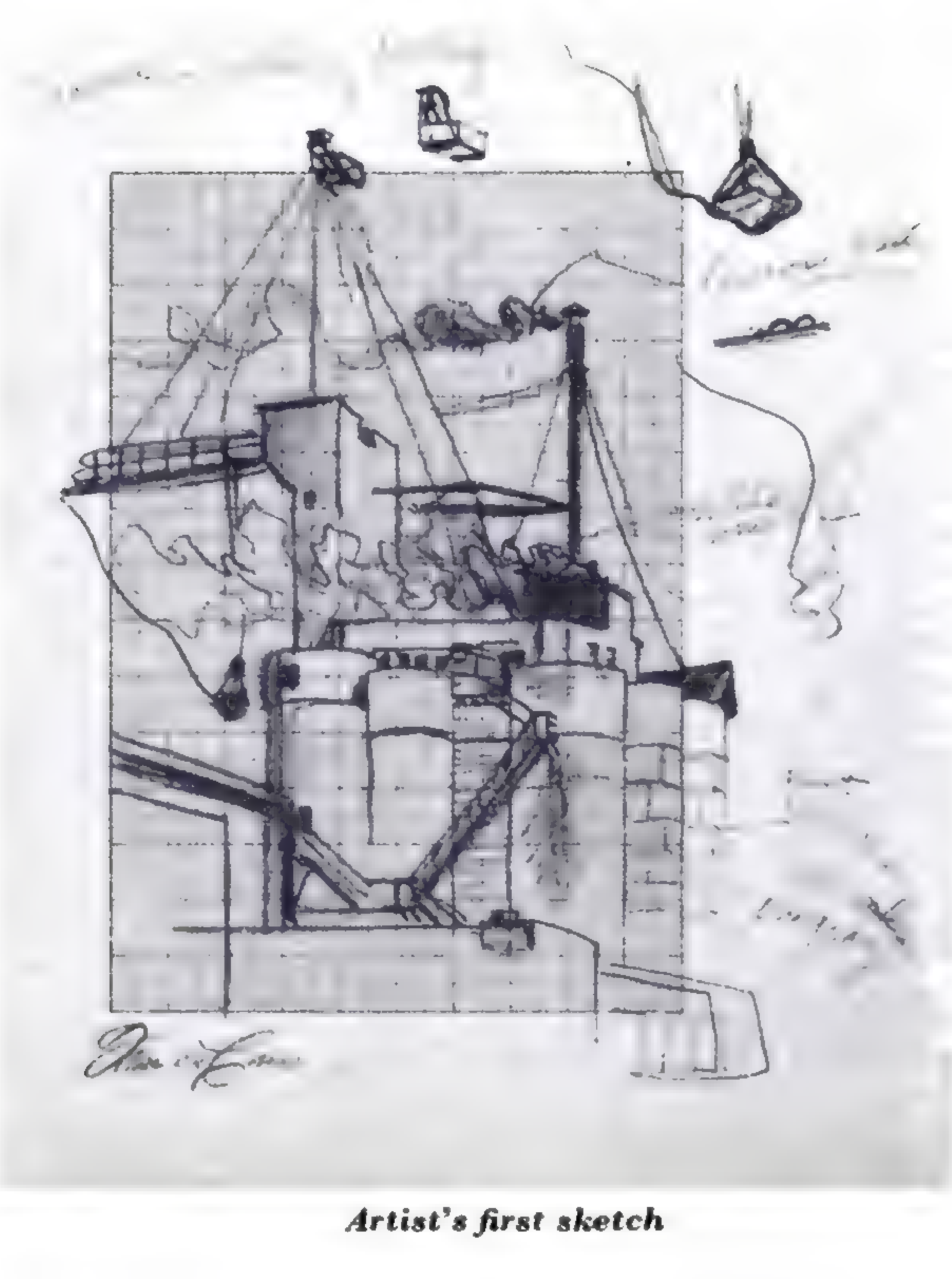
STUDIO INTERIOR OIL (40" x 30") BY HOBSON PITTMAN



OIL (30" X 25") BY FRANCIS CRISS IN THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA COLLECTION

MELANCHOLY INTERLUDE

Esquire's Art Institute



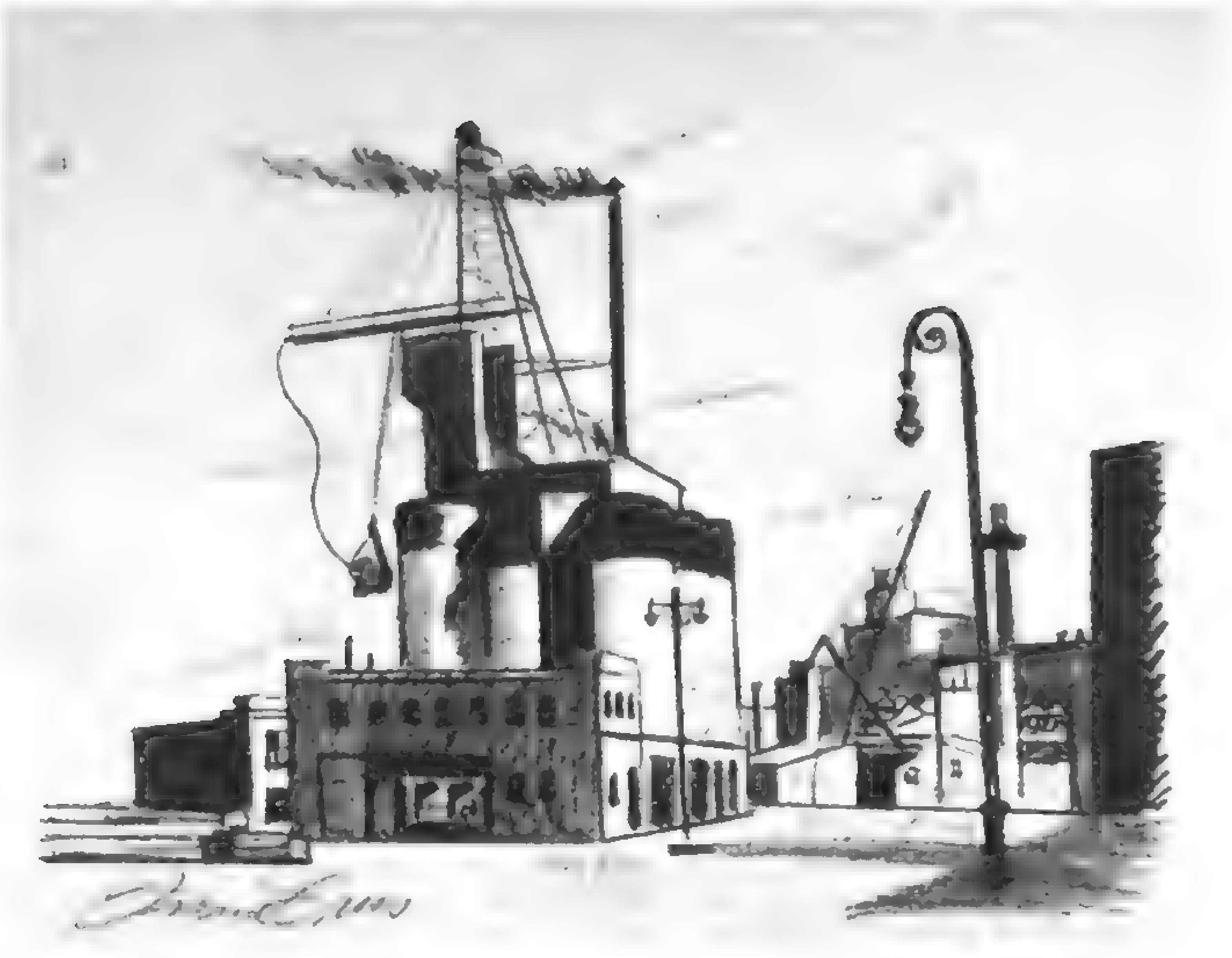
Artist's first sketch

Esky, who gets around globally as well as socially, has been hearing some snide remarks to the effect that American men ain't got culture. It has been implied that while Mrs. Babbitt can see the difference between, say, Picasso's Blue Period and the well watered colors of Maxfield Parrish, her husband prefers the latter. It has even been insinuated that the only artists really appreciated by the average broker and banker are the anonymous fellows who draw those pictures engraved on Uncle Sam's paper currency.

So Esky, who regards himself as the rich man's Vollard, has been stung to action. He has devised a businessman's art course, to be taken monthly, in four pleasant capsules. At the end of this four-months' instruction, a wholesale grocer will be able to march through the contemporary exhibits of any art museum without stomach pains, dizziness, or anxiety neuroses. He will, in fact, be so full of the joy of learning, he'll be walking dazed friends to the farthest wing of the gallery, explaining and extolling as he goes.

For our first lesson, we'll begin with what may appear to be a cinch: *Melancholy Interlude* by Francis Criss. Some of the brighter New Yorkers may even recognize the site: the Burns Brothers coal bins at 22nd Street and the East River. But there's more to the picture than meets the eye, as you will see in the artist's preliminary sketches.

Art is largely a matter of selecting what is essential to tell the story and omitting what is superfluous. Even in his first sketch, Mr. Criss omitted an outer iron staircase leading down out of view behind the foreground building and an iron ramp leading out toward the right—these would have led outside the artist's frame, distracting attention, and any businessman knows that's no way to sell the product. Then consider the mood of the finished painting, *Melancholy Interlude*. There's no expression of this mood in the preliminary sketch, which is vertical, leading the eye upward. So besides changing the shape to



Artist's second sketch

horizontal, Mr. Criss removed some elements that lead the eye upward, and suggest action. (Okay for a Burns Brothers ad, but n.g. for a painting called *Melancholy Interlude*. Get the angle?)

The central smokestack and smoke, iron scaffolding and steam shovel, important to the Burns Brothers, but so much clutter to the artist . . . all had to go.

Moreover, the street is swept clear, the sliding door is closed, the windows are blank. The large lamp post in the right foreground had to go because its street sign interfered with the smokestack beyond it. Mr. Criss retained enough lines (the slender crane and the idle smokestack) to vary the horizontals and verticals and tie together the large foreground mass and the smaller forms. The lamp post survived as a decorative note to break the monotony of the grey-white expanse. Are you glad?

In his second pencil sketch, Mr. Criss indicated his colors: dark blue for the upper part of the cylinders, red for the foreground building, etc. You could do it too, but less happily. See how the artist held the whole thing together between the cerulean blue of the sky, the blackish blue of the pavement and of building enclosing the painting at right.

Another trick which wouldn't have occurred to you, but did to Mr. Criss, art being his game, was to vary the texture of the composition by suggesting stone in the large block, and by suggesting the gravel and sand yard in the middle distance at right. It's like the olive in a martini—makes it more interesting.

Now that we're thoroughly conversant with all that the artist did, and why, let's see how the finished painting stacks up. Structurally, it is a simplification of a typical city water-front scene. It is also a nice arrangement of the basic forms of Nature. These, as any third-grader knows, are cone, sphere, cube and cylinder. Still the picture is not oversimplified. The stripping of such artistic static as the iron stair, crane, and steam shovel does not rob the buildings of their function—it merely suggests what the artist had in mind in the first place—a *Melancholy Interlude*.

So you've passed the freshman art course, and next month you'll be a sophomore, ready to take in your stride an interesting little problem by Stuart Davis, called *Garage Lights*. See you in September, boys. ##

Then Gently Slide the Bolt

Ever since the night he had known his world was over, his mind gave way slowly to sleep

by JAMES FORTESCUE

FRED WILSON closed the book and put it on the floor beside his bed. Twice he had dozed, holding the book in front of him, and that was a good sign. When he dozed while reading, it was always a good sign. He could switch off the light and be sound asleep in less than three minutes.

He turned on his left side. That was the way Fred Wilson went to sleep. First he lay on his left side for awhile. Then he turned on his right side. Then he lay on his stomach with his face turned to the left. He relaxed then—his muscles lost their tightness and he began to feel drowsy.

Then he turned back to his left side and drooled a little, because the muscles of his mouth sagged. He turned the pillow over and snuggled his face into the other side of it. That was another good sign. When he drooled a little the second time he lay on his left side, he was usually asleep in less than a minute. He always went to sleep on his left side. But he slept there only a few minutes, then turned, without completely waking, to his right side where he slept most of the night. The doctor had told him to sleep on his right side. It cramped his heart when he slept on his left.

Sometimes he went through the whole procedure twice—left side, right side, stomach, then back to left side—then to sleep. If he didn't sleep then it was bad.

After he turned the pillow over and lay on his left side, waiting for sleep, he began to play tennis once more. Always he had gone back to tennis. There had been other games, just as there had been other games in real life. There was a time when he bowled each night in those fleeting moments when the conscious mind was slowly losing its hold on him. When he bowled he would take his position with great care, advance smoothly, then release the ball with just the right amount of English to bring it into the pocket between the one and the three pin.

Fred Wilson never scored a strike in his last waking dream if the dream was right. The ball started for the pins and he waited. If nothing happened, then he bowled again and waited. If everything was right he was asleep before the ball reached the pins.

It was the same with all his last waking dreams as he turned back to his left side and waited for sleep. There was a time when he would play golf. He would make a powerful drive, enjoying the clean click of the driver against the ball. He would stand at the end of his swing, gaze at the ball as it sped low and straight—or with just a tiny suggestion of a hook to give it more bounce. He would hold his position as he stood and watched the ball in its flight, the way most golfers do. The ball never landed. There had been long, sensational runs in football, runs in which he reversed his field and ran back as much as thirty yards at times before he went zigzagging down the field, sidestepping and stiff-arming. Fred Wilson was asleep.

But Fred Wilson always returned to tennis. It was his first love. It came to his aid when he needed aid.

That night it was tennis. It was a smashing forehand drive, which puzzled him a little since his forehand had always been the weakness that kept him from being a champion. There was an awkward spot in his forehand drive which he could never eliminate. It came at the instant the racquet touched the ball. He was never sure of his follow-through. That was in his real game.

But his forehand drive that night as he lay on his left side waiting for sleep was smooth and effortless. It had power and sweep and depth to it, and a faint suggestion of a smile played around his lips as he realized that no man alive could cope with it.

Then suddenly Fred Wilson was wide awake.

He turned on his back and stared up into the blackness of the night. He never slept on his back. He lay there when he knew sleep had escaped him. Thoughts began to follow each other rapidly through his mind, so rapidly that each pushed in before the other was gone and they merged into a jumble of distorted images.

He closed his jaws grimly as he faced the night—another night. The muscles in his right leg contracted and a tiny pain shot through his leg. It would be worse next time, then still worse and he would get out of bed and give up.

It was the same as it had been so many nights the past four years. It started the night the Germans broke through the French line, the night Fred Wilson knew that the world in which he had lived as a young man was dead.

He lay awake, trying to decide whether to fight it through or to get up and go downstairs and read. His thoughts were bitter. Everything had failed him. Tennis had failed him. As he lay there, he knew why he had suddenly found himself wide awake. The tennis ball not only had landed on the other side of the net, but his opponent had returned it. And Fred Wilson was wide awake.

That had never happened to him before the Germans broke through the French line. It had happened to him once in bowling, many years ago, the night after his wife was injured in an automobile accident. The bowling ball had hit the pins and there was a clatter and Wilson was awake. But it had never happened in tennis until the Germans broke through the French line.

He lay for a long time and the pain did not come back into his right leg. He turned over on his left side. Then for some reason which he could never analyze later, but for which he was always grateful, Fred Wilson had a rifle in his hand. It was a heavy military rifle with a bolt action.

He raised the gun to his shoulder and it fit there snugly. He experienced a soothing, comforting sensation as he held the gun close against his shoulder and grasped the bolt firmly. The bolt had a solid feel that calmed him.

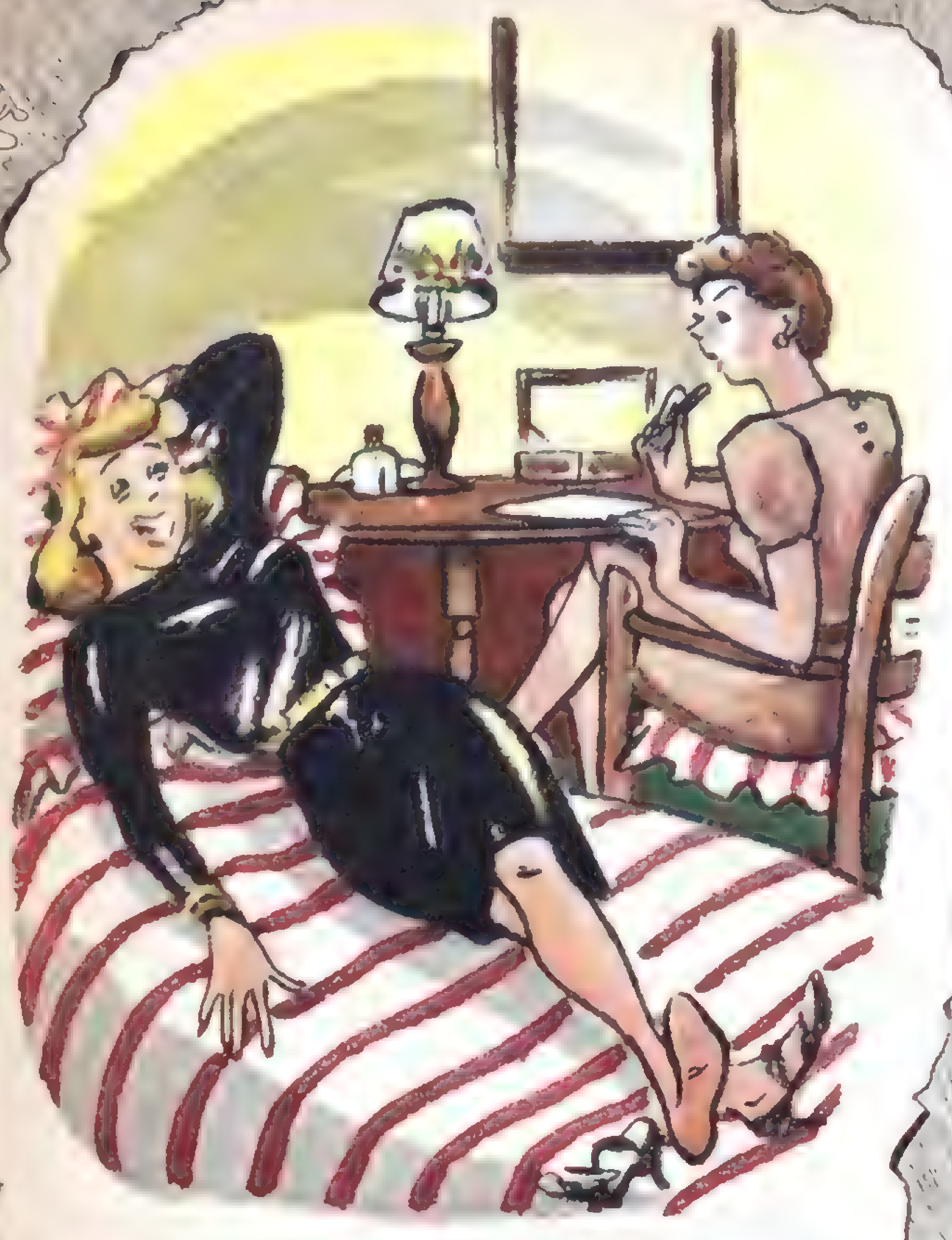
Slowly he raised the bolt, slid it back the length of the action, watching closely as the empty shell flipped into the air and out of the way. The fluid rhythm of clicks as he worked the action brought an unexpected joy to him.

He slid the bolt forward.

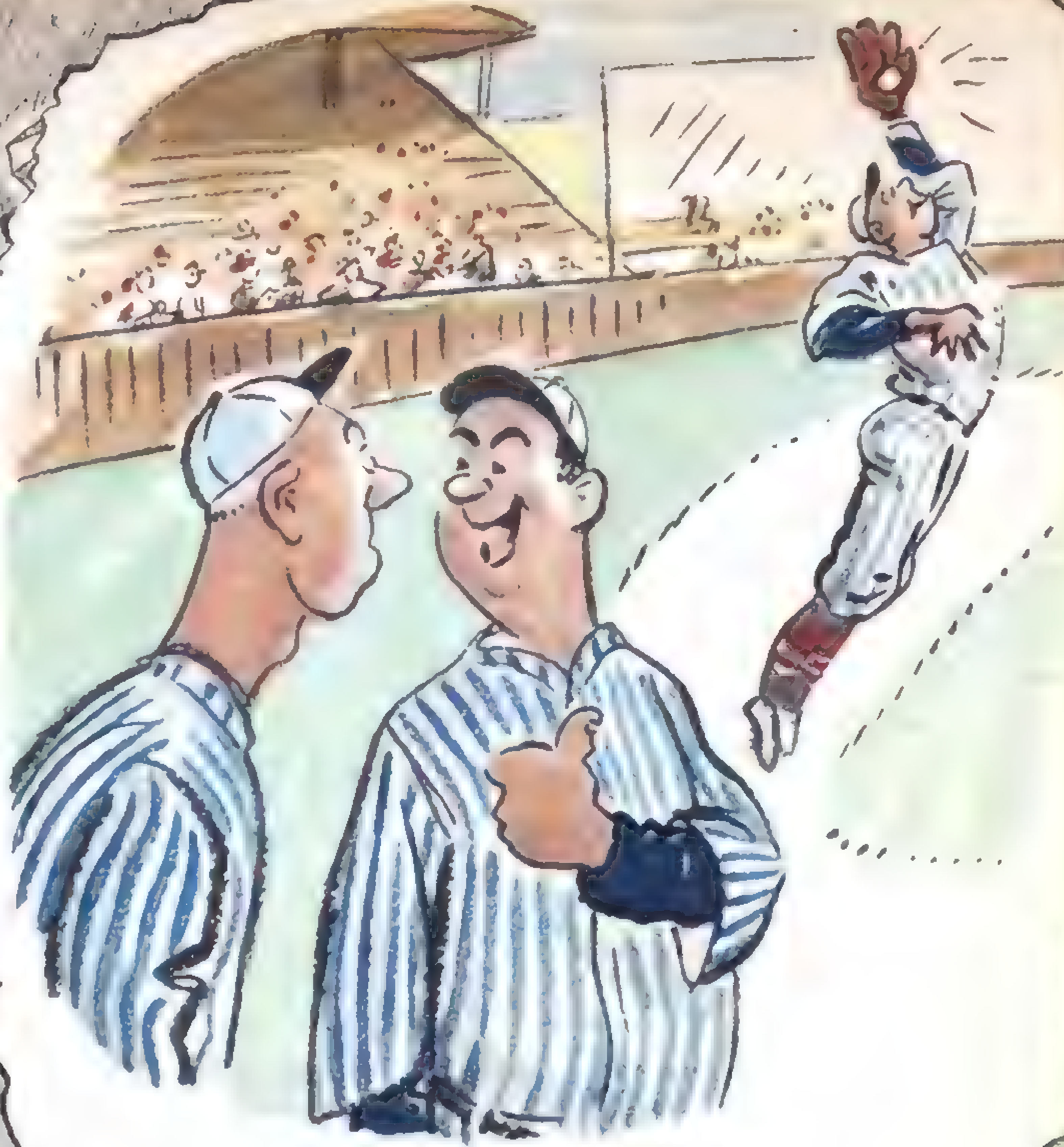
Just before the bolt came to a stop against the receiver, Fred Wilson fell asleep. ##

Summer Seasoning: 1945

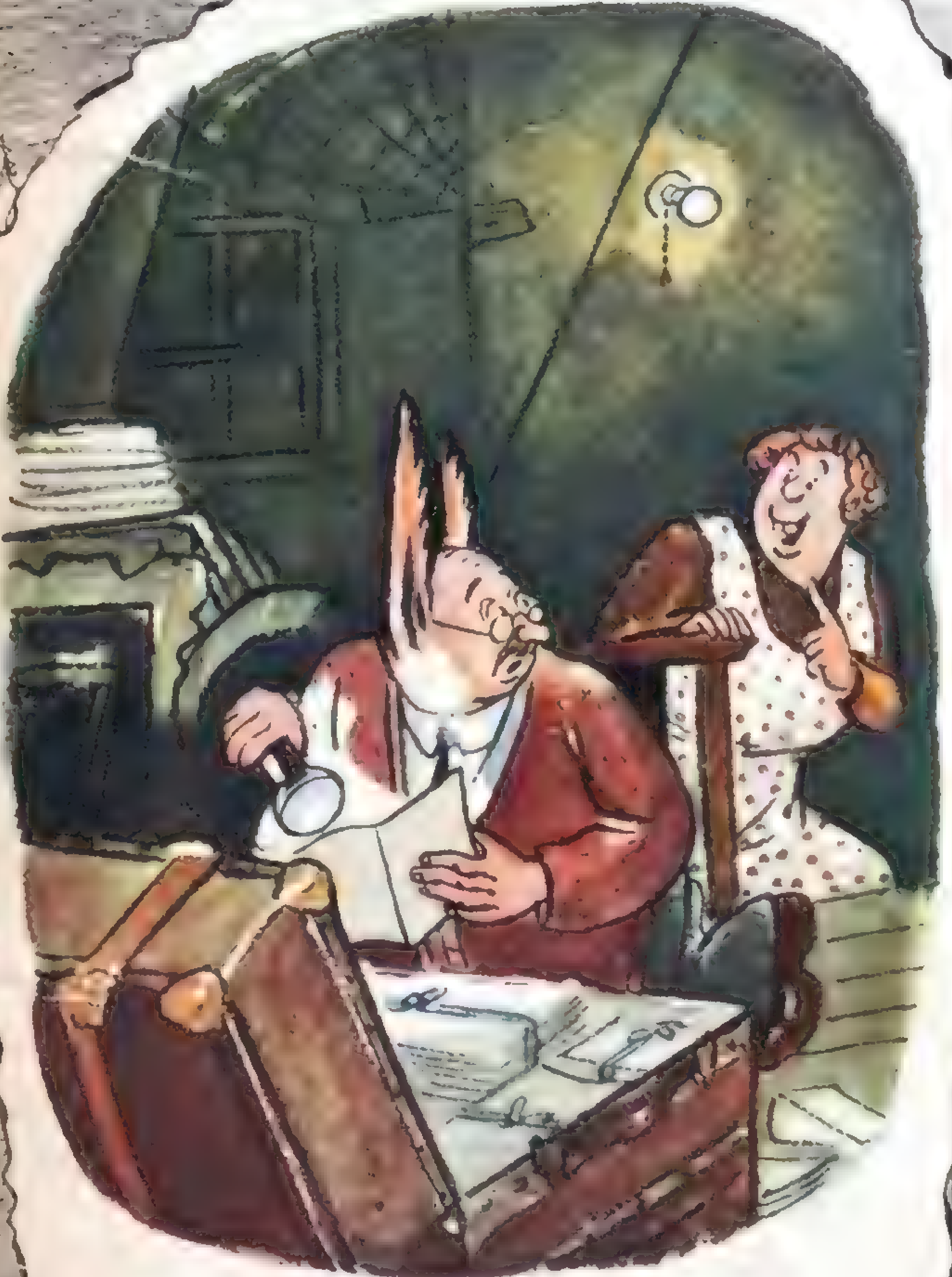
by D. McKAY



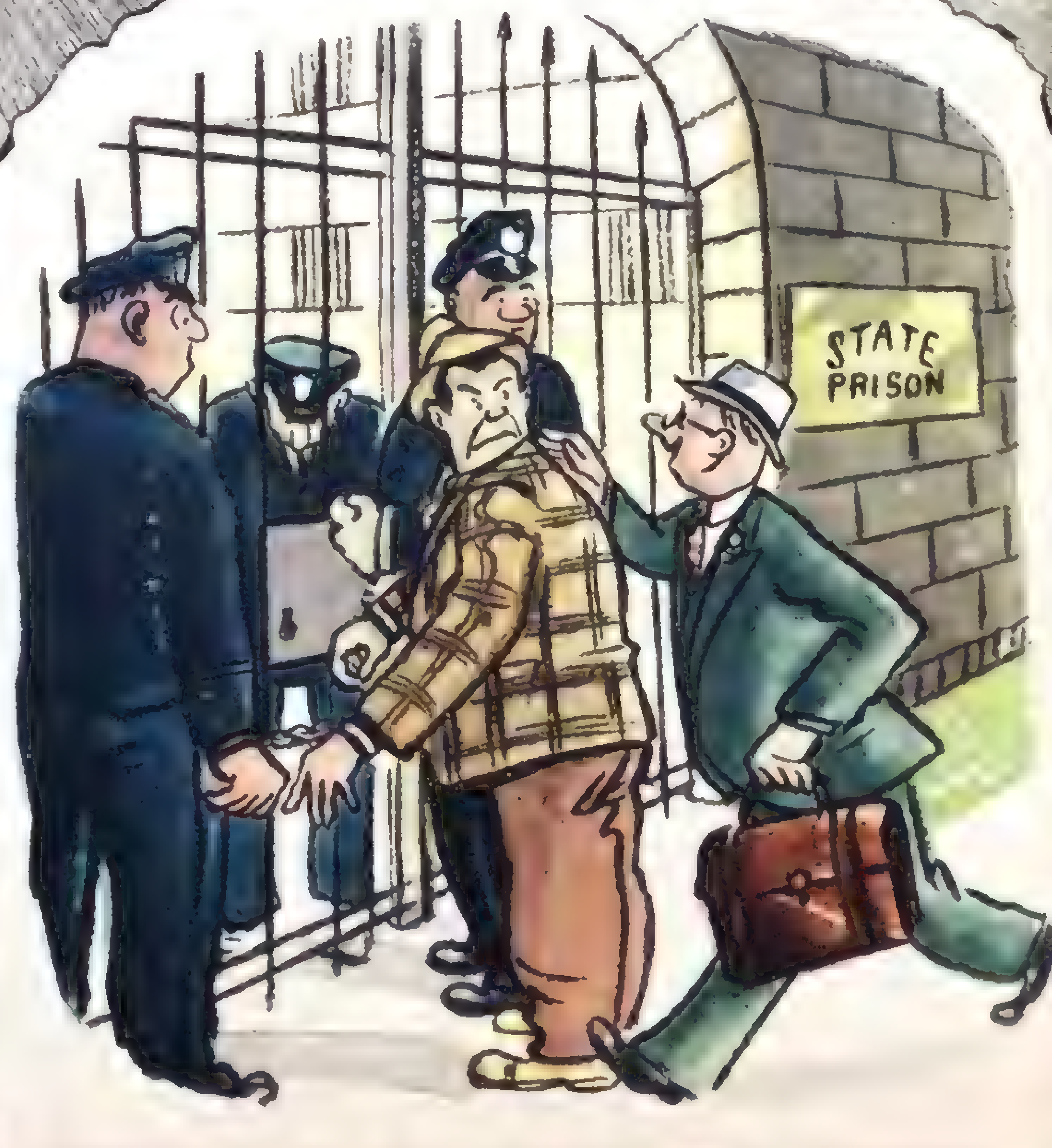
"I can feel his crushing embrace—his burning kisses—ah, me—good old 1941"



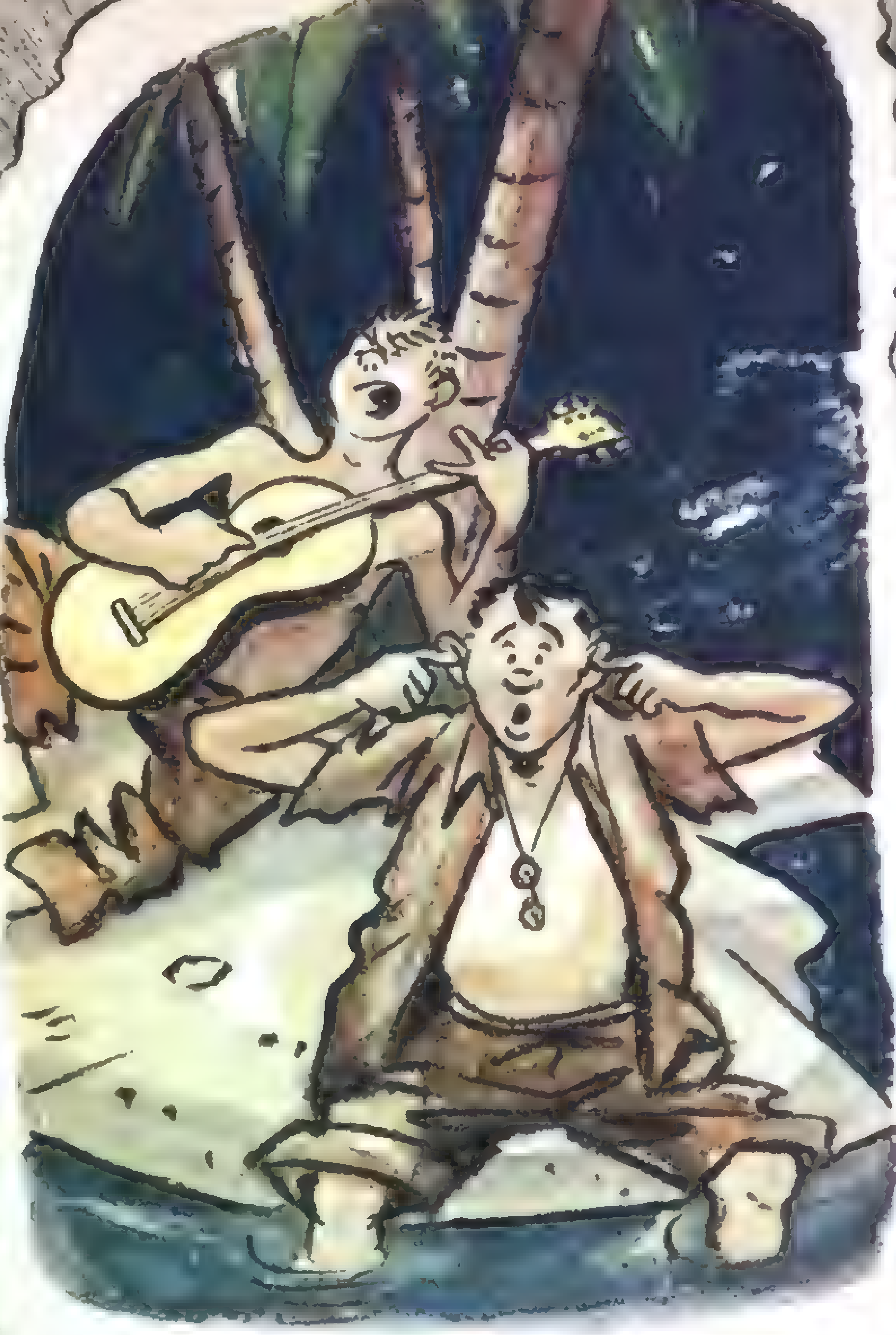
"We had to trade the Browns a whole carton of cigarettes for him, but he's well worth it!"



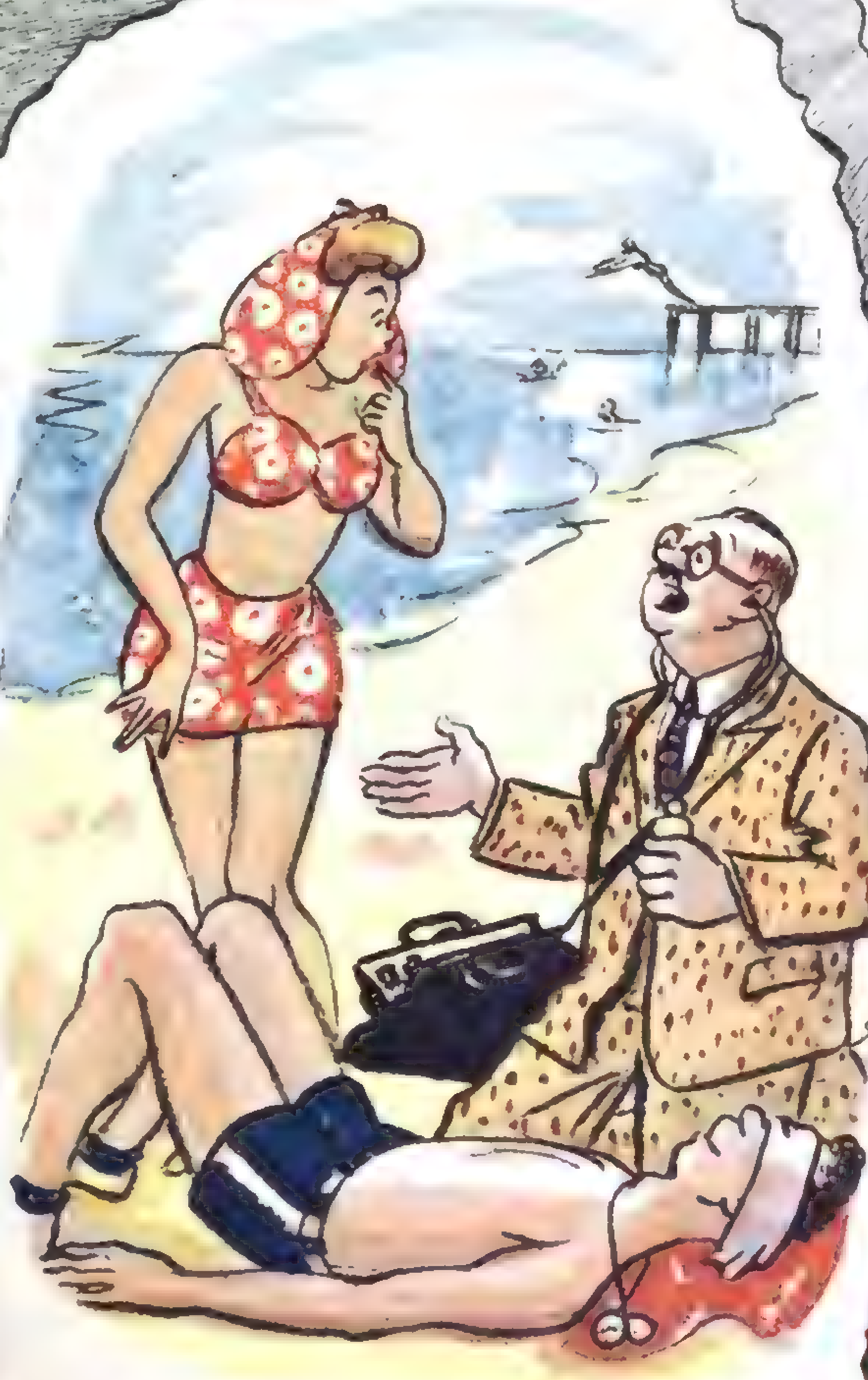
"Herbert, I'll bet you re reading your old love letters again"



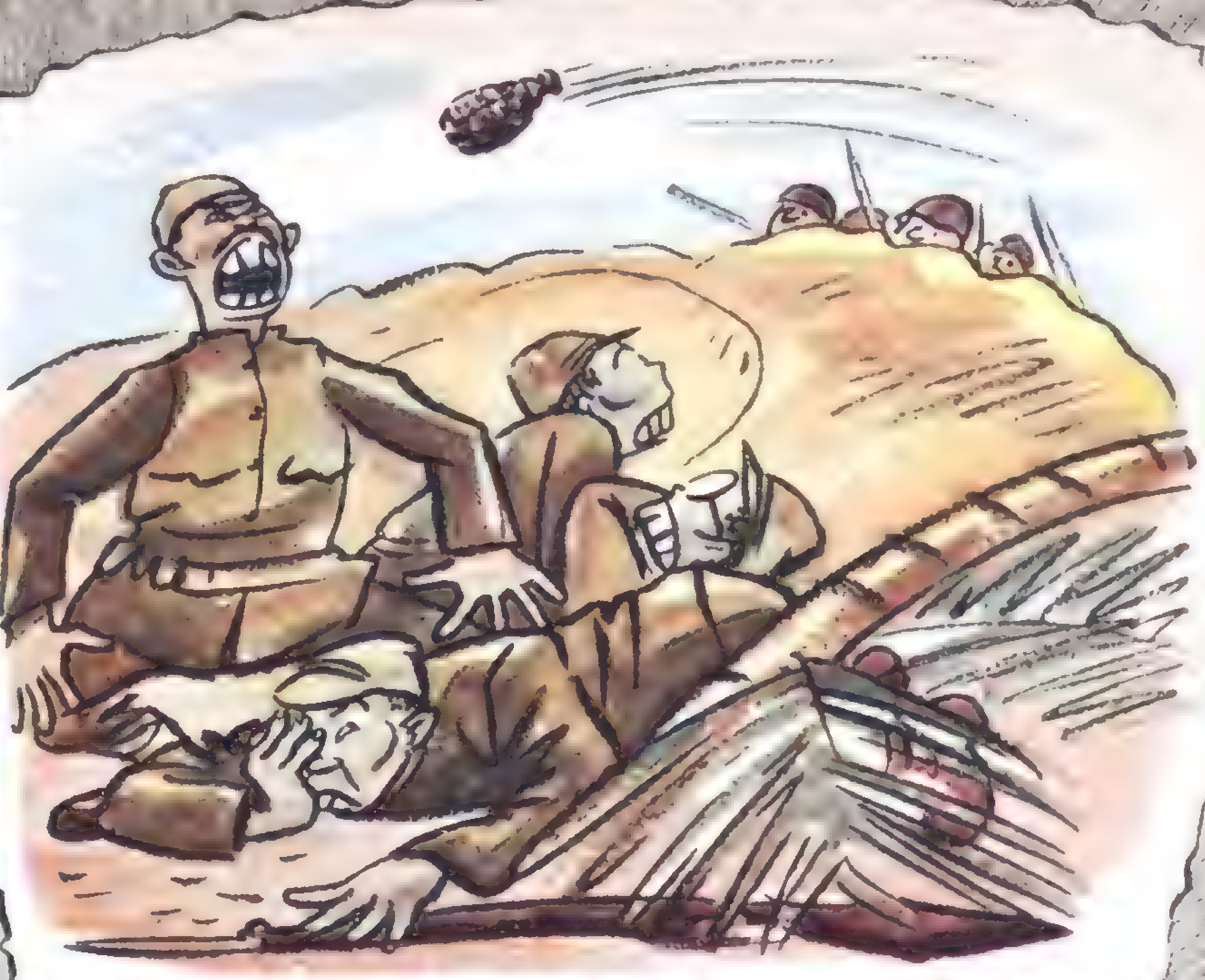
"Pardon me, sir, can't I interest you in a five-foot shelf of the Encyclopaedia Britannica?"



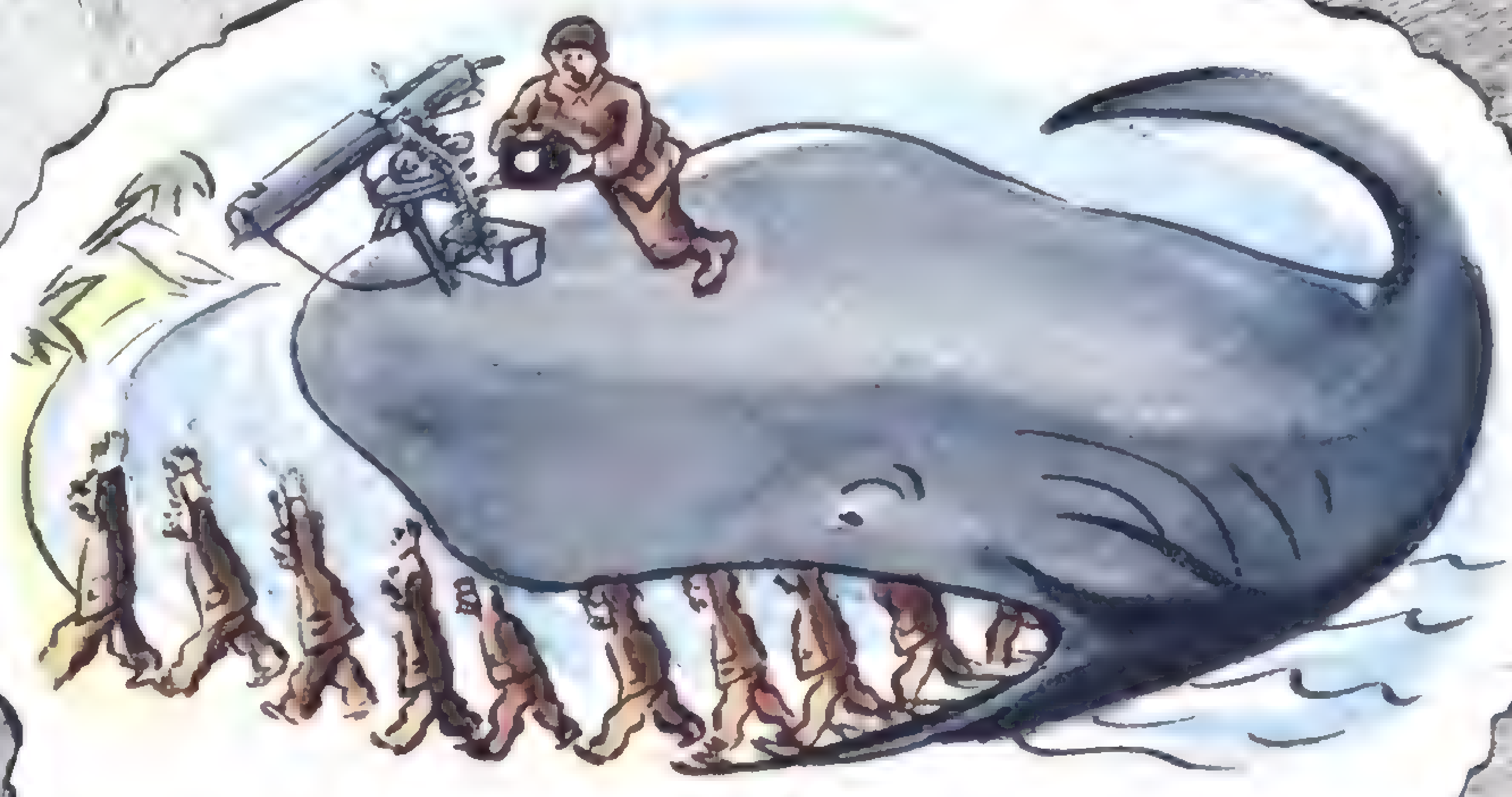
"That's what I like about radio—you can shut it off"



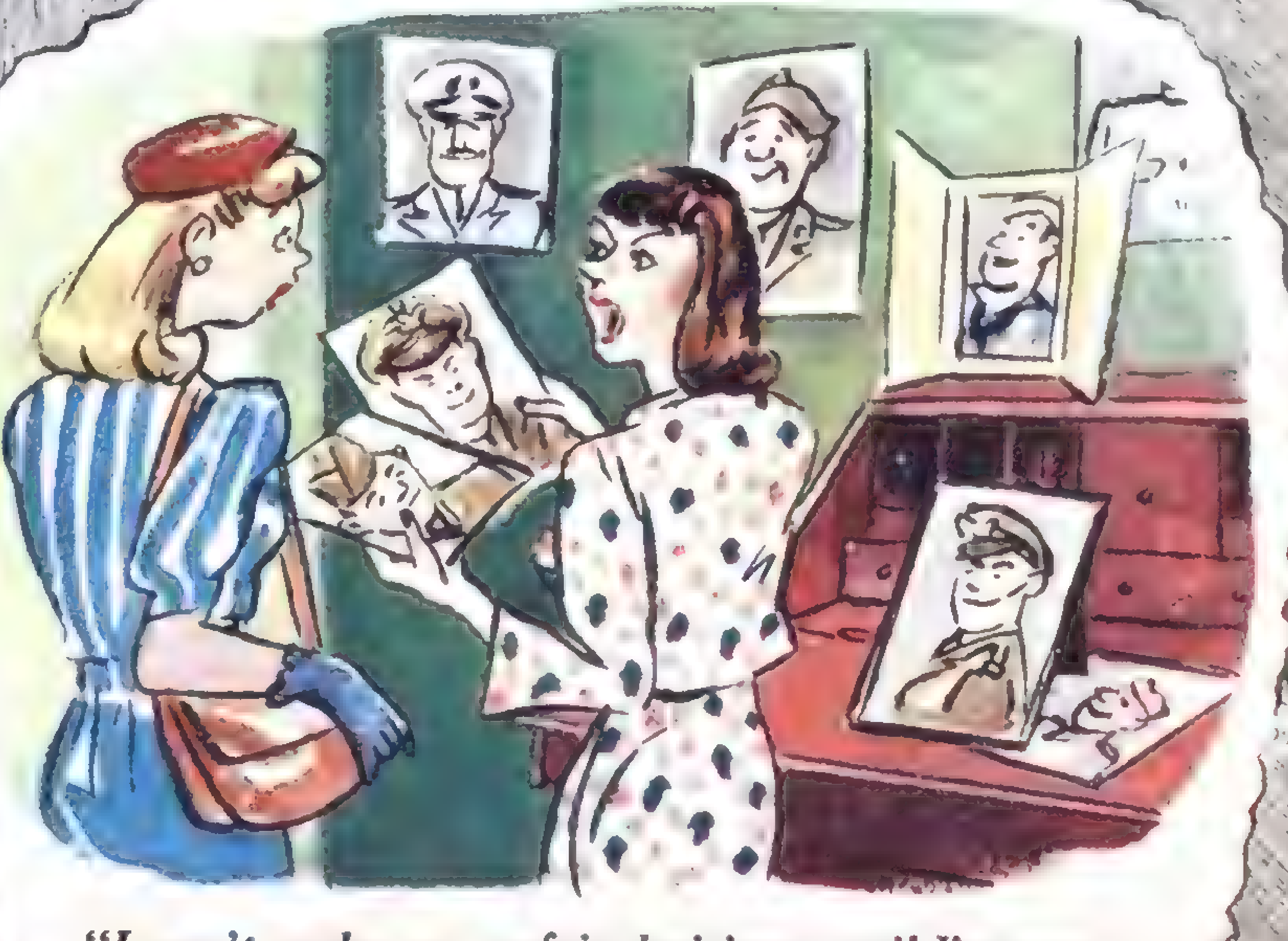
"He'll be all right in a few minutes—the hot sun and that bathing suit were too much for him"



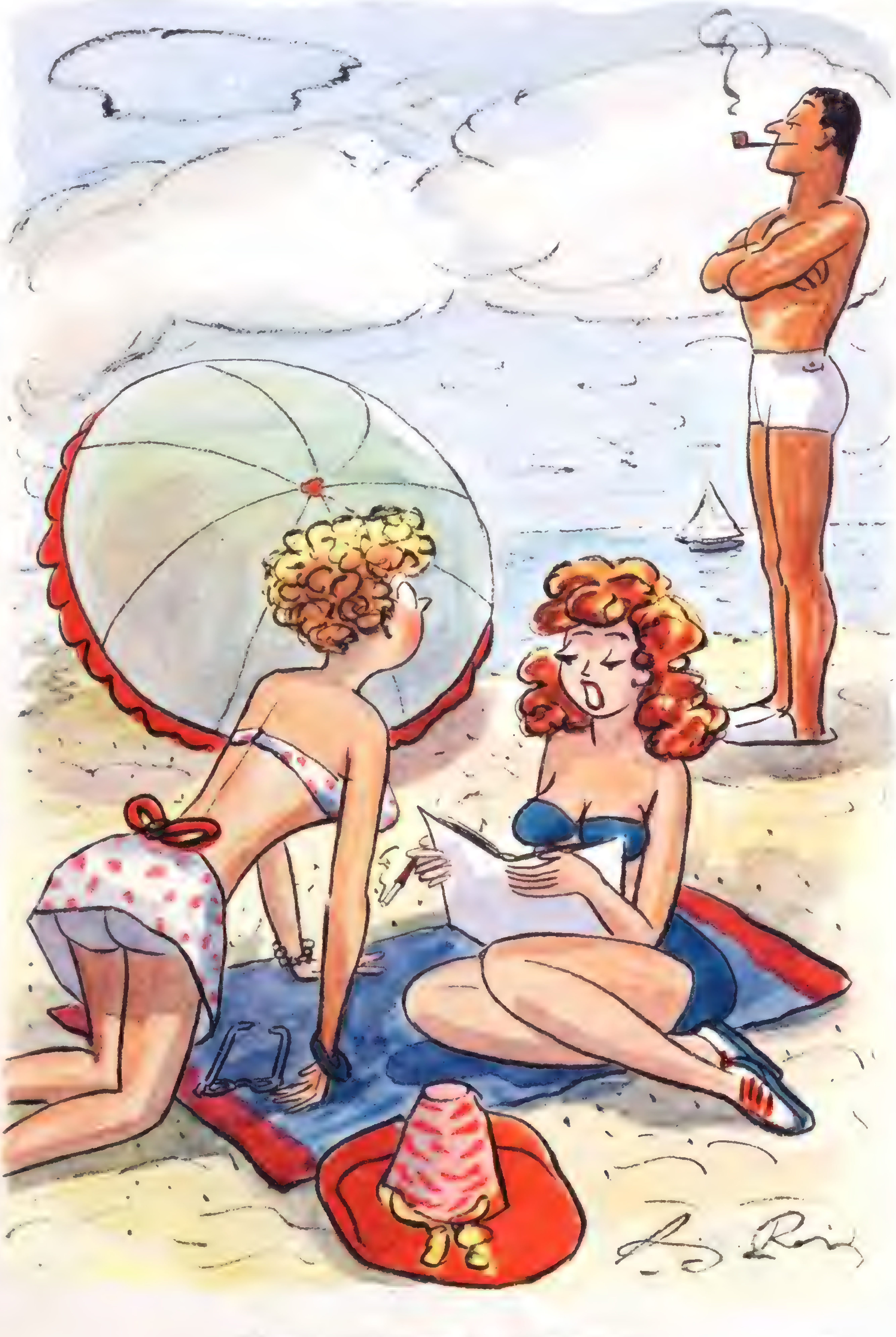
"Oh, Honorable Ancestors, please quickly!—a reservation for this humble one and a party of three"



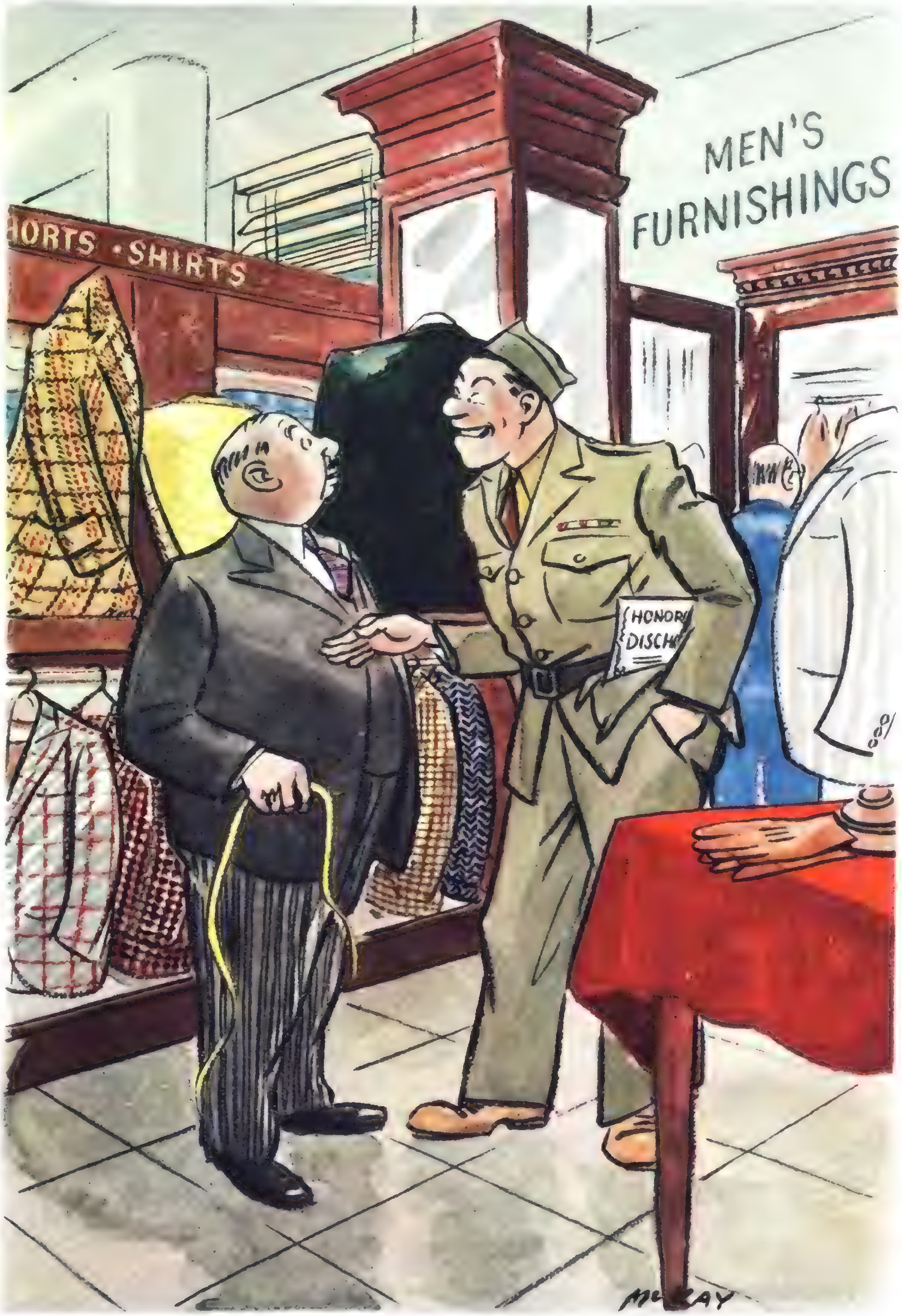
"Dammit—no film in my camera—now nobody will ever believe me"



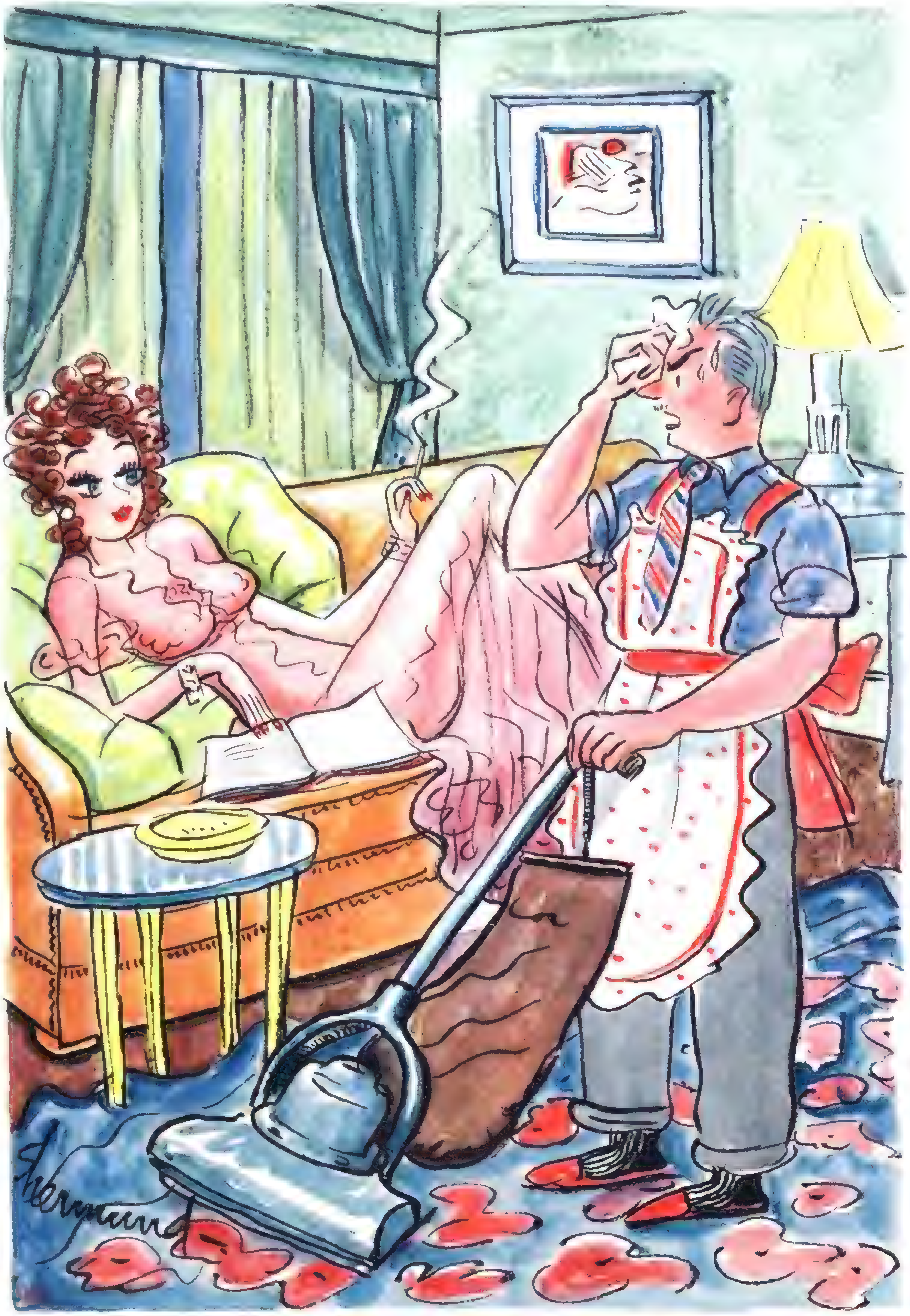
"I won't make any unfair decisions until I've seen them all in civilian clothes"



"Don't you believe it—it's a mirage"


MEN'S FURNISHINGS
HORTS · SHIRTS
HONOR DISCH
McKAY

"Never mind the color, size or style—just so it's civilian!"



"I have to do all the work around here—I don't know what it is that keeps me from leaving you!"

Baseball's Traveling Salesman

Senator Happy Chandler, the new czar of baseball, is the ideal man to sell the game to people in the grass roots

by EARL RUBY

• SPORTS •

BASEBALL'S traveling salesman—that's the new job of Senator Albert Benjamin "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky, whose success in selling himself to the majority of the voters of the Blue Grass State, with increasing results for the past sixteen years, persuaded Organized Baseball to name him as the successor to the late Judge Kenesaw Landis as high commissioner of baseball. Chandler's job, as explained by an authoritative spokesman for baseball, will be not so much to regulate and police the game, a function which was paramount during the regime of Judge Landis, as to "revitalize" baseball and take it back to the "grass roots" for a re-birth among the people.

That the choice of "Happy" for this particular routine is a happy one can hardly be denied. He will use well the available money, facilities, personnel and prestige of baseball to bring about a revival of the sport in the little communities where in the past twenty-five years it has almost died away. He will do this by personal visits to little towns as well as big ones, where he will talk and shake hands and organize the local leaders; and he will do a good job of it for baseball because he is a master at just exactly this sort of thing. And if he happens at the same time to sell himself to the country, along with baseball, it will be no loss to the national pastime either; for "Happy" will inevitably sell himself wherever he goes. He has always done it. As he himself puts it, on his "bandwagon the tail gate is always down." He makes it easy for one and all to get on board.

Two things stand pre-eminent in the character of "Happy" Chandler—first, his naturally buoyant, sunny disposition; and secondly, he is a typical example of the momentum of success that often comes to boys emerging from a tough childhood and then suddenly discovering that the world beams mysteriously upon anyone who is laughing, exuberant, good company. No doubt he himself understands that no man since Jefferson has had a greater opportunity to go back to the people in the little places under the most favorable of conditions, to sell both himself and his product.

There was no doubt in the Senator's mind about what he was doing; if there had been he wouldn't have taken the job. For he himself explains that while in the Senate whenever a bill came up that he was not sure about he always voted "no," because he remembered that when he was quarterback on the football team at Transylvania College in Lexington, his policy was: "When in doubt, punt." To this day when a moment of decision arises in which he is not sure, he says: "I always kick it to the other fellow. Let him fumble with it."

"Happy" has been selling himself successfully ever since that far-off and dark day of childhood when at the age of eight (his father and mother having separated) he found himself faced with a great problem—that of getting something to eat for breakfast. He went over and persuaded a good neighbor lady, Mrs. F. J. Pentecost, to let him do some chores for her to pay for a nice hot breakfast.

In between came years of steady effort, including delivering milk for his dad, collecting laundry, and delivering the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; then in college days he did another masterful job of selling himself—*this* time to a virtually alien crowd. "Uncle Charlie" Moran's famous "Praying Colonels" of Centre College were going East for their memorable game with Harvard in 1921. Those bruising beauties of Uncle Charlie's loved "Happy"—for the way he took a going-over from them one fall afternoon when "Bo" McMillin and his crew were romping over "Happy's" little Transylvania eleven, 98 to 0. On their great Crusade to the East, the "Praying Colonels" wanted "Happy" to go along. They wanted him for a peculiar reason for a football team; they wanted him to *sing* for them, to cheer them up on their great adventure, to hoist their morale. And "Happy" made the trip. He not only entertained the team, but everybody else on the ten-car train. At the last get-together of the team on the eve of the game, "Happy" was asked to sing two songs: *Louisville Lou* and *The Old Rugged Cross*. The next afternoon Centre made history by rocking mighty Harvard, 6 to 0 in a game that was as much a turning point in American football as the Battle of El Alamein was in the war.

That trip East with the Centre team left something on "Happy's" mind—the idea of coming back to Harvard for a few triumphs of his own. So after a term as a laborer in a little camp town called Fixer in the eastern Kentucky oil fields, followed by some teaching in a school he had built up there, he had saved up a nest egg for a shot at the Harvard law school.

After that second invasion of Harvard, "Happy" returned home and began to practice law. Everywhere he turned people liked him; everywhere he made friends, and inevitably he was soon in politics. First he won a seat in the state senate by a majority that shocked veteran politicians. Then in nine years he moved from state senator to lieutenant governor; thence to governor and U. S. senator. On every succeeding election his total of votes increased. He is proud of that

There is no doubt but this boy who started in loneliness and came so far on ready smiles and hearty handclasps has ambitions so vast that being czar of baseball does not overwhelm him.

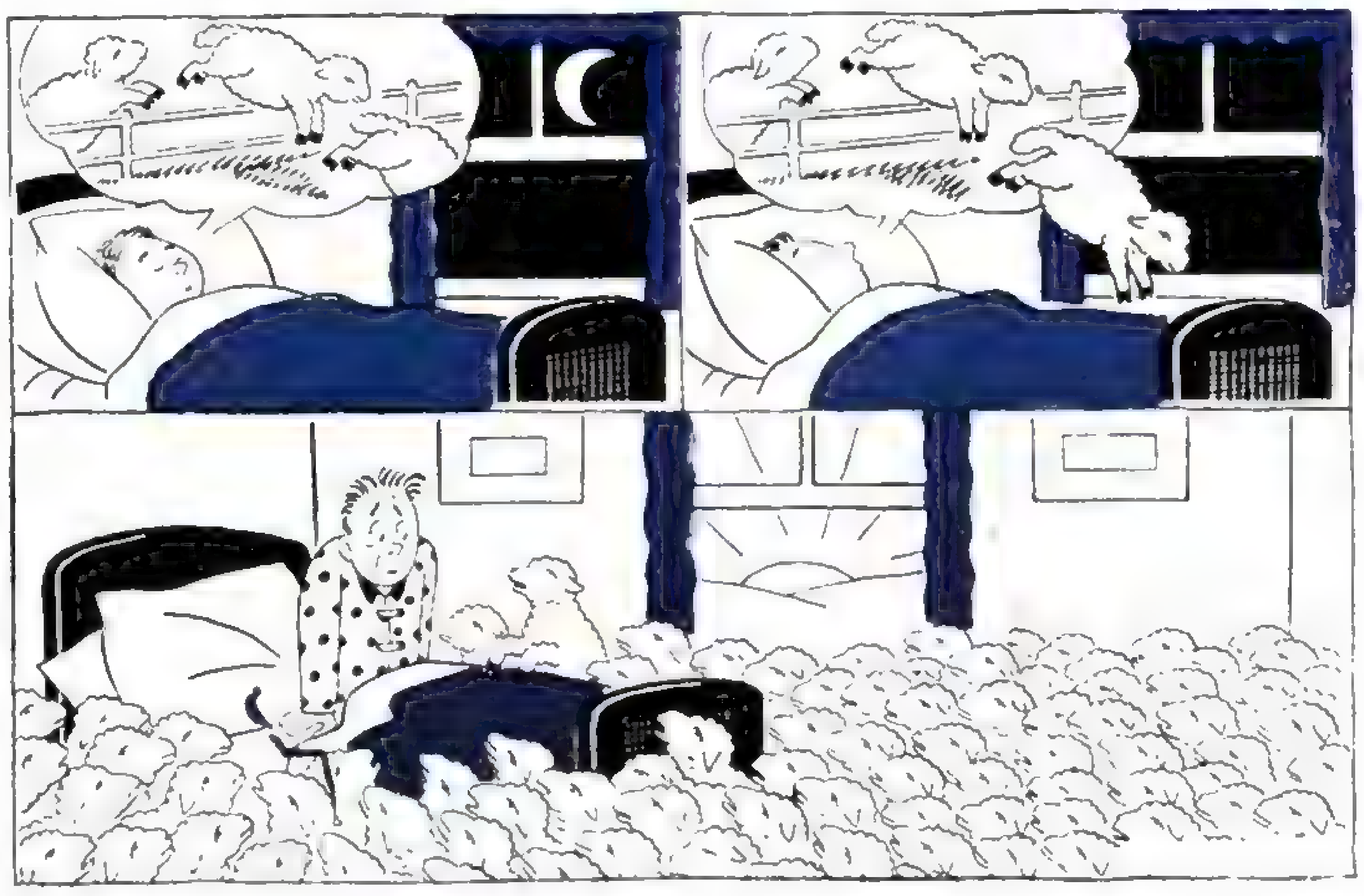
Baseball is his favorite sport. He had ideas of becoming a big-league pitcher until he injured his shoulder in football, and he likes to tell about the no-hitter he turned in at Hallock, Minnesota, or about the double that beat the Indian team at Grafton, North Dakota.

He knows that what baseball needs most now is what he proposes to do, and what he is most capable of doing—going out into the grass roots and organizing the game. He will have funds to place equipment in the hands of youngsters, and he intends to relieve some of the oversupply of labor by sending out over-age players as emissaries to teach the game. "We will gradually expand our work," he says, "to assist the colleges, and to increase the baseball promotions of the National Federation of the State High School Athletic Associations." He said also that he was familiar with the good work Esquire Magazine was doing with its All-American Boys Baseball Game, and would do all he could to encourage this type of promotion.

With power to prevent anything "detrimental to the best interests of baseball," Senator Chandler will, I am confident, be as aggressively forceful and effectual in his responsibilities as was Judge Landis. I predict further that the new Commissioner will, in less than seven years, break down the time-honored barrier between the majors and the minors, bring them all under one great big roof; he will, furthermore, satisfactorily solve the arising Negro question (perhaps by formation of added Negro leagues with the winners meeting the winners of the white loops, or by encouraging the use of individual stars after the precedent set by college athletic teams in the North) and that he will surround himself with a young, vigorous force of field workers.

He *wants to please* and he knows that it pays off to please. Time will bear out my prediction that he *will* please in this great job—please not only his wealthy employers, but please also all the sports people of the United States, and lastly but not in any company least, himself.

He would not be "Happy" Chandler if he didn't. ⋕



Can They Come Back?

The problem for Bob Feller and other returning stars is to regain their belief in the importance of sports

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

"WILL they come back? Can they come back?" Those are the questions foremost in the minds of sports followers today regarding the athletic stars who left the "fields of friendly strife" to fight for their country.

I could think of no one in a better position to give the right answers on this problem than Bob Feller, who probably has seen more combat in this war than any other top-ranking American sports celebrity. Furthermore, the impact of the war on Feller was bound to be extraordinarily sharp because, regardless of how much it *may* have taken out of his priceless arm, it has certainly taken more out of his pocket than any other sports star of our times. Already it has cost him three of the years that would have been among his most productive, and a ballplayer's tenure in the big dough is always comparatively brief.

As I asked Bob questions about baseball, he asked me questions about home-front economics, politics, sociology. These things were on his mind, along with his growing concern that he had just about used up his margin of absence from baseball. "I feel fine," he said, "my arm feels great. I need a lot of work, a lot of running to build up my legs and stamina. That's what I need now. In three or four months, if I get to work right, I would be ready to find out." Did he think he would be as good as ever? He didn't know; he wasn't sure. "Will you have lost anything off your fast ball and curve?" I asked.

"I won't know until I get in there," he replied. "I do know I'll be rusty in *this* way for awhile—covering first, and handling bunts and making plays to the right base. It'll take me some time to get back into the groove playing my position, even if I still have my stuff. Those things get to be reflex, habit, and it'll take me some time to get back into the right mental approach."

Talking with him at home, among his people, you did not think of him as a famous baseball player—the greatest and most spectacular pitcher of our times. Tall, erect, powerful, alert, he was more like a serious young business executive anxious to get on with his job. You felt in his quick, incisive sentences an impatience to get back on the job . . . that the war was an interim—time out!

I was convinced that he was the right one to talk to about athletes coming back, that he could speak for *all* of them; for I felt that this was going to be a problem quite largely mental, rather than physical.

The war has been no pursuit of gold braid for Bob Feller, who before Pearl Harbor was earning considerably more than most youngsters his age. It has been no U. S. O. tour or Honolulu "World Series." Because he *was* a Big Name he was used, apparently, to counteract G.I. reaction to the soft service of so many other stars; he took the heat off them.

I was looking for ribbons on his chest. But it was smooth blue. So I asked about them. Boyishly, almost apologetically, he fished them out of his pocket. He hadn't pinned them on! Ribbons for the American theater, the European theater, the Asiatic theater, the Philippine campaign. Seven . . . *seven* authorized battle stars! Aboard the good ship *U.S.S. Alabama* he covered 175,000 miles and took part in an amazingly long list of official engagements.

It is not easy to imagine what all that term of active service at sea represents in the mind and memory of Bob Feller, but it is easy to understand that while that was going on he was getting a little behind in his baseball. Though rated as Chief Specialist in Athletics, he was more often on duty as Fire Control Director of a quadruple mount .40 mm. heavy machine anti-aircraft gun than in leading setting-up drills to music.

I wondered whether lifting shells might have affected the muscular development of Bob's arm—a delicate mechanism in sports; but he said he was a commander in action rather than a shell-hoister. No, he was in great shape physically. He said: "It's a clean Navy and fighting conditions are the best possible with good equipment, quarters and food."

The worst thing they got into was not the battles with the Japs, but the great hurricane that was something he "wouldn't be able to forget." But I don't think those memories mattered to him so much as that All-Star Game in Yankee Stadium in 1939 when he replaced Tommy Bridges in the sixth with the bases full and only one out and threw just one ball to Arky Vaughan which went for a double play—the greatest single pitch he ever made.

While away he did all he could in sports. There was basketball and soft ball in Iceland, and every time they landed they had ball games. The *U.S.S. Alabama* nine won all of the seventeen baseball games they played, with Bob pitching a number of them. Since he joined the Navy he figures that he has pitched about thirty games—averaging ten a year. I asked him if such games as those he pitched on the South Pacific islands really did him any good. "Certainly," he answered quickly. "A ball game's a ball game wherever it is." He got in pretty good shape in the New Hebrides, an ideal training spot except for lack of soil for a good ball diamond.

Sports, Bob insisted, meant an awful lot to the men at sea. Out there, he said, sports symbolize America. *That* is the "home front" they still want intact. "The thing they hate most about the home front is any symptom of flag-waving," he said. They sat up all night, till dawn, listening to the broadcast of the World Series over the speaker system; but they stoned a Big Name off the beach when he stood up in the back of a jeep exhorting them to get in there and die for the dear old folks back on Miami Beach.

The ball club at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station was a great thing, too, for the men there. Seldom able to go out of bounds, they could forget themselves for a couple of hours in the intense excitement of a good baseball game. Relaxation in the long hours of waiting is also a part of "naval training." "Those teams

"Boy, what a crap game"

traveling in the Pacific are a great thing," he said. "Too bad they didn't go out a year ago."

Here are some of my questions and his answers:

Do you think ballplayers who are not as outstanding as yourself will become discouraged a lot faster in their attempts to come back?

I presume the older players will find it harder than the younger ones, due to their knowledge and over-all picture of things. I believe it is up to the individual. If he keeps up with baseball while away he will come back after a fashion. Only time will tell. Personally, however, I haven't seen any big leaguers really fight to remain in condition if they could not play ball. They are making a great mistake, and it will be mighty costly to them.

What daily routine have you mapped out for yourself to regain your old form?

My routine is the same as it was while I was in training with Cleveland—work, good food and rest.

What part of pitching is going to be the most difficult after the layoff?

Control and learning the hitters all over again, which will take plenty of time and experiments.

Do you think, after the work you've had since coming ashore, that you'll have all your old speed, curve and poise?

As far as I can tell, I will have everything back and under control after pitching a dozen or so tough ball games.

Will it be more difficult for a hitter to come back than a pitcher?

A hitter probably—because of the timing. Hal Trosky couldn't get the fat of his bat on the ball after his year out. On the other hand, look at the way Al Benton has been winning for Detroit after his tour in the Navy.

Did you see any unknown prospects in the service who might make good in the majors?

I have not seen many good ballplayers in the service who had played professional baseball previous to entering the Navy.

What, in your mind, is the toughest thing about coming back after a layoff like this: is it more physical, or mental?

It's about the same from either standpoint. However, the lack of sureness and confidence is a great factor as I see it.

Of the men likely to be back in the big leagues when the war finally is over, who would be your choice as the really best hitter?

Ted Williams should be, but Dick Wakefield may press him; although I will take Ted if the war ends soon. Both men have easy-going temperaments and unshakable confidence. Johnny Gorsica of the Tigers, who pitched for us at Great Lakes this spring, tells about being out in the bullpen one day when they were playing Boston. Hal Newhouser was pitching for the Tigers that day and got Ted out the first time he came up. "How is it in there today, Ted?" chided Johnny. "Pretty tough?"

"Wait!" whipped back Williams, holding up his glove hand with a gesture of assurance. "He's going to throw me that curve on the first pitch next time and see what happens to it." And sure enough, Hal threw him the curve, and Ted hit it out of the park!

The opportunity to pitch for the Great Lakes team this year was just what Feller needed, and was an appropriate reward for his overseas combat duty. Pitching against major-league teams under these conditions was ideal for a pitcher coming back, because in these games he could afford to experiment. The first time Bob pitched batting practice this spring more than 500 "boots" came out to the field just to watch him. Many of the sailors never would have seen him pitch except for his work there. It gave plenty of them something to write home about: they could tell the folks they had seen Bob Feller pitch.

While Bob is the idol of his thousands of shipmates at Great Lakes, he also commands a world of admiration from his officers. Vice Admiral Arthur S. Carpender, U.S.N., Commandant of the Ninth Naval District, is one of Feller's strongest fans. Says Admiral Carpender: "The Navy has found Bob Feller to be an outstanding American youth. His deportment is commendable and his performance of duty has marked him as a good man in the Navy. You'd never know, from just talking with him, that he is the greatest baseball pitcher of his day. Our primary objective at Great Lakes is to train men for the fleet. The game of baseball is merely incidental. Feller is defi-

Continued on page 153

"Why I'm Coaching the Kids"

Two great players call the shots for the Esquire All-American Boys' Baseball Game

BABE RUTH and Ty Cobb, two of the greatest names in baseball for all time, will coach the rival teams in the Esquire All-American Boys' Baseball Game in New York's Polo Grounds August 28.

The thirty-two best boy baseball players in the nation, selected by leading newspapers in their territory, will be brought to New York for the second annual contest.

Last year, two active managers in major-league baseball—Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics and Mel Ott of the New York Giants — capably directed the teams in a colorful game that was won by Mack's East team, 6-0.

This year, these two great stars, who have been inactive in baseball, will don a uniform again to make their contribution to the junior baseball movement. And here they tell you why:

Babe Ruth

"I'm going to enjoy coaching the East team in the Esquire All-American Boys' Game. And I'm going to work. I'm going to be out there in a uniform every day of the practice period.

"You can say right now that the East team is going to be trained to win. The trip to New York is going to be fun for the boys. There is going to be a lot to see and do. But the most important thing of all is that they are coming to New York to play baseball—AND TO WIN.

"I'll work. I'll teach them baseball. I can't make any predictions because I don't know how good a team I am going to have or how good a team he will have. But we'll give Cobb's boys a battle and we are shooting for victory.

"My boys are going to take orders from me. They are going to get the instruction I want them to have. They're going to be coached the way I want them to be coached. And if that is good enough for victory, we'll be happy.

"This game is a great thing. It is just what baseball needs. After all, none of us who have played major-league baseball or are in baseball in any way today can forget that we were once kids. That's why I like this game —it is something for the kids."

Ty Cobb

"I consider it an honor and privilege to be invited to take an active part in the second annual Esquire game as active coach and manager of the Western team. I plan to be in the training camp giving the boys instructions a week before the game, too.

"This junior baseball event should serve as one of the greatest stimulants to kid baseball that has appeared on the sports horizon in years. The opportunities are so many for the boys involved that each and every real American boy who was the least bit interested in the game should have tried for a place on the team. If he didn't make it this year the experience alone in that type of competition is valuable training for him for the future. Its value is measured by the real benefit that a youngster derives from activity and there is no game that calls for more active co-ordination of mind and body than baseball.

"In addition to the acquisition of valuable experience on the field, the game presents the proverbial 'pot of gold at the end of the rainbow' for the kids. What kid of 16 or 17 years of age today could think or ever hope to be invited to go to New York for a week or longer in company with lads of his own age from all parts of the country to play baseball in the Polo Grounds, to meet the luminaries of the baseball world, to see the sights of the largest city in the world? Why, it is the biggest thing in a kid's life.

"This game, without a doubt, will prove to be the biggest junior diamond classic that the baseball world has ever known and perhaps is the only occasion where the stars of tomorrow are given just recognition for their ability today." ###

KITCHEN
-ALI-

DADS!

How to Play Baseball, by Luke Sewell, is available for your boy. Send ten cents to cover mailing costs to Esquire Sports Department.

Pro Football War

All-America Conference wants to mark pro grid's twenty-fifth year with big "Silver Wedding," but National says no

by JOE HENDRICKSON

▪ SPORTS ▪

Pounding its chest to display its health after twenty-five years of growing pains, professional football is marching off to war. But this is a peculiar war. The combatants won't admit they are fighting!

The National Football League, through trial and error, has survived a quarter century of pioneering, innovation, expansion and polishing. Maintaining confidence that it is now firmly established, the National is going about its future plans without openly recognizing the existence of any rival league.

"Our job is to keep our house in order. No other league exists," says the National.

Still there is a war—even though the newly created All-America conference is expressing love for the senior circuit in the form of "let's get together and celebrate professional football's twenty-five years with a Silver Wedding."

Created by Arch Ward, a Chicago sports editor, the All-America conference is asking the National for co-operation.

By ignoring its foe and strengthening its own policies and operations, the National hopes to win this war without firing a shot. The All-America's attitude is this: "We will get together with them and work out our conflicts or we will slug it out with greenbacks!"

Greenbacks! How important!

Greenbacks are going to decide which league celebrates a V-day—crisp bills are going to decide whether professional football will grow into as great an American sports business as baseball in the form of two big leagues, remain a one-league monopoly or fold up completely.

The National League, which has operated in 40 cities the past quarter century searching for the ideal combination, now has clubs in Chicago (two), Green Bay, Washington, New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston and Brooklyn. Only the first four cities have consistently shown a profit, the business being a losing venture elsewhere.

So you ask, if only four clubs in one league can show a profit after twenty-five years of struggling, how does a new and inexperienced league hope to survive? Why did the All-America confer- which at present has fran- . New York, Chicago, , San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Buffalo, start?

That answer is left for Ward, its founder:

"I organized the All-America conference because I think the growth of a second conference during the postwar era is inevitable. I have a desire to help in the organization of the right kind of a league that has the best chance to make good.

"Professional football will be stronger under the two-league plan. Competition will force each league to operate on more solid ground.

"And, most important of all, the players and colleges will benefit. The graduating football player will gain financially from competition for his services, which does not exist under the present one-league draft system, and neither league will find it profitable to violate any college's welfare if the rival organization is upholding high standards."

Ward has long been a power in National League affairs through his relationship with the club owners in staging the annual All-Star football game. Ward once was offered the directorship of the National, and he was influential in seating Elmer Layden as the league's commissioner.

When the news broke of the All-America's plans, there was some whispering, "Ward and Layden are pals. Everything is proceeding according to plan."

Both Layden and Ward deny any "deal." Layden declares the announcement of the All-America's plans came as a complete surprise to him.

Ward reiterates his friendship toward Layden and the National League. He insists that be emphasized in any appraisal of what he is doing. But he maintains friendship could not stand in the way of his desire to do his part to help pro football establish itself on a sound and permanent basis.

Esquire made this new football development the topic of this month's Sports Poll, which gives the views of sports experts, servicemen and fans alike. The returns show that there is national doubt that a second pro grid league can survive at this time, but there is an overwhelming agreement that the opportunity will come later—after the war.

Even some National League owners agree.

John Mara, president of the New York Giants, thinks other leagues may make some progress after the war "but there is not room for two or more clubs in the same city."

Curly Lambeau, the Green Bay pioneer, says "the formation of a new league was inevitable due to the growing popularity of football, but I only hope they operate on a sound basis. There is room for two top loops if they keep their expenses down."

George Marshall, Washington owner, adds humor to the situation by declaring, "I did not realize there was another league, although I did receive some literature telling about a W. P. A. project."

R. D. Brizzolara, secretary of the Chicago Bears, thinks the situation was bound to spring out of America's free enterprise system "but let's permit nature to take its course."

The All-America conference will differ from the National in that its franchises will span the nation, while the senior circuit is confined to the big population centers. Many of the All-America members have tried unsuccessfully for several years to gain franchises in the National—perhaps anoth e reason for the new circuit's birt e-

Which brings up the questi g why the big urge to own a f of ball team when it has been ums

THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I.

Do you think there is room for more than one professional football league at this time?

Yes—41.92% No—58.08%

At any time?

Yes—97.02% No—2.98%

II.

Do you think the All-America Conference now being organized, or any similar league, will gain equal rank with the National?

Yes—81.64% No—18.36%

III.

If a league other than the National establishes itself successfully, do you favor a world series for professional football similar to the present baseball setup?

Yes—96.27% No—3.73%

IV.

Do you think the public has confidence in the integrity of professional football?

Yes—91.62% No—8.38%

Do you think this confidence equals, or will equal, the public's faith in professional baseball?

Yes—62.02% No—37.98%

V.

Do you think gambling has been a menace to professional football?

Yes—39.09% No—60.91%

Do you think it has ever influenced the results?

Yes—20.35% No—79.65%

VI.

Do you approve the present draft method used by professional football in which the player has no choice as to which team he may play with?

Yes—52.61% No—47.39%

VII.

Do you think professional football salaries are high enough to make the career worthwhile to the college graduate?

Yes—53.56% No—46.44%

VIII.

Do you think professional teams show enough college spirit?

Yes—62.5% No—37.5%

IX.

Do you predict the growth of minor leagues in football?

Yes—52.87% No—47.13%

Do you think this would be practical?

Yes—54.47% No—45.53%

X.

Do you think professional football is making enough effort to safeguard the interests of colleges?

Yes—76.57% No—23.43%

WHAT TWO ALL-TIME GREATS THINK

Says Bronko Nagurski—"I definitely believe there is room for another professional football league . . . Pro football will expand a lot and will reach new heights. . . . I believe that the National League grew into such a strong organization because it was pioneered by former players who knew and loved the game. They were quick to realize what the public wanted and made adjustments in the rules that would bring out the type of game the fans wanted. They believe in hard football, but clean football. That is one of the reasons why it was always a pleasure to play in the National League."

Says Red Grange—"I believe there is plenty of room for more than one professional league. The growth of any new league will certainly not be a benefit to the National unless they see fit to co-operate. Other leagues would prove a distinct benefit to football players because any monopoly is certainly not to their advantage. . . . Many operators in contemplated new leagues do not know what they are getting into. My prediction is that there will be many much wiser and sadder football tycoons in the next years, after they have dropped a few hundred thousand dollars."

a hazardous financial gamble in the past?

"I have tried to bring professional football to Miami for ten years," says Harvey Hester, owner of the All-America franchise there. "Miami wants it. We are prepared to have several losing years, but I think we will make a profit from the start because of interest prevailing in Miami. Already we are selling season tickets."

Arthur McBride, taxi owner in Cleveland, declares, "I believe in the future of the game and the enterprise of Arch Ward That's why I'm in. The All-America will succeed because it has been intelligently organized and is made up of men who have proved their talents in other lines."

Tony Morabito, lumber terminal executive in San Francisco, went in "because there is increasing public interest. I have faith in this as a business venture and I have faith in our organization. However, I expect it will take three to five years for us on the West Coast to show a profit."

A study of the professional football situation reveals that the business faces five major problems as it fights its way to a permanent status:

1. Expensive competition.
2. A commissioner.
3. Keeping public confidence.
4. The player draft.
5. Relations with colleges.

Every club in the new league is prepared to lose at least 250,000 dollars, according to Ward. Owners in the National say it costs that much to operate each year, and many of them ask this: Should the gate receipts be insufficient, how long will lumberman Morabito, taxi owner McBride, retired businessman Hester, contractor Sam Cordovano in Buffalo, movie actor Don Ameche and his partner, Christy Walsh, in Los Angeles, freight operator John L. Keeshin in Chicago and businessmen backing the New York club be willing to transfer funds from their regular business into a losing venture?

Bidding for players will be expensive to both leagues.

The price for coaches will go up if the Lt. Paul Brown case is any example. It is said he is receiving 1,000 dollars a month from Cleveland while he is in the armed services, and when his five year contract swings into effect he will receive 25,000 dollars yearly. Already All-America clubs are fearing that their 70,000 dollars a season player limit will be insufficient to meet competition. The 150 dollars a game to 10,000 dollars a year player scale now prevailing in professional football may result in overcrowding around the latter figure.

A commissioner—a possible fu're Judge Landis?

Neither league cares to discuss , but the topic will come up over e football peace table. The Naal considers Layden, in addition to being its own head, the present commissioner of all professional football. Will it insist on Layden as the gridiron's Landis? Will the All-America counter with its own director—Comdr. James Crowley? Ward has stated that he will never want the post—that he is satisfied always to remain a sports editor.

Maintaining public confidence is something pro football cannot afford to "muff." The Esquire Poll shows by a substantial majority that the public thinks the sport is conducted honestly at present, that the athletes are playing to win, in addition to earning a living. Layden has ruled with a strong arm in choking any situation that could give cause for scandal. The fact that only sixty-two per cent of the public refuses to put professional football on the same level as baseball, however, is important.

The player draft is a very important problem. The draft is an annual affair in which the league teams each choose a certain number of players who have completed their college eligibility. The last-place team is given the first choice, with the selections progressively working up to the first-place clubs. This system was devised to distribute incoming talent and prevent the top clubs with the most money from keeping stars from the other teams. A player can deal only with the club that drafts him.

This is one of the most disputed subjects in professional football as evidenced by the Poll returns which show only fifty-two per cent of the voters favor it. However, the All-America is also adopting the draft plan. Officials of both leagues believe it is the only workable method.

The main criticism is, what's the matter with baseball's system where the player can sign with anyone he wants? Why give one team a monopoly on a player's service?

The All-America steps up to shout, "The monopoly complaint is eliminated by us. We are giving the player a choice."

The National believes conditions are very much all right at present, maintaining the draft does not reduce a college graduate's bargaining power, actually increasing it instead. It is cited that the team that drafts a player admits a need for him. Knowing that, the player is in a position to bargain.

Both leagues emphasize the draft is a means of maintaining the best interests of college football. By not permitting a club to approach a player until his eligibility is completed, they are preventing dickering with a player at a time when he is concentrating on his college team and studies.

This wholesale raiding of college players that pro football is preventing through its draft, is likely to be an important topic during the two-league competitive war. When the demand for a star gets hot, will the two leagues observe their ideals? There are complaints that this worry is already showing itself. The National League claims it stayed away from Angelo Bertelli, the Notre Dame star, because he had another year of eligibility when he left for war. He has been signed by the All-America.

A hint of college-pro friction can be found in the recent charges made by Ohio State that Paul Brown was trying to grab talent from the campus.

Layden, who has made protection of college football one of his top platforms, has succeeded to the extent that three out of every four voters in the Esquire Poll give his efforts a vote of confidence. Layden does not tolerate the signing of a player who has college eligibility remaining and who intends to return to or stay in college. Layden does emphasize, however, that a player who does not intend to return to college, as understood by both player and the college authorities, is eligible for pro ball.

The future of professional football and its hoped for peaceful relations with colleges, rests on how it handles the problems created by competition. Baseball does not need colleges to develop its talent. Professional football does.

There are other problems facing the money game. The All-America, which plans to play in the big municipal stadiums seating 100,000 spectators, faces the task of getting those seats filled. The National is looking for more people to wear the dust off the vacant seats in the stadiums of all but the "big four."

Keeshin's Chicago team plans to offer 65,000 fifty cent seats to the public, play Friday night games, and send out a CYO ticket sales force in a bid for patronage.

Arch Ward faces a problem. Considered one of the leading organizers in sports following such successful promotions as the All-Star baseball game, the All-Star football game and the Golden Gloves, will Ward's prestige be at stake in this venture? His club owners, who hope to get a football and play a game in 1946, can lose money, but what would his affiliation with a "lemon" do to Ward's reputation as an organizer?

Yes, there are trends and results to watch as professional football goes off to a competitive war to decide if it must share gold that so far has not been found.

Maybe pro football can reach the heights enjoyed by baseball. Maybe there will be a big gridiron world series for us to get excited about. Or maybe professional football, still learning, may carry out such a rugged fight with itself that it will die.

We'll wait and see. ##

Byron Nelson, Lone Star

Why golf's Huckleberry Finn rates greatest of all time in the eyes of one he has forced to finish second

by CRAIG WOOD

▪ SPORTS ▪

He looks like Huckleberry Finn grown up. His freckles are incompletely masked by tan the sun has baked on him. He walks with the ambling unconcern of a boy strolling away from school to a place where the fishing is good.

His grin deepens the sun-squint wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. When he talks it's in a Texas drawl. When he talks he could talk big, but he never does.

You'd like the fellow, just to look at him, but you'd probably never tag him as one who is a sports celebrity and will be until the pages of the record books are brittle and yellow.

He's the one who has put an end to those controversies about who's the greatest golfer the game has seen.

He is the answer.

He is Byron Nelson, the Fort Worth ex-caddie who dominates today's golf, and whose play pales the feats of yesterday's golfing greats.

Byron Nelson's 1944 record for 48 rounds of individual play in tournaments averaged 68.43 strokes. That was an improvement of 1.15 strokes per round over his 1943 performance. And up to the time this was written, Byron's average for 1945 had been 67.42 strokes per round over 35 competitive rounds. One of those rounds was a painful 73, but he also had a 63 to mingle sunshine with the tears.

That's getting very close to golf's version of the four-minute mile.

Byron's thirty-three now. That's a ripe old age in some sports, but in golf it's no handicap to a man with good legs. My own experience shows that. Nelson's not only getting hotter when improvement is difficult—after one is well below a 69 average—but my belief is that he's getting sounder and steadier.

Conditions of golf tournament play are actually no worse or no better than they were ten years ago. The remade balls, or even those very few of prewar manufacture that have been carefully stored, have deteriorated about three per cent, according to the expert determination of ball makers' testing men. That means a loss of about seven and one-half yards on a 250 yard drive, providing the drive was all carry. But as part of that distance is roll, the loss is only about six yards. That doesn't make a bit of difference in the scoring of the better golfers.

Ten years ago the Radix cup, which was awarded by the Professional Golfers Association for the lowest medal play tournament average, went to Paul Runyan. Paul's average for 55 rounds of major tournament play in 1935 was 72.29 strokes. Nelson's betterment of that performance by almost five strokes a round in his performance thus far this year is one of the most amazing advances in sports.

Well, what's made Nelson such a marvelous performer?

The first time I ever noticed Byron was when he was assistant to George Jacobus at the Ridgewood (New Jersey) Country Club. Probably I had been in the field with him during previous tournaments on the winter circuit, but I can't recall for certain. I expected any of those Texas kids to be good. Any of them who played according to my expectations didn't especially surprise me. I know this statement isn't the formal thing. Maybe I should say the first time I ever saw Nelson swing I picked him as a comer. But as a matter of fact, the first time I remember seeing Nelson swing he was swinging against me so successfully that he beat me out for the 1936 Metropolitan Open title which was played at Quaker Ridge. That was just another one of those many times when I finished second.

Byron in those days, and up until a few years ago, had a noticeable tendency toward looseness at the top of his backswing. But now his wrists are very firm at the top.

According to my observation the Nelson swing is unique in one respect. He is the one star player who has no wrist cock at the very top of his swing, but who makes the break at the start of his downswing.

That, to me, is an explanation of his accuracy.

Byron isn't the same Nelson we knew in the late thirties. Then a missed shot or a bad round often seemed to upset him. When one shot would go bad it might be followed by a slump on several more. Now a bad shot—or a bad break—only seems to be a challenge out of which he gets livelier interest in his performance. He appears more carefree and seems to enjoy playing more than he did before he really found his groove.

There are flashes of the old circus days of Hagen in Nelson's play of the past three years. He is not the "mechanical man" that his scores have led sports writers to term him. In his best rounds he has shots that are far from his masterly normal. But how he makes up for them with shots that couldn't be any better if he'd picked the ball up and carried it!

The general impression is that Byron's superb wood play, from the tee and from lies of almost any sort on fairway or rough; and his rifle-shot irons, have been the prime features of his scoring performance. But to my mind his chipping and putting are his strongest points.

People can talk all they want to about Horton Smith being the finest putter of modern golf, and Horton certainly was great. But still I'll take Nelson as he's been putting the past three years! Nelson has one of the finest putting strokes and the most delicate feel of any of them. Taking his putter with him back to his hotel room after tournament rounds, night after night, and practicing stroking golf balls into a glass on the floor has paid off for Byron. He's got his putting stroke so fixed that it is the part of his game that definitely justifies the "mechanical man" label.

Perhaps it seems inconsistent that I regard Nelson's short game as his strongest point. The greatest shot I ever saw him make was his shot with his Number One iron on the fourth hole at Spring Mill in the National Open second playoff round in 1939. He had a downhill lie and a good long 200 yards to go. He gave that ball a smack with the most uncertain club in almost anybody's bag, and the instant the ball left his club it began boring through my heart. It hit on the edge of the green, took a couple of hops and a trickle and burrowed into the hole for a deuce. I never was able to catch up the lead he got there.

I've seen Jones, Hagen, Armour, Sarazen, Cotton, Snead, Hogan and McSpaden at their hottest, but none of them has Nelson's reliability of shots. And I don't know that any of them had any better competitive temperament, although for some reason Byron shines brighter in medal than in match play. However, he's gone to the finals in four of the past five years of P.G.A. championship play, and that is reasonably good evidence that he in the most consistently excellent of today's match players.

At that, Nelson hasn't Hagen's keenly personalized delight in match play with its man-to-man psychology that sometimes makes the other guy lose a hole instead of having the victor win it on a

HAIL TO THE CROWN

Twenty-five years ago when you had to wear plus-fours and a big flappy cap to get a smooth backswing, Walter Hagen, the professional king of golfers, was attracting all the galleries.

He still remembers the mob which followed him in a certain Texas tournament—especially the eight-year-old boy who didn't take his eyes off him.

Every drive, every pitch, every putt—the kid watched them all with big, wondering eyes. He was there every round, always analyzing each move the Haig made.

When Hagen left the clubhouse for the finals he didn't wear his cap because the skies were overcast. However, before he'd reached the sixteenth tee, the sun had begun to slant over the trees and was worrying him.

"Wait a few minutes," Haig told his opponent. "I gotta send for my cap."

Up stepped the kid from the gallery.

"Here, Mr. Hagen, take my cap."

It was a size six, but Hagen accepted; and with the cap perched on his large noddle, he finished the match and won the title.

He forgot about the kid until almost two decades later. Now Haig takes off his hat to him often.

The kid was Byron Nelson, today's top golfer.

—Ernie Harwell

strictly technical basis of shotmaking.

Weather conditions are something you must take into account when you're judging the greatness of a player. Nelson is good in any weather. He's one of the world's all-time greatest in slamming low shots into the wind. Those who saw them all, and who should know, say that Jones was the best of all golfers in whacking the ball down the middle from the tee. Nelson not only can divide the fairways with his tee shots, but can fade or pull his tee shots with uncanny precision.

From 150 yards out to the green Nelson is at least the equal of Paul Runyan and Johnny Revolta, the best of the rest I've seen in that department. And in chipping and putting, I'd go for Nelson against Runyan and Horton Smith, my previous top choices in the in-fighting sector of golf.

If there is a flaw in Nelson's game it's in his trap play, but then only in long explosion shots and not in the delicate pitches from a trap close to the pin. But so seldom is he called on to play those lengthier explosion shots one really couldn't say that the shots figure as a weakness.

We won't see another player with Nelson's thorough mastery of shots for some years to come. I'm sure of that. The war has retarded development of youngsters who might have been potential Nelsons before military service took priority. Snead had the physique and the fine co-ordination, but his absence from competition took the edge off his great game. Hogan's game also is bound to suffer as Snead's did, away from the routine of tournament competition.

Of course, there will be arguments citing Snead's six tournament victories after his release from the Navy as proof that the lay-off from competitive golf's grind, but with an opportunity to retain the feel of the clubs and the groove of the swing, was beneficial. And some will cite Hogan's showing in finishing second to Jug McSpaden in the play-off of the Chicago Victory Open last year as another example of the same kind.

Nelson has demonstrated that he can pour on the power when it's needed, and pace himself as a front-runner or in closing up a gap, and after being out of frequent first class competition a player simply can't retain that essential factor of superlative competitive golf. Snead and Hogan can't catch up with Nelson.

Nelson is ideally constructed for the golf swing. Those hands of his are magnificent for the game.

He is a fellow of strong, clean character, and has no bad habits to reduce his physical fitness. He should stay great for years to come, and Byron was a great golfer before most of us ever realized it. I am inclined to think that his connection as pro at the Inverness Club at Toledo was the turning point in his career. Each member there took a personal interest in encouraging him, and he was allowed considerable tournament play. That experience, plus the financial security, allowed Nelson to develop his genius for shotmaking.

When you get a chance, see Nelson play. Then you'll see all the golfer I ever hope to see. In 20 years of tournament golf I've seen and played with the best of them, and in my book Nelson is Golfer No. 1. ###

Take a Fling with Light Tackle

By using heavier tackle than he needs an angler misses the best part of fishing

by **HART STILWELL**

• SPORTS •

The typical magazine picture of a man landing a fish always surprises me!

From the bend in the rod and the strained look on the angler's face, you can be certain he is putting plenty of pressure on his fish. He really fights him.

With left hand wrapped securely around the butt of the rod, the fisherman isn't touching the reel at all with that hand. And he has his right hand securely fastened to the reel handles.

This picture floors me because you can't handle a big fish that way, unless your tackle is a lot heavier than a man ought to be using if he wants to get all the fun out of fishing that can be had.

Yes, the American angler fights his fish with the reel handles. And that's the poorest way to do it.

You can't turn loose the reel handles in time when your fish starts a big run. If you have a strong line you might strip the gears on your reel. And many is the time your fish will start a sudden run and jerk the handles loose so quickly that the reel spins and the line snarls. You may lose part of a line and a lure. Or you may break a rod. And again, to pile it on a little thicker, your fish gets slack now and then and gets away.

You should only use the reel handles in fighting a fair size fish for the sole purpose of taking up slack when you pump your fish in. Or to take up slack when he makes a run toward you. I repeat, you should never put pressure on a fish with the reel handles.

The average American angler uses tackle several times heavier than he needs and thus robs himself of a lot of the fun in fishing.

The snook, a salt-water fish found in the tropics, is a tougher customer than any muskie—in fact, it is one of the toughest runners of 'em all.

I have caught snook for ten years and I have never had one run off all my line. I use a ten-pound test nylon line—a hundred yards of it. On this line I have caught snook up to twenty pounds in a current and where they had plenty of running room. I have never broken a rod nor hurt the gears on a reel handling one.

I am no great fisherman, no better than you. And you, too, can quite easily land a pretty big fish with a little line. You will enjoy yourself more than carting in the fish with a "rope."

Of course, when a man starts out to fish, he buys fairly heavy tackle. That's what the tackle dealer tries to sell him. He wants the fisherman to have something sturdy so he doesn't go out the next day, break the line and return to demand justice.

I use light tackle because I can cast with practically no effort. I am more accurate with it. I can work a lure all day and my wrist will still have some feeling left in it. And I have fun.

Here's what I consider practical light tackle: a six-foot rod weighing not more than four and a half ounces, one of those undersize reels weighing about five and a half ounces, a hundred yards of ten-pound test line and either a three-eighth ounce metal spoon or a half-ounce plug.

When you use such tackle, you have to "give" when your fish decides to make a run. You can't throttle him down and make him like it. When you have a give and take affair, you are fishing. You are making a contest out of it.

Instead of fighting the fish with your reel handles, you cup your left hand around the reel, putting your left thumb on the spool of line on the reel. Put it there gently, but keep it where you can clamp down instantly with it. Then you use only the finger tips of your right hand in reeling in.

You can "feel" your fish with the left thumb on the reel spool. You always know just how much pressure you are putting on him. You get so you just do it automatically and you never break a line. That's the way you can fight a big fish with this little rig and make a battle out of it.

I never consider a man a poor sport if he uses a heavier tackle than he needs for I know he is missing a lot of the fun of fishing.

When next you see a picture of a man fighting a big fish with reel handles, go down to salt water with your standard fresh-water tackle, tie into a ten-pound weakfish, or a fifteen-pound snook.

Fight him with your thumb, your left thumb with a knitted stall on it for protection. You'll whip his ears off if you are careful and if you don't get your right hand locked on the reel handles.

Then when you have whipped him, ask yourself if you have ever hooked anything in fresh water that fought even one-fourth as much. When you answer that one honestly, then you'll know the tackle you are using in fresh water is a lot more than you need.

So put it away and take a fling with something light. You'll begin to enjoy fishing then. ###

"We hit a spring, boss"

The Mackinac—a Man's Race

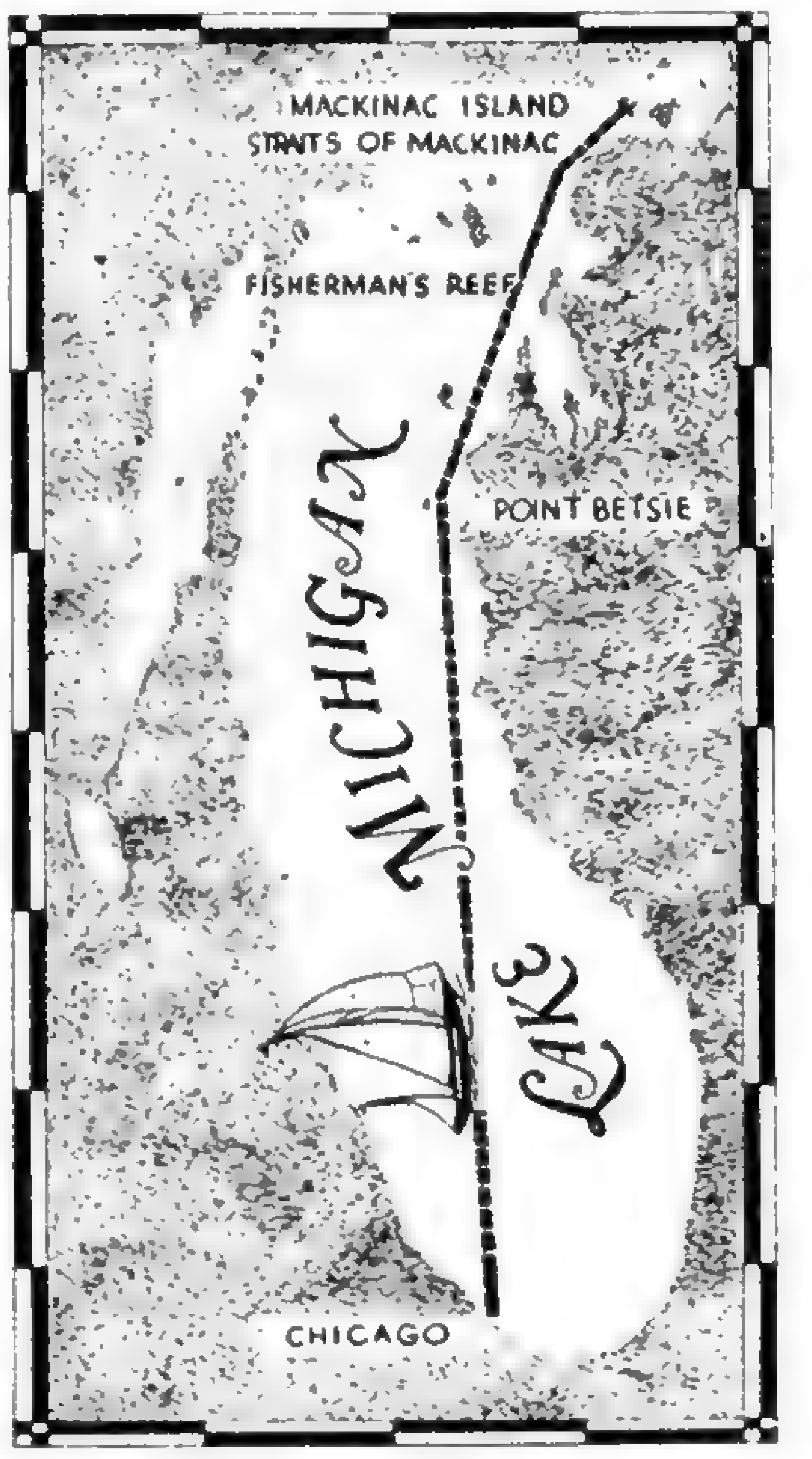
Yachting tactics don't "hold water" when Lake Michigan's surprises call for reason, crew work, feel of ship

by GEORGE WISWELL

SPORTS

That night at the finish line there were only the judges and a few stubborn fans with the 80-mile gale pelting rain into their faces. A thick mist swirled about the harbor. Out of the dark and wet appeared a light . . . two lights . . . rising and falling in the heavy seas. Then you saw the boat. She was carrying a reefed mains'l and a storm staysail, both stretched tight and soaking wet. She was coming in fast, her hull flashing, her lee rail buried in foam, the water frothing and eddying in her wake. On deck men in oilskins crawled from point to point, unable to stand in the sweeping wind, hanging on tight whenever the ship lurched and smacked into the trough of a big wave.

It was hard to believe—from Chicago to Mackinac Island in 31 hours, 14 and a half minutes. The 100-foot schooner *Amorita* had sailed and strained herself to a record that will probably last forever. But then, all the boats finished fast that year—all, that is, save those disabled by the hurricane, and the *Vencedor*, lying broken and dismasted on the rocks off Fisherman's Island. The *Amorita's* unforgettable speed through that freakish weather in 1911 added dignity and danger to the tradition of the sportiest yacht race in the world.



The start of any yacht race is pretty to the eye, but the start of the annual Mackinac Cup Race is pretty to the heart, too. It's like watching the start of the World Series, or the Kentucky Derby, or hearing the gong for the heavyweight championship, only it lasts longer than any of those. On the chosen Saturday, always late in July, you see boats sailing about for half an hour in an apparently lazy tangle. Actually they are getting into position. Suddenly they are all rushing in the same direction, like dogs after a rabbit, then the starting bomb, and what a few minutes ago was an aimless snarl has now become a line of tall white sails against the blue water, each boat sharp-heeled and half-hidden behind the swelling bloom of her spinnaker.

While watching this you know that for the next two or three or four days these sloops and schooners and yawls will be bearing down hard. With the continually shifting odds, skippers and crews will go sleepless to keep the sails trimmed and the course corrected to squeeze the last atom of push from the many-tempered winds. Once a man stayed awake the entire trip, some 50 hours, to attend his jib. In 1909 headwinds forced the boats to beat most of the way. They traveled nearly 500 miles to get over the 331-mile course. Almost any year a boat will run a gamut of calms, breezes, gales and gusts, mingling and mixing, day and night, keeping the skippers pressed for decisions. It takes real yachtsmanship to win the Mackinac, and most of the skippers have found that on Lake Michigan, at least, it pays to forget all the ponderously mathematical tomes that have been written on racing tactics and concentrate on reason, snappy crew work, and the "feel" of their ship.

With the exception of five years during the first World War, the Mackinac has been run consecutively since 1904. Schooners and yawls from Canada, Spain, Bermuda, New York and Trinidad have been sailed to Chicago to compete in the race. Most of them were defeated, and the Mackinac's reputation, as "a man's race" was carried to distant ports.

As yacht races go, the Mackinac is singularly democratic. In 1939 it was won by a mechanic from Racine, Wisconsin, who picked up a sloop on the bargain counter and mended, scrubbed and caulked her into racing form. Mackinac crews would look plenty silly groping about the decks in blue coats and white flannels. Each year more dirty collars and meager bank accounts are getting in the race, hacking away at the public's tenacious misconception that big boat racing (five tons or over in the Mackinac) is only for the rich.

There are prizes for the winners of the various divisions and classes of the Mackinac race, but most skippers and crew members agree that the real reward is simply having taken part in one of the world's classic yacht races.

As history piles up the lore of the Mackinac, some races are forgotten, but there are a few to be remembered always. . . . In 1906, after two nights out, dawn of the third day found eight boats that had not been in sight of each other most of the race, bunched together in the Straits, all within a couple of miles of the finish. It was as though eight lost geese had suddenly and spectacularly found the flock. . . . And there was the distracting race of 1908 when three boats lay becalmed for more than six hours within 100 yards of the finish before a gentle puff of wind eased them across. . . . And who will forget the start of the 1922 race when the *Spider* broke her gaff pin just a second or two across the line! Without it, there wasn't a chance to win. As the spectators were shaking their heads in sympathy, they saw a half-nude figure leap overboard, swim to shore with a greenback gripped between his teeth and grab a taxi for a supply center four miles up the lake. The *Spider* limped northward, close to shore. Within half an hour, the man was swimming back out to the ship with the repairs around his neck, and off went the *Spider* after the fleet. She placed third in the race, but scored 100 in effort. . . .

Probably the saddest and finest tale of them all is the account of the *Vencedor*'s last race. Thirty-four years after, it still causes 'em to spill tears in their beers.

She started in rather weak shape, having been hurried from a repair job before it was finished. George Ade, crewing on another boat, told what kind of weather it was:

"The breeze freshened to a blow, the blow to a gale, and the gale to a hurricane. Our yawl adjusted itself, standing on one edge and scudding like mad, while we sat on the roof wide-eyed and a little bewildered. Then came the rain. Also an occasional hogshead of green water. The wind howled and shrieked and whooped and tried to tear us to pieces. The sky was overcast; the rain came in long blinding lines. We went ploughing through huge waves capped by tatters of foam, landed with a sinking splash, but always shook ourselves and emerged dripping."

It was through these seas that the *Vencedor*, close reefed, drove in the direction of Fisherman's Island. It was about all a man could do to hang on. If anyone went overboard, rescue would have been impossible. The skipper was on the lookout when he suddenly spied a spar buoy 100 feet to the leeward. This marked shallow water, and he knew the *Vencie* was in danger of running on the rocks.

"For God's sake, hold her!" he roared above the whining wind.

The man at the tiller put his helm up, the hull answered, and the *Vencie* nosed safely away in the new direction. Just then the wind doubled its fury. Even with the rags of trysail and staysail, the force was too much for the helmsman and the sloop careened into the blasting wind. A great wave dropped her with a shuddering crash. Again and again she was hammered by 10- and 20-foot walls of water. Fighting with all she had, but losing, the *Vencie* fell backwards toward the rocky reef.

Wham! The boat came down with a solid jar and stuck, the keel wedged between two boulders. The battle was over. There was nothing left except for the crashing, heavy seas to pound apart the queen that had conquered them for so many years.

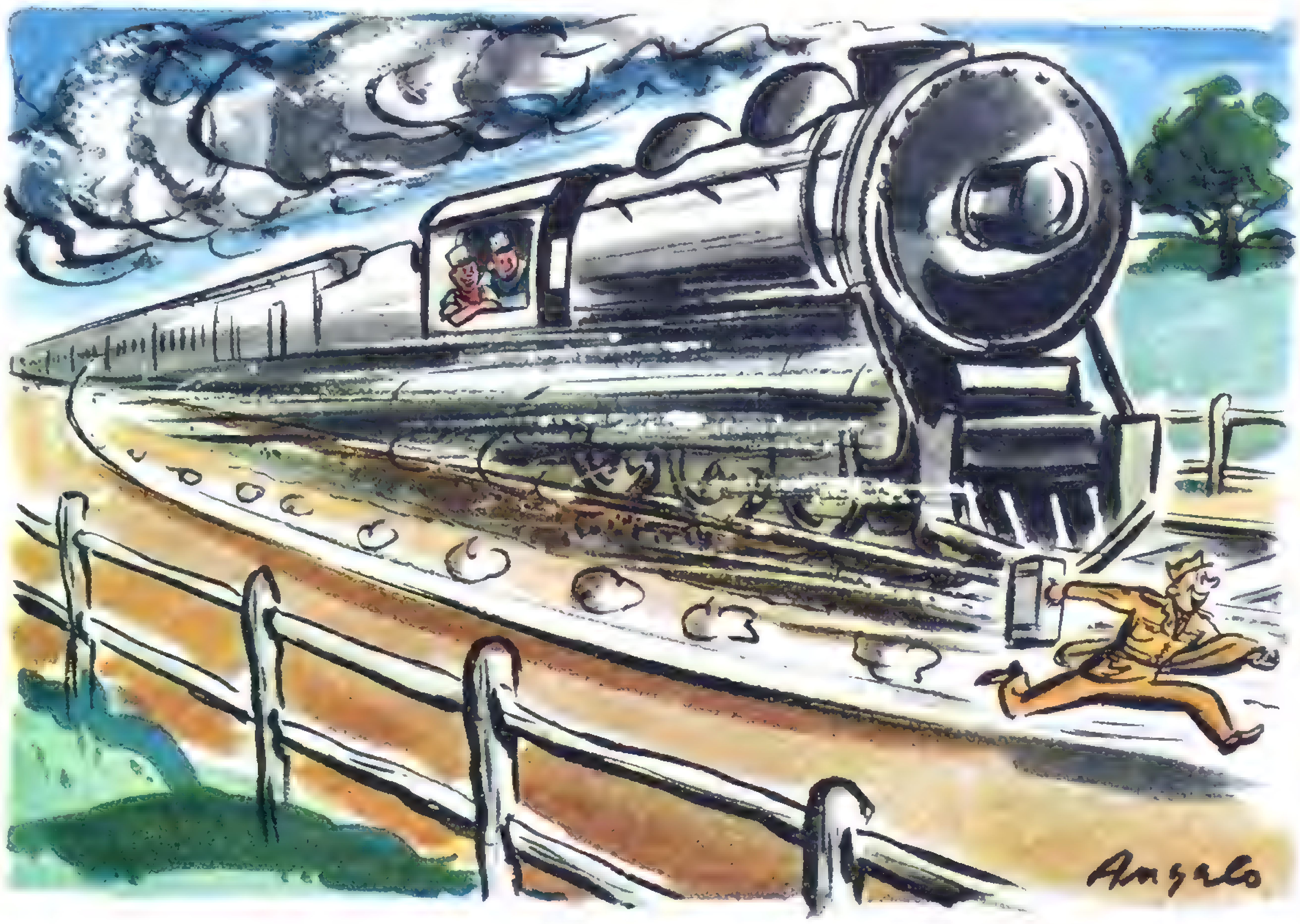
Calmly the crew prepared to abandon ship. Life jackets were passed out. Shore was a mile or more away through a fuming, stone-studded surf. Suddenly on the horizon a motor launch appeared. As it came closer they saw the name *Arapahoe* on the bow. A line was tossed between the two craft and the motor boat was hauled close to the lee of the stricken *Vencie*. One by one the latter's crew jumped to safety on the rescue ship.

Alone, the *Vencedor* took the beating of the waves for 21 hours before her weather shrouds parted and the tall spar came down. Two hours later fragments of the wreck piled ashore with every wave. ⧻

Leslie Saalburg

Summer Weekend

Fashions for wear at a beach club include flannel blazer, knitted lisle shirt, cotton gabardine shorts, coconut palm hat, lightweight tweed jacket, gabardine slacks, mesh panama hat, two-tone shoes.



"Gosh—is he anxious to get home!"

◀ START OF THE LONG WAY HOME

On a sun-bleached airstrip of a Pacific island, at the rim of battle, wounded men are being eased aboard a plane of a Naval Air Evacuation squadron. The men ascending on the "finger lift" will be swung inside on litters by the waiting corpsmen, and secured in bunk-like tiers of four. After sixteen litter cases are loaded, an equal number of walking wounded will be helped aboard.

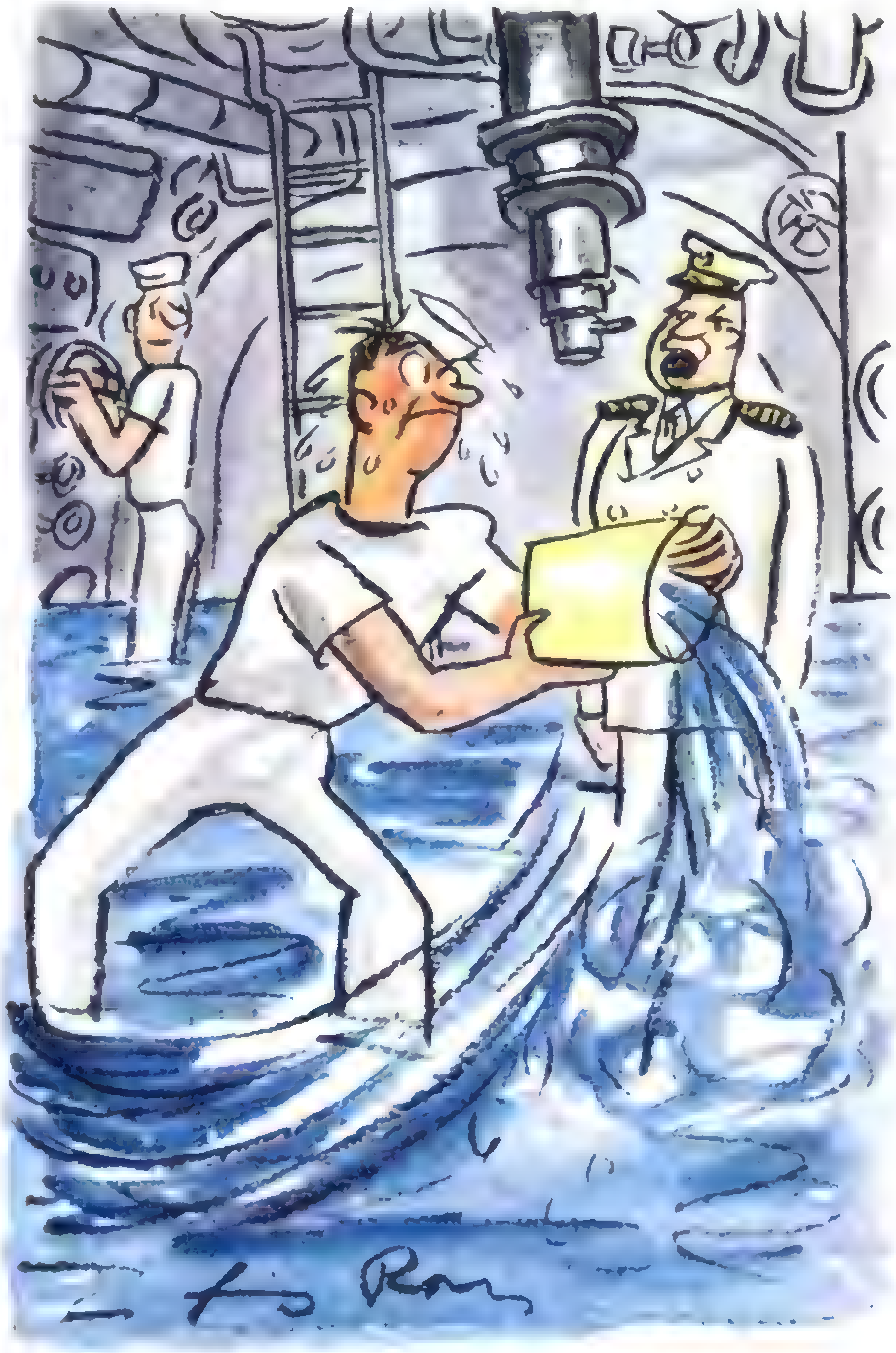
From this battle area the plane will wing to an advance base hospital on Guam . . . Saipan . . . Espiritu Santos . . . Guadalcanal . . . or New Zealand. From there the wounded men who require further treatment may be shifted to a hospital ship for the Stateside voyage or rushed on by plane to a specialization center.

Checking the patients aboard are two Navy flight nurses, who will care for the men on the flight, assisted by hospital corpsmen. At the right of the picture, the Red Cross—"always at his side."

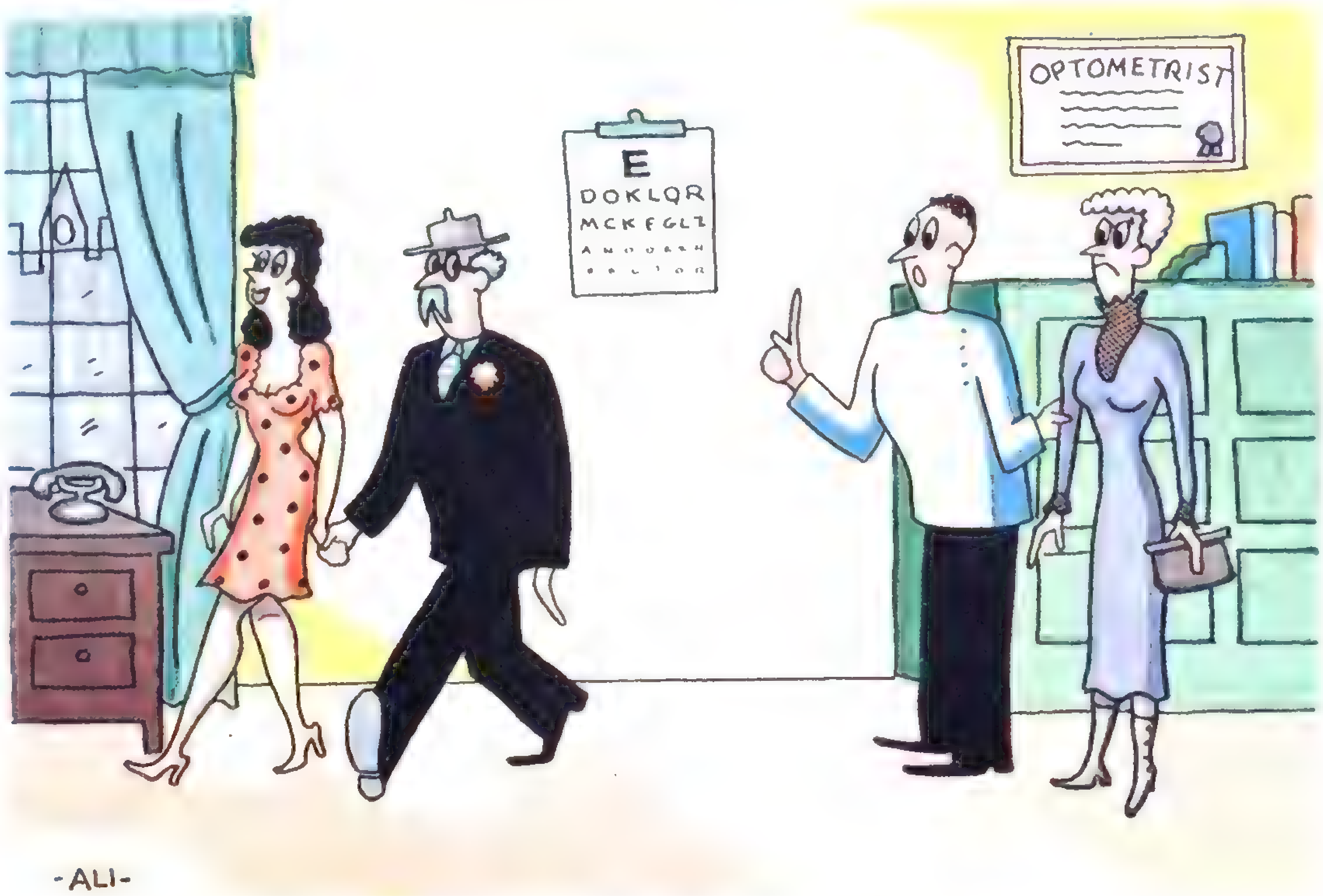
The Douglas plane, manned by a Naval Air Transport Service crew of six, is known to the Navy as R5-D (to the Army as C-54 or Sky Master—commercially as DC-4). Powered by four 1,350 h. p. Pratt & Whitney twin-Wasps, and with long range and a speed close to 200 m.p.h., this giant transport eats up the empty blue miles between the islands, lugging cargo, mail and personnel. For ambulance service it is fitted with individual oxygen and heating outlets for each patient.

A year after the Army put nurses into the sky, the Navy asked for volunteers for Pacific flight duty. Response was almost 100 per cent of the goal. At the Naval Air Station in Alameda, California, the chosen nurses (eventually to number 800-1000) are put through a tough six weeks of special training plus altitude, swimming and physical tests.

Heading the group is Lieutenant (j.g.) Mary O'Connor, who ran up 8,800 hours of airline hostessing before she put on Navy blue. Official qualifications for flight nurses are based on health, executive ability and Navy record. "But," remarked one doctor with a twinkle, . . . "it doesn't hurt if they look good in slacks." As a matter of fact, they look so good that Miss O'Connor is known around Alameda as "Captain of the Rockettes."



"Oh come now, Loomis, let's not get panicky"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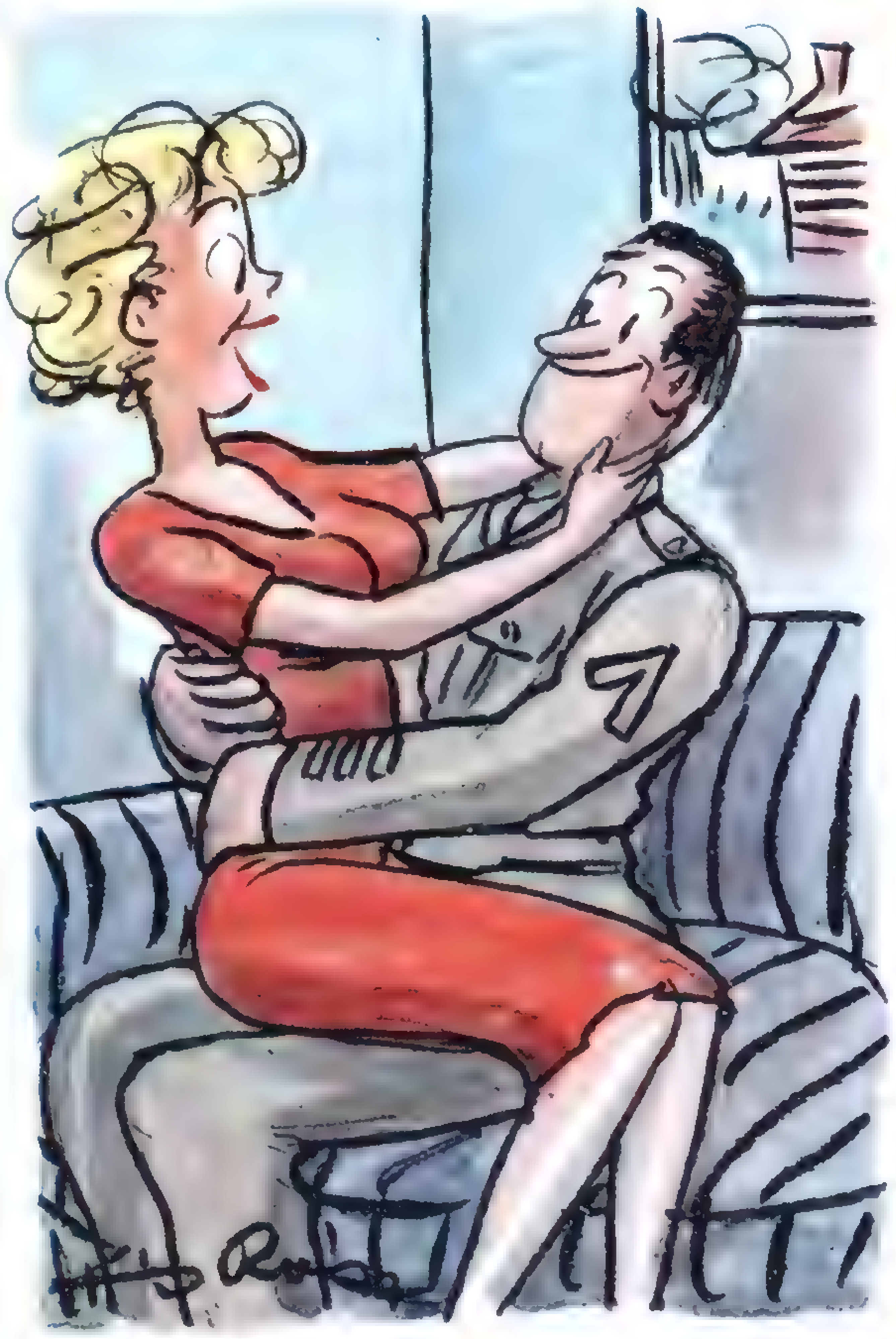
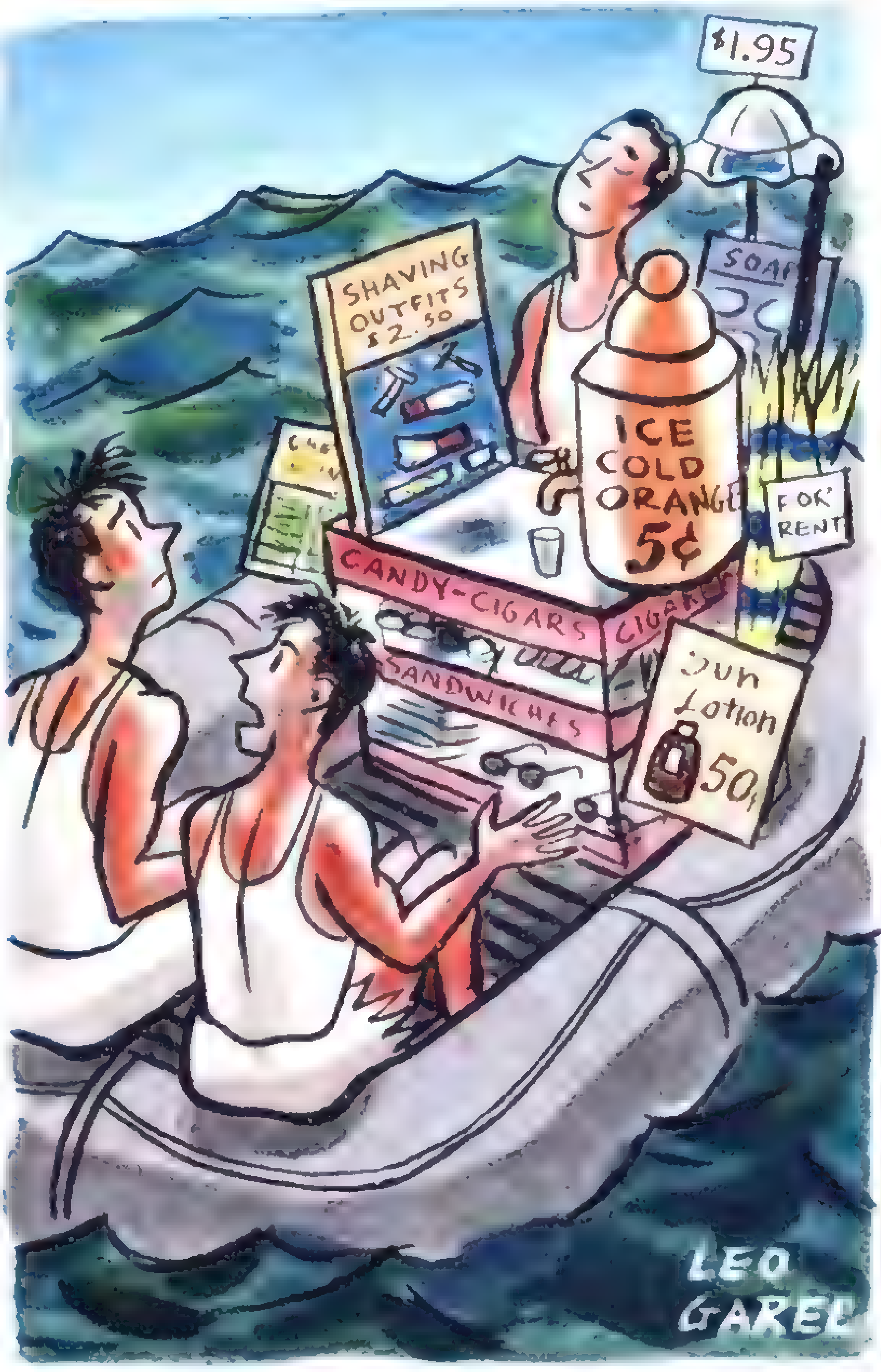
"Beg pardon, sir—this is your wife"



"Gosh—it'll seem good to have a man grumbling around the house again!"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SHAVING OUTFITS $2.50
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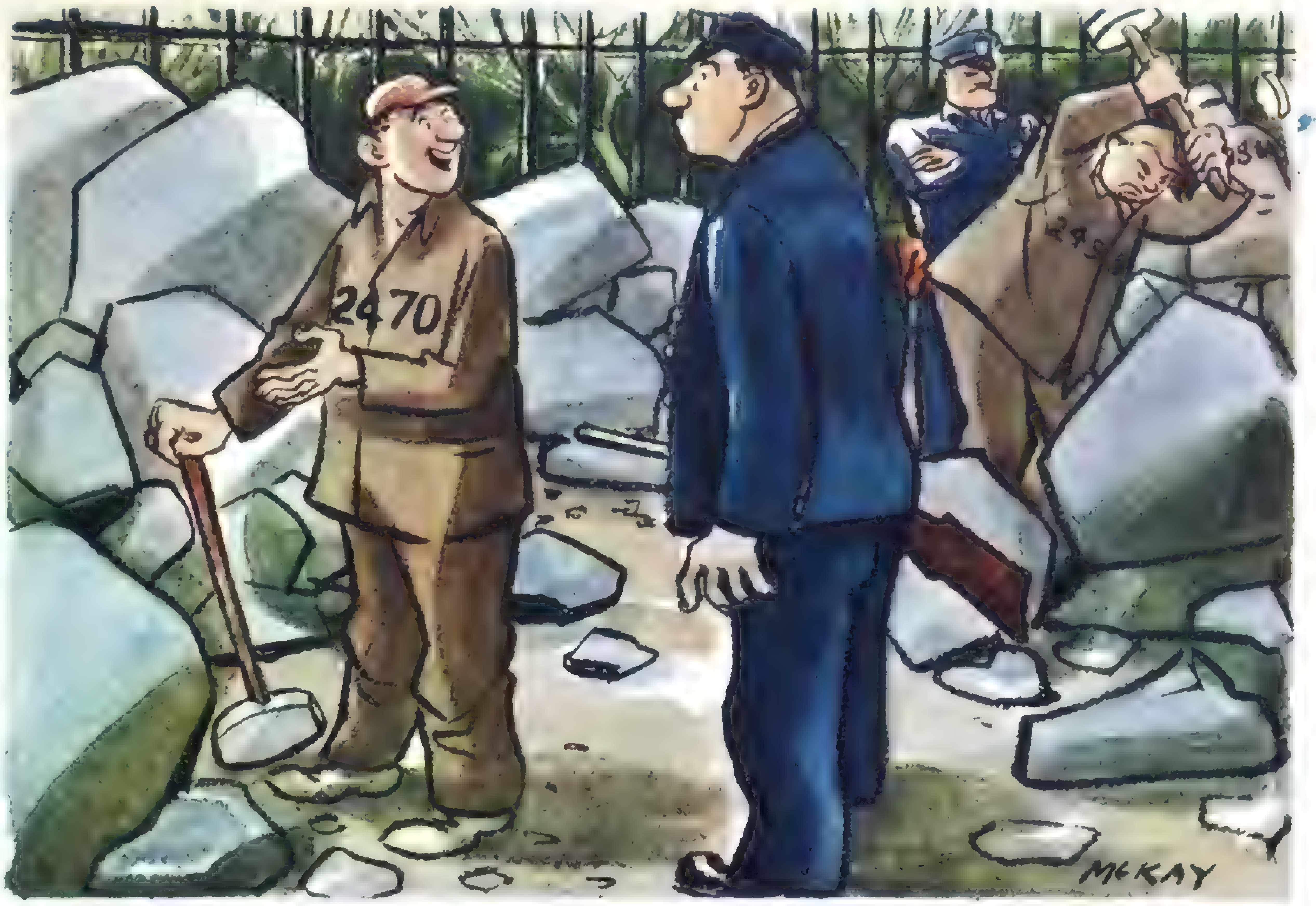
"He has the concession"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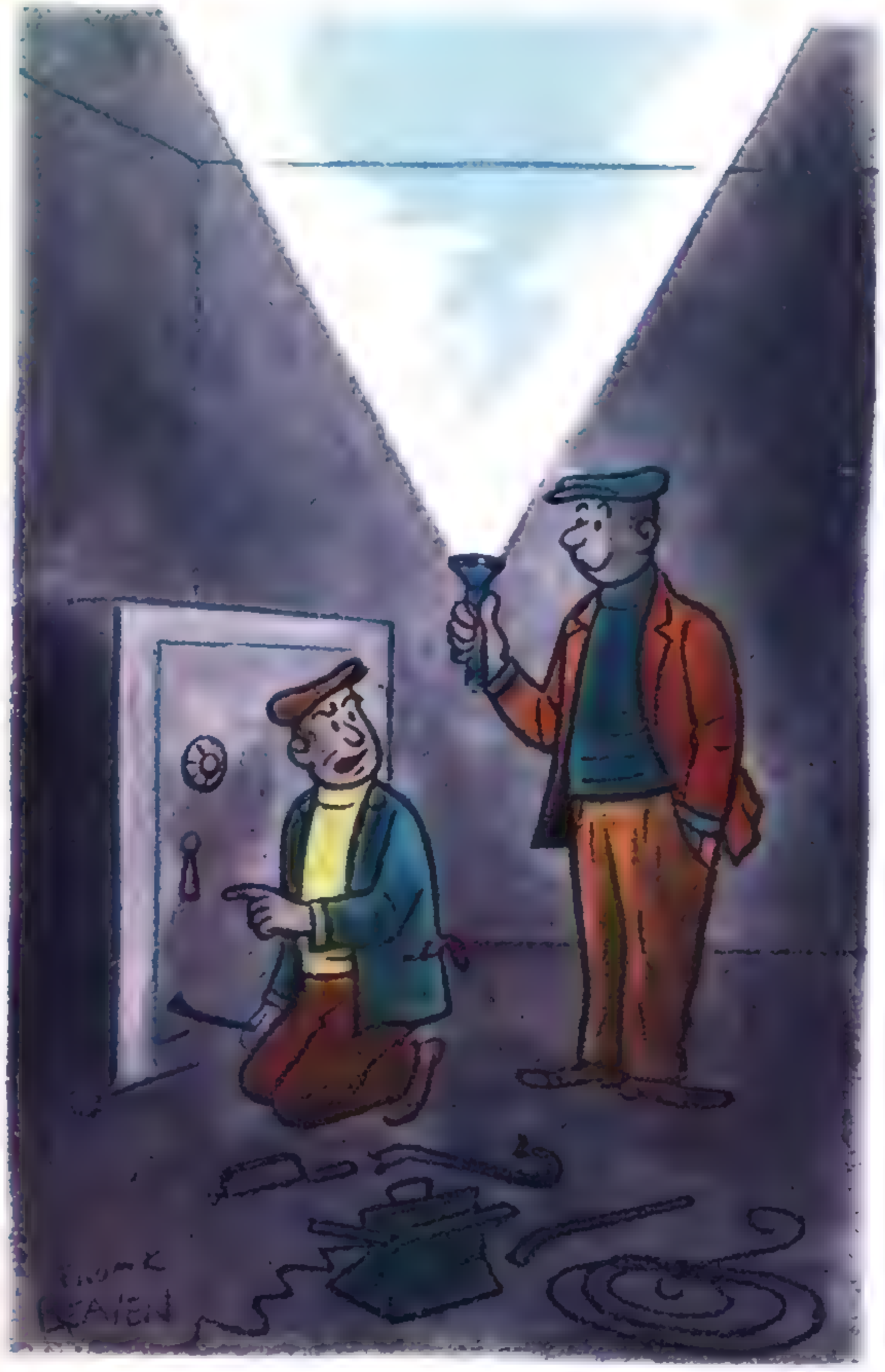
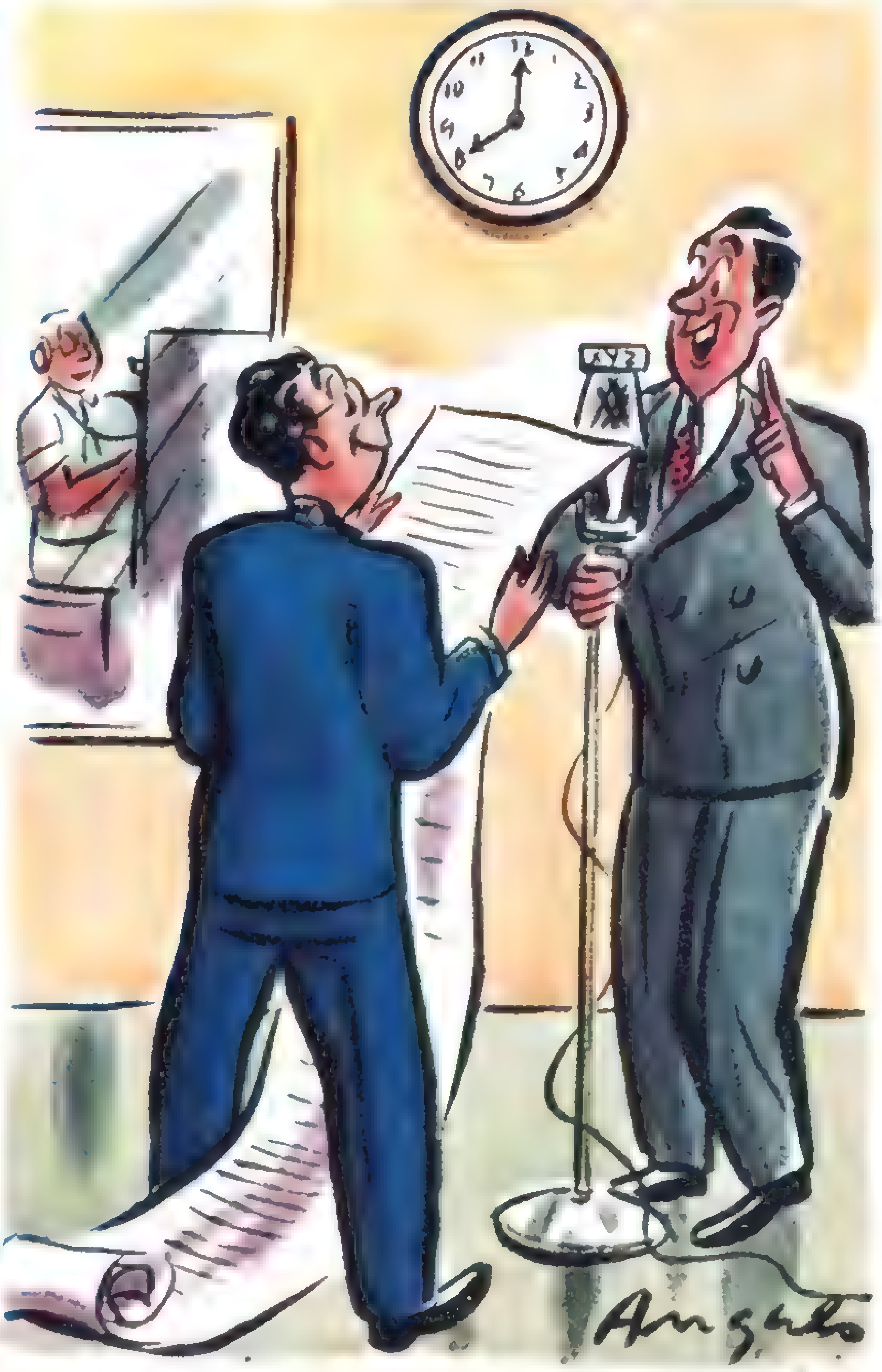
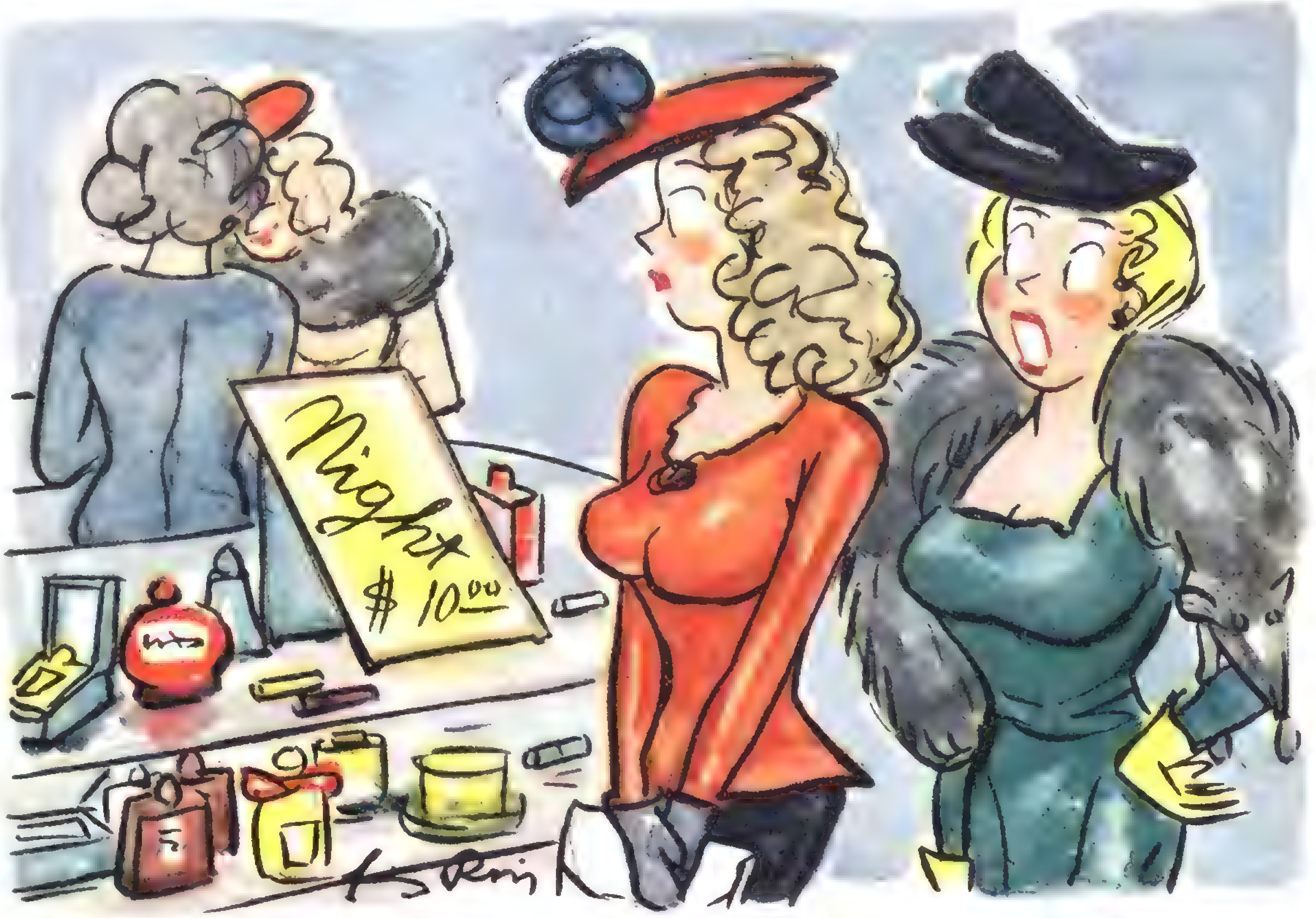
"Do you ever suppose that someday electronics will do all this?"


FRANK BEAVEN

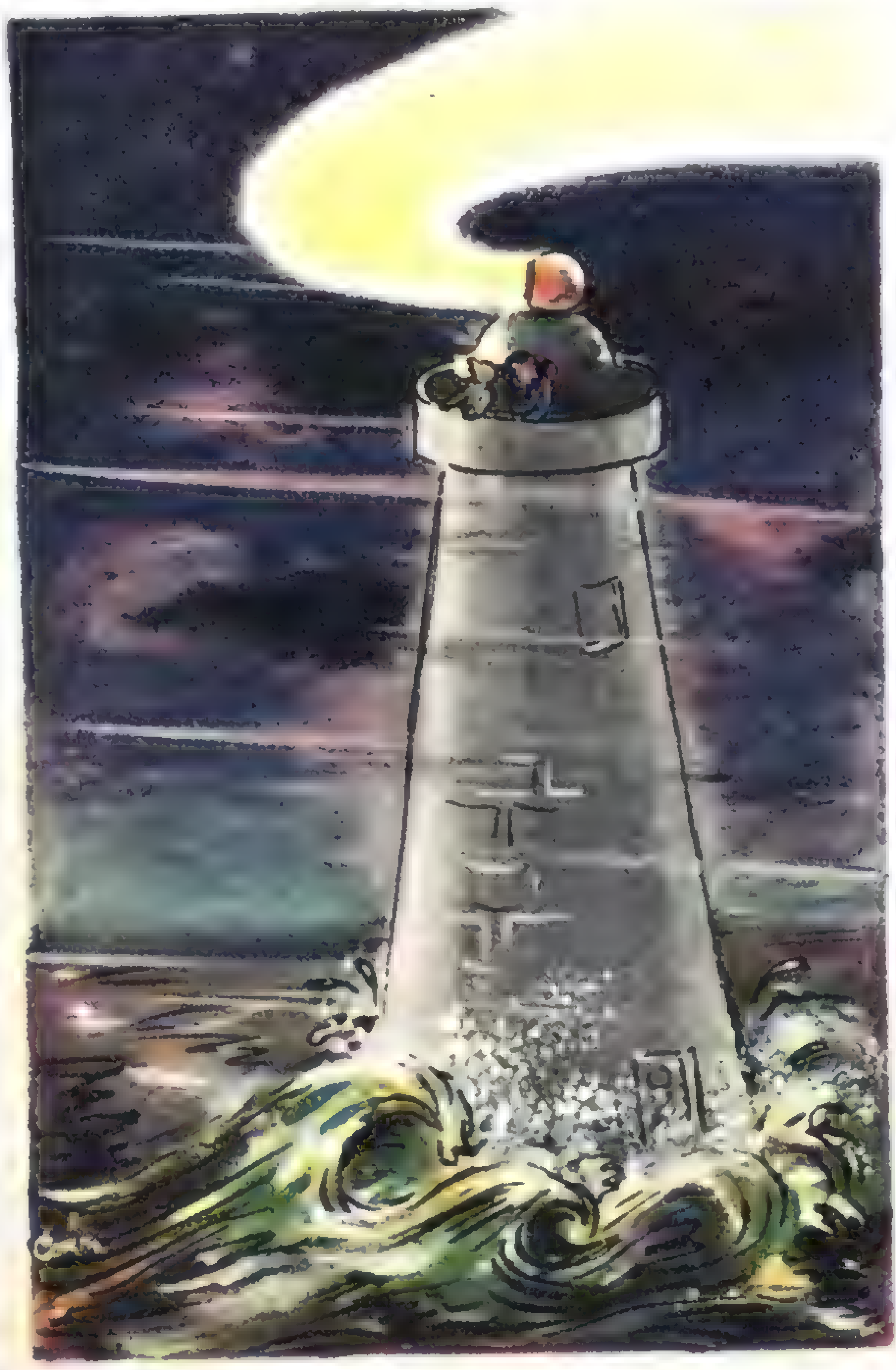
"Forget that indirect lighting and concentrate on your job!"



"The time is exactly—but before I tell let's listen to a short commercial announcement"



"If he's been two years in the Pacific Islands you won't need any perfume"



"Strong wind, isn't it?"

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 10—ALFRED HITCHCOCK

➧

ALFRED JOSEPH (The Creeps) Hitchcock has, for twenty years now, been scaring the hell out of movie audiences. Although Hitch is a director and not an actor, his name on the theatre marquee creates more of a draft at the box office than does the name of many a star.

Hitchcock—a droll, round Englishman in his forty-seventh year—professionally views people through a window of distortion, in macabre circumstances that lead to no good. Boy-meets-girl stuff may be all right for other directors, but give Hitch a murderer-meets-victim theme virtually every time.

Certain criminologists can't shake off the feeling that Hitchcock pictures frequently contain characters and situations that bear something less than a close resemblance to actuality. Hitch, however, is not greatly concerned with such criticisms, though he is among the most painstaking of sound-stage craftsmen. He makes pictures not for criminologists, but for the standing-room-only sign.

The cow sitting on *The 39 Steps*, the title of one of Hitch's most moody and suspenseful works, is symbolic of his frequent tongue-in-the-cheek references to actors and actresses as cattle. A glass of milk, as in *Suspicion*, a creaking windmill, as in *Foreign Correspondent*, or a bottle of brandy, as in *Lifeboat*, may be of more importance to Hitch in a given shudder sequence than the prettiest or handsomest face.

After attending a Jesuit seminary, Hitchcock went to the University of London, where he studied art and engineering, two subjects that he applies to every one of his carefully-contrived films. His wife, Alma Reville, collaborates with him on all his work. They have a teen-aged daughter. Pat, who, to nobody's surprise, has embraced a theatrical career.

Hitch is a timetable fan, and in normal times knows the departure and arrival hours and the whereabouts of all important boats and trains throughout the world. Last year he reduced his weight from 300 pounds to 200 in six months—and gave *himself* a shock.

—ALAN HYND

RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOLLAGE

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38
37
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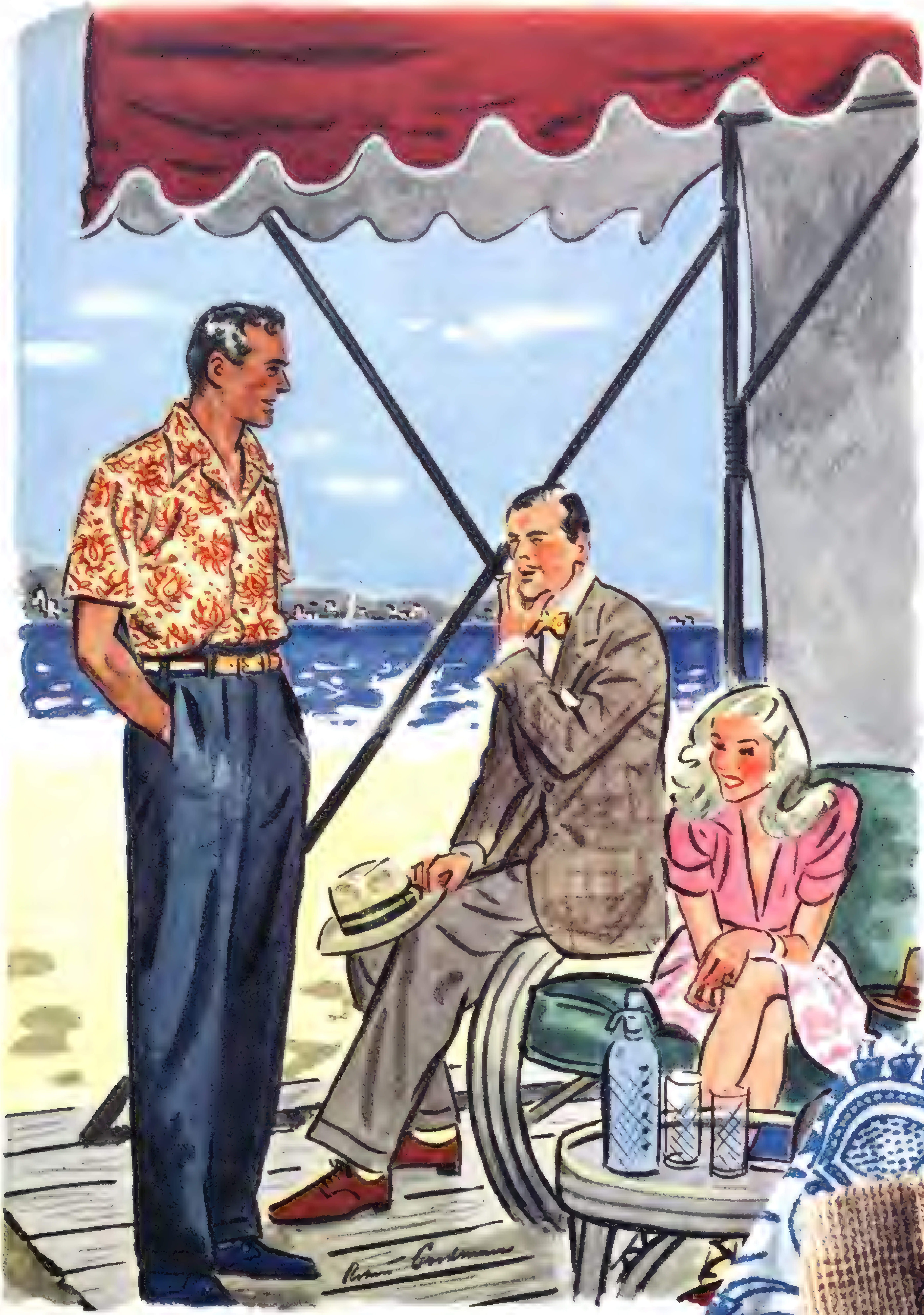
VANGUARD FILMS INC
COLONIAL AIRLINES
NEW YORK
MONTREAL
NEW YORK



Beached for the summer

Our stay-at-home on the left is feeling red-white-and-blue because he's saving gas. He also saved a stamp on his unrationed canvas shoes. His American linen slacks are Balboa blue and his cotton shirt comes in red or blue depending on how you like your lobsters. That Tabac tan jacket with the overplaid on his neighbor is a light-weight tweed. Like his mesh panama hat, an easy mark for breezes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

A Prelude to Tall Drinks

Advice on the choosing of ingredients together with rules for mixing that sparkling giver of joy, the highball

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

THAT precious pear-shaped gimmick, the human stomach, is tired of having the buck passed to it by guys too shiftless to do their own mixing, who send down slugs of liquor, neat, followed haphazardly by chasers of every kind.

If we are to achieve peace within our belt borders, we'll have to use foresight. Besides, good liquor is so scarce nowadays, we can't afford to let any of its flavor get away from us through such outright idiocy as the chaser trick which extinguishes fire and glory in one fell swing, leaving only inner glow and vague memories.

Highballed, that slug would stake you to a whole string of pleasurable sips. That is, provided the sparkle-water was brisk and crystal-bright, of the sort that good liquor would care to mix with. If dilution were all you were after, you could go straight to the faucet of the kitchen sink and draw your fill of that stuff that the plain-water boys pretend is so helpful to flavor. How they cling to that opinion I can't figure. Certainly no brewer or distiller would take a chance on the average city pipe-juice "as is"—the character of the water used in mashing and kettling is too crucial. However, there's no municipal ordinance forbidding your giving a hooker of whiskey the waterworks as plainly as you please, so if you're willing to humiliate proud liquor, why, the hospitalities of the spigot are yours.

Beverage scientists, brushing aside amateur opinions, take this same water and put it through a routine from which it emerges with improved character. First, in settling tanks, it is overhauled for "solids in suspension," meaning stray dirt particles, etc., and you'd be surprised at the amount of sludge deposited. (The oft-sung overalls that were hurled into Mrs. Murphy's chowder haven't shown up yet, but they are expected hourly.) For further polishing it is run through filters—as many as three of them (sand, cloth, paper) in the case of one well-known brand whose sparklewares are allowed only one-twentieth the bacilli score that is par for city water safety. Distillation would spell finis for *all* bacilli, but it would leave the taste flat, so purity has to be attained the hard way. And it's got to be *chemical* purity, with the chemicals removed—especially the chlorine, courtesy of the Board of Health, which would make your highball smell a bit too hygienic.

Any personality losses that these doings have entailed are recouped by the addition of a pinch of salt and a touch of soda, the latter accounting for the term "club soda." What roars into your chocolate foam at the drugstore fountain is a jerk version of it, very sub-club in quality, made from tap water by a carbonating contraption in the cellar. Equipment for the creation and insertion of elegant, long-lively bubbles is elaborate and costly, involving refrigeration at uniform temperature. Seems there's a precise point of coldness at which water assimilates the carbon dioxide gas most copiously, and the game is to hold everything to that level. (Small-time operators can't, alas. So don't expect too much from them.) Bottles are sterilized before filling and their caps are clapped tight on considerable pressure. There is no escapage, no spoilage in any climate; the only misfortunes that can come to these earnest little bubbles is at the hands of the server who doesn't understand them. As an act of mercy explain to him quietly that:

1. Bubbles thrive on coolness, but rapidly melting ice downs them. Hence the bottle should be pre-chilled in a refrigerator and drinks should be served the moment they are poured. A bowl of fizzed punch takes one lump, please, but big. A pitcher calls for the maximum hunk that it can take.

2. Anyone who throws sparkle-water into a shaker is crazy.

3. The slightest contact with silverware squelches the bubbles; kindly withhold spoon.

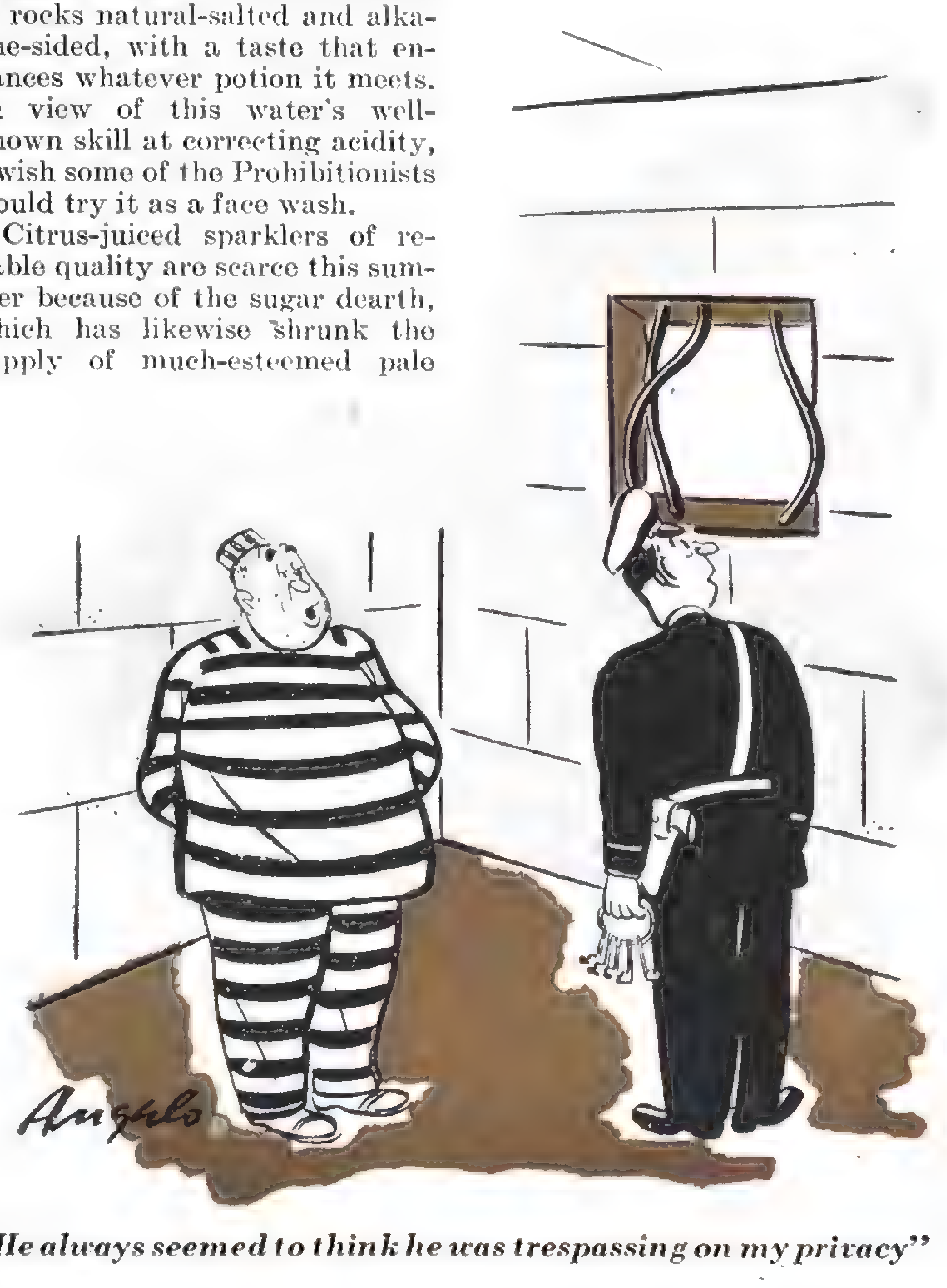
4. A plastic or glass swizzle stick is needed in a highball only if the drink is served according to the erroneous practice of sundry night spots where the waiter sets before you a two-thirds-filled glass of punk seltzer, and a wee glassie o' liquor, with the persuasive suggestion, "May I pour it in, sir?" Nineteen out of twenty submit; the twentieth firmly demands a split of his accustomed sparkler and a fresh glass equipped with ice cubes, onto which he pours the liquor and then adds the bubbles, to the height desired. *They* do the mixing job unassisted, and competently.

5. A Collins (rum, Tom, whiskey, brandy) takes on its load of sparkles *after* the lemon juice, sugar and liquor hooker have been duly welded together. That preliminary chore is done in a shaker, for transference to a tall Collins glass, with sparkles completing. The same goes for *all* betwinkled drinks whose construction involves vim; the fizz comes as the finale.

6. Virtually extinct is the guy who laments: "I'm afraid this weather is too warm for wine." Sparkling water, teaming up with all types of wine in all sorts of coolers, has handed us a lot of swell new recipes designed for summer.

The notion that bubbly drinks are difficult to digest is pure myth. Actually, as your doctor will attest, such beverages are helpful in nausea cases; your stomach will accept them when it won't co-operate with anything else. People feeling okay declare they feel even better after imbibing a certain widely famed mineral water which springs out of rocks natural-salted and alkaline-sided, with a taste that enhances whatever potion it meets. In view of this water's well-known skill at correcting acidity, I wish some of the Prohibitionists would try it as a face wash.

Citrus-juiced sparklers of reliable quality are scarce this summer because of the sugar dearth, which has likewise shrunk the supply of much-esteemed pale ginger ale, to the disappointment of rye-and-ginger-alers. But cola wares are available if you have a bottle of good rum to coax them with. Generally speaking, though, this is a summer whose long drinks have to be contrived by ingenuity operating with restricted resources. Picking the good rums from the culls is a name game that can still be played fairly freely. There are moderate supplies of known whiskies, a little gin and a broad range of wines including sweet and dry vermouths and rich-hued Dubonnet. There are fruit wines and colorful cordials, offering a whole battery of flavors. And grenadine. And bitters, fragrant with lift: orange bitters that weave aroma spells over Martinis, etc.; dark mystery bitters, generations on the job, that won't reveal how they do what they do. There's no summer despond that bubbles, bitters and other apt ingredients can't help. ⧺



"He always seemed to think he was trespassing on my privacy"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Your cool correspondent distributes laurel wreaths and skunk cabbage to the most deserving plays and actors

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

HEREWITH once again, following its established custom, are this department's awards of relative merit and demerit for the theatrical season of 1944-1945.

Merits

The best new serious play: *Dark of the Moon*, by Howard Richardson and William Berney.

The best new comedy: *Harvey*, by Mary Chase.

The best new musical show: *Carousel*, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers.

The best male acting performance: Leo G. Carroll, in *The Late George Apley*.

The best female acting performance: Laurette Taylor, in *The Glass Menagerie*.

The best ensemble acting: *The Glass Menagerie* company (Taylor, Dowling, Haydon, Ross).

The best director: John van Druten, in *I Remember Mama*.

The best scene designer: Jo Mielziner, in *The Glass Menagerie*.

The best stage lighting: Jo Mielziner, ditto.

The best costumer, dramatic: Lucinda Ballard, in *I Remember Mama*.

The best costumer, musical: Miles White, in *Bloomer Girl*.

The best new young actor's performance, dramatic: John Lund, in *The Hasty Heart*.

The best new young actress' performance, dramatic: Lois Wheeler in *Trio*.

The best new young actor's performance, musical: Lawrence Brooks, in *Song of Norway*.

The best new young actress' performance, musical: Jan Clayton, in *Carousel*, with a nod to Helena Bliss, in *Song of Norway*.

The best composer: Fritz Kreisler, in *Rhapsody*, in spite of everything (Grieg, see below, of course excepted).

The best lyric writer: Oscar Hammerstein II, in *Carousel*.

The best musical arrangements: Robert Wright's and George Forrest's of the Grieg compositions, in *Song of Norway*.

The best musical show dance item: The ice-skating number in *Up in Central Park*.

The best choreographer: Jerome Robbins, in *On the Town*.

The best ballerina: Alicia Markova, in *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The best male ballet dancer: Anton Dolin, in *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The most amusing scene, dramatic: That between the lush and the psychiatrist in *Harvey*.

The most amusing scene, musical: That wherein Beatrice Lillie, standing in line at a box office, can't remember the name of the ballet for which she wishes to buy a ticket.

The best dramatization of a novel: John van Druten's of Kathryn Forbes' *Mama's Bank Account* (*I Remember Mama*).

The best musical show director: Rouben Mamoulian, in *Carousel*.

The best character actor: Oscar Homolka, in *I Remember Mama*.

The best character actress: Laurette Taylor, of course and again, in *The Glass Menagerie*.

The best musical show comedienne: Beatrice Lillie, in *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The best musical show comedian: Bert Lahr, in *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The best revue sketch: *There'll Always Be An England*, by Moss Hart, in *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The best dramatic curtain: The bell of democracy ringing out through the theatre at the conclusion of *A Bell for Adano*.

The best song: *Strange Music*, in *Song of Norway*.

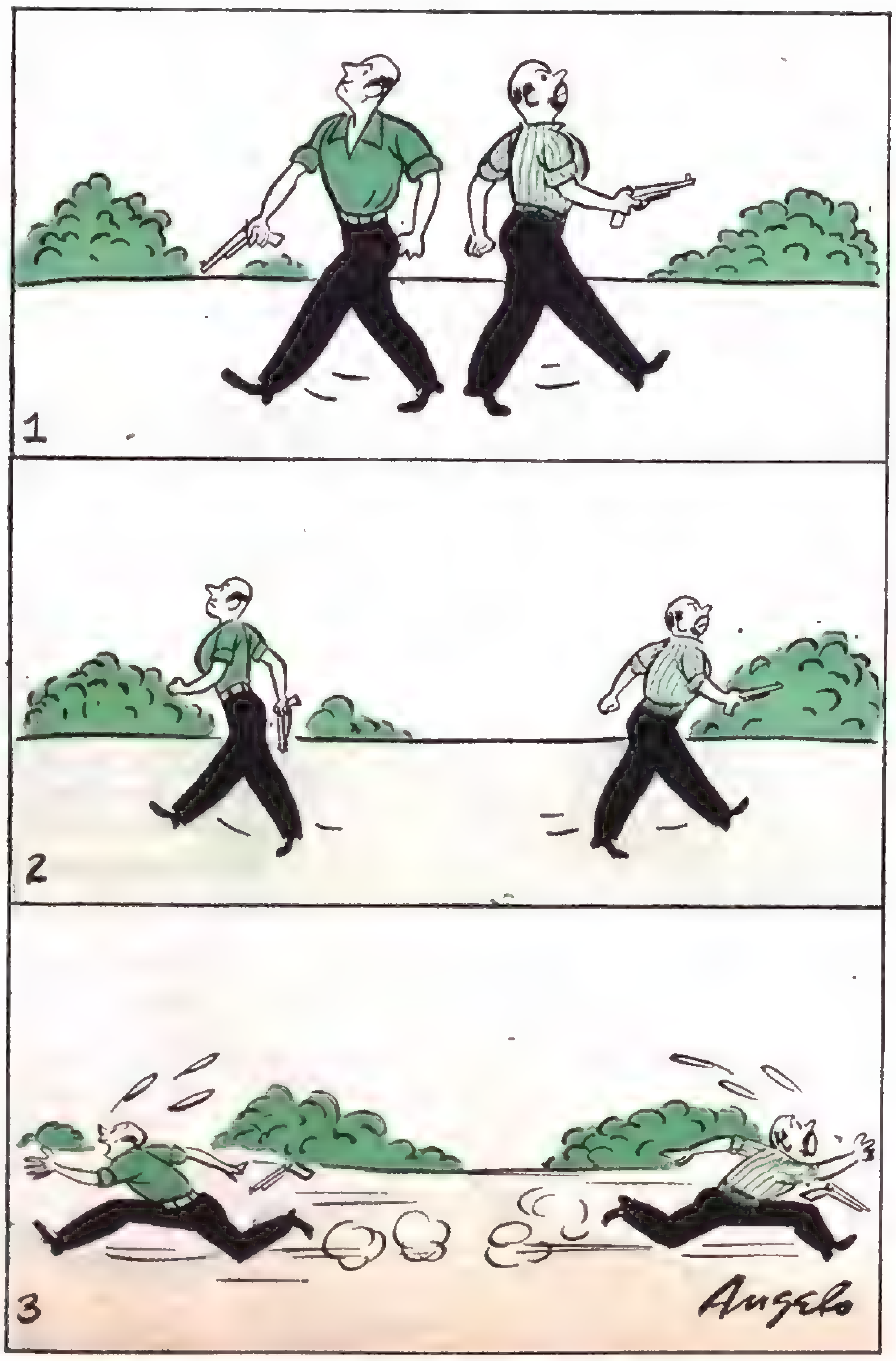
The best revival: *Little Women*.

The best gag: The illegitimate congressman line in the failure, *Happily Ever After*.

The best stage effect: The music and colored lights of the adjoining dime-a-dance hall, in *The Glass Menagerie*.

The best vaudeville performer: Lou Holtz, in *Star Time*.

The best experimental group production: The American Negro Theatre's *Anna Lucasta*.



The best actress to emerge from any such production: Hilda Simms, from *Anna Lucasta*.

The best actor, ditto: Frederick O'Neal, from *Anna Lucasta*.

The best-looking musical show girl: Carole Landis, in *A Lady Says Yes*.

The best soubrette: Gloria Story, in *The Firebrand of Florence*.

The best-run theatre: The Ziegfeld.

The best small role actor: Tito Vuolo, in *A Bell for Adano*.

The best small role actress: Adrienne Gessner, in *I Remember Mama*.

The best new comedienne discovery: Judy Holliday, from the night clubs, in *Kiss Them for Me*.

The best speech: The taxi driver's on what happens to a happy and contented boozer when cured of the habit, in *Harvey*.

The most gala opening night: *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The most worthy of the little theatre groups: The Hedgerow Theatre.

The most attractive popular song singers: Nan Wynn and Mary Roche, in *The Seven Lively Arts*, in a dead heat.

The best program notes: Richard Maney's, as heretofore.

The best-looking show girls: *The Seven Lively Arts*.

The best young Hollywood refugee actress: Virginia Gilmore, in *Dear Ruth*.

The most presentable of the new young leading men: John Archer, in *One-Man Show* and *A Place of Our Own*.

The actor who made most of nothing: Melville Cooper, in *While the Sun Shines*.

The most intelligently handled dramatic theme: *The Deep Mrs. Sykes*, by George Kelly.

Demerits

The worst play: *Down to Miami*, by Conrad Westervelt.

The worst musical show: *A Lady Says Yes*.

The worst acting performance, male: Neil Hamilton, in *Many Happy Returns*.

The worst acting performance, female: Gloria Swanson, in *A Goose for the Gander*.

The worst performance by an established actor: Walter Hampden, in *And Be My Love*.

The worst performance by an established actress: Pauline

Lord, in *Sleep, My Pretty One.*

The worst ensemble performance: The company in *A Strange Play.*

The worst stage director: Eugene Endrey, in *A Strange Play.*

The worst scene designer: John Root, in *Harvey.*

The worst costumes, dramatic: Lucinda Ballard, in *A Place of Our Own.*

The worst costumes, musical: Billy Livingston's in *Laffing Room Only.*

The worst stage lighting, dramatic: Whoever was guilty in the case of *The Odds on Mrs. Oakley.*

The worst stage lighting, musical: William Thomas', in *A Lady Says Yes.*

The worst musical score: *A Lady Says Yes,* by Fred Spielman and Arthur Gershwin.

The worst lyrics: Stanley Adams, in *A Lady Says Yes.*

The poorest revival: *The Tempest,* staged by Margaret Webster.

The most miscast actor: Walter Hampden, in *And Be My Love.*

The most miscast actress: Margaret Dale, in *The Late George Apley.*

The worst play title: *Alice in Arms.*

The worst actor mugger: J. C. Nugent, in *That Old Devil.*

The worst actress mugger: Katina Paxinou, in *Sophie.*

The worst make-up: The Russian whiskers in the males in *Catherine Was Great.*

The worst line dialogue: "How can you ever forget Atlantic City," exclaimed by the romantic lover to his inamorata in *A Strange Play.*

The worst plot: *Lady in Danger,* out of which no one could make head or tail.

The worst amateur production: *Sweet Genevieve.*

The worst waste of money: The 300,000 dollars squandered on the production of *Rhapsody.*

The most disappointing play by an established playwright: *The Streets Are Guarded,* by Laurence Stallings.

The worst mystery play: *Lady in Danger,* by the Messrs. Afford and Kirkland, in a neck and neck race with—*Meet a Body,* by Jane Hinton.

The sickliest sentiment: The speech on marriage, in *Happily Ever After.*

The dirtiest play: *School for Brides.*

The dirtiest musical show: *A Lady Says Yes.*

The most ridiculous character: The columnist in *Hope for the Best.*

The most critically overpraised actor: Richard Hart in *Dark of the Moon.*

The most critically overpraised actress: Carol Stone, in *Dark of the Moon.*

The acting company that made the most noise, dramatic: *Good Morning, Corporal.*

The acting company that made the most noise, musical: *Laffing Room Only.*

The worst vaudeville act: The parody of a French play, in *Star Time.*

The most ridiculous characterization: Skelton Knaggs, in the role of the idiot in *Hand in Glove.*

The worst overplaying female: Audrey Christie, in *The Voice of the Turtle,* on the night Betty Field entered the cast in place of Margaret Sullavan.

The worst overplaying male: Ralph Forbes, in *The Visitor,* with Brian Aherne, in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* close at his heels.

The most trying child actor: Donald Devlin, in *Star Spangled Family.*

The most trying child actress: Patricia Hitchcock, in *Violet.*

The poorest dramatization: The play made from Franz Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven* by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay.

The worst example of pretentious thinking: Philip Barry's *Foolish Notion.*

The serious play that got the biggest audience horselaugh: *A Strange Play,* with *In Bed We Cry* close up.

The actress apparently the most enchanted by herself: Ilka Chase, in *In Bed We Cry.*

The actor apparently the most enchanted by himself: Harold J. Kennedy, in *A Goose for the Gander.*

The worst stage direction by an established director: Herman Shumlin, in *The Visitor.*

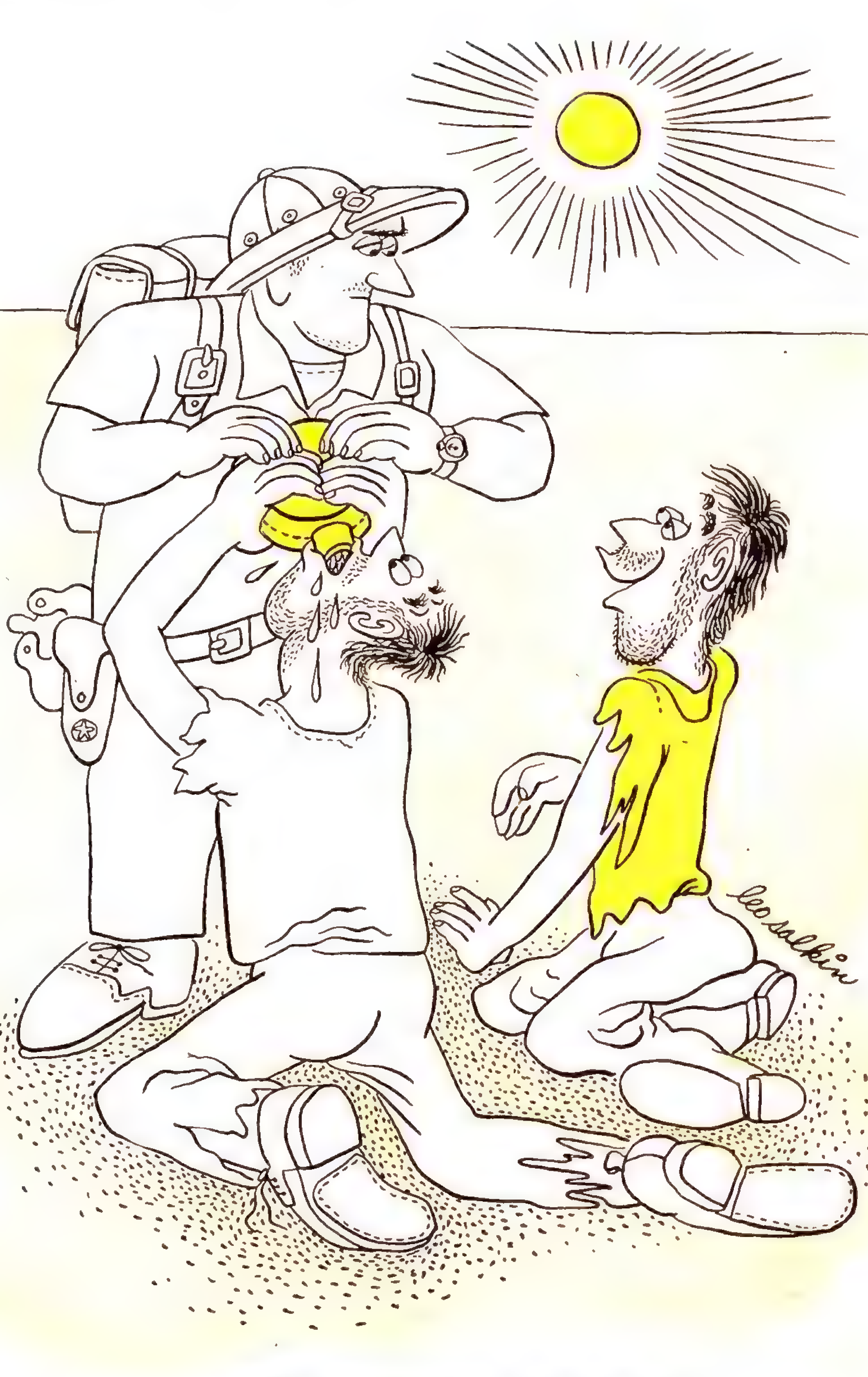
The worst newspaper interview: Tallulah Bankhead's, in connection with *Foolish Notion.*

The worst ballet: The symbolic shenanigan at the conclusion of the last act of *Song of Norway.*

The oldest-hat-episode: The scene in *Hope for the Best* in which the heroine faces the audience and ecstatically describes, with motions, a baseball game once pitched by her father.

The most unintelligible actress: Catherine Doucet, in *Last Stop.*

The worst boner: George Jean Nathan in the May issue of Esquire in a critique written in February: "It (*Trio*) is not in any remotest sense a dirty play and the advance fears on the part of some that it would be susceptible of police interference and court prosecution proved warrantless." By the time the critique appeared in print, the play had been pounced upon by License Commissioner Moss and suppressed. #



"*Make mine bourbon and gingerale*"

The Rhythm Section

About the rare thing, improvisation, a noble experiment by Woody Herman's band and Red Norvo's notion of swing

by **PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER**

• JAZZ •

JAZZFANS and critics presently find themselves in a dilemma of their own making. On the one hand, they have extolled jazz as "collective improvisation," without regard for the accepted meaning of the word *improvisation* and without setting up a precise definition acknowledged by the majority of those interested in jazz. On the other hand, they find themselves on the short end of arguments when it is pointed out that since improvisation requires consummate skill both as composer and instrumentalist, the jazzman who "improvises" invariably achieves nothing more than an erratic quality of music not commensurate with its claim to "art."

Now, since I have persistently challenged the notion that jazz is "collective improvisation," thus avoiding the dilemma into which most of my confreres have fallen, I feel impelled to offer this analysis in the hope that it will clarify thinking. As I see it, the job of the critic is to explain, to guide, to interpret and to direct attention to the finest examples of jazz without reference to particular schools or fads. That is why controversy between the adherents of New Orleans jazz and those of latter-day "swing" leads up a blind alley. Like any other art, jazz requires that it be judged on the basis of musical quality, not its allegiance to a special type of expression. Hence, the best jazz demands attention, respect and appreciation—no matter if it be the clarineting of George Lewis on *Burgundy St. Blues* or the solo and ensemble work of the Benny Goodman band on *Benny Rides Again.*

In short, jazz cannot be judged as music by asking oneself questions such as: Is it improvised? Is it arranged? Is it played by men who strive for the latest technical feats or by men who are satisfied with simpler techniques?

But such questions need not be raised if a simple device of semantics were used to discipline thinking about jazz. I refer to the use of the words "art" and "artistry" as identifications of two different facets of music. Though it is difficult to separate them, nevertheless in writing and talking about jazz we may, I think, emphasize the significance of each and thereby resolve some disputes. Put simply, musical artistry is the process (instrumental execution) which terminates in art (the music itself). Hence, in any discussion of the role of improvisation in jazz, we ought first to ascertain whether the judgment being passed deals with the ability of the performer or with the end result of what is being performed, i.e., the formal design and the projection of emotional content after the performer has completed the process.

It is the artistry in jazz, obviously, which was discussed a few months ago in a "profile" of Eddie Condon in *The New Yorker.* The author proclaims the "rules for hot music" as being that "*in general*, the participants play without even glancing at a sheet of music, in groups rarely larger than eight or ten men, and *more or less* improvise as they go along; every man is expected to be an accomplished soloist; any instruments but the traditional are looked down upon." (Italics mine.)

Here, then, is a recent statement about improvisation, which I consider the most overworked and most misunderstood word in the language of jazz. It is a pertinent current example of the illogicality of insisting on artistry as the sole basis of aesthetic judgment. Furthermore, the quoted passage indicates considerable caution on the part of the author, suggesting that even when writing about Condon, nationally known champion of "collective improvisation," it is wise to adopt a certain restraint.

Actually, of course, no magic "absolute" emanates from the use of the word *improvisation.* Not only has the importance of improvisation been overemphasized, but its acceptance as gospel has led to an unjustified scorn for "paper" jazz—notated, arranged jazz. Neither should be scorned, neither enthroned. But since adherents of the improvised kind display a certain dogged fanaticism, I am left no choice but to expose the weakness of their position.

The truth is that improvised jazz is practically nonexistent today, and that it has been a rarity for the past quarter century. After again checking sources, my understanding of improvisation is that it is on-the-spot composition—taking an absolutely new and never-before-played theme and developing it melodically and extending it harmonically and structurally. It is not just hit-or-miss.

On this basis, no current jazz organization improvises, whether it be the Duke Ellington band, the Benny Goodman Trio or the Eddie Condon concert groups. True, the jazz played by such combinations not always is notated on paper. But, it is worked out in rehearsal or *based on previous playing acquaintance.* Once an idea has been worked out by a group or soloist or after it has been stored away in their memory, then it is no longer improvised. It is planned. Jazz history reveals that those musicians and those groups which frequently are labelled "improvisers" actually have attained clarity of artistic expression not by virtue of their extraordinary powers of unpremeditated composition, but because the music was planned to sound that way. Whether it was in rehearsal (via either a "head" or notated arrangement) or by memory does not matter. The essential point is that it was planned. True improvisation takes place only during the first performance *ad lib* of a tune or an idea which is *absolutely new* to the performer. Any rehearsing or any performance after the first strives to perfect the variations.

But if jazz is not improvised, what is it? Here is the real secret: great jazzmen give the listener an illusion of spontaneity. There it is: *an illusion of spontaneity.* They play *as if* the music were being played for the first time. That is an artistic achievement. By playing as if the music were being, as it were, thrown off on the spur of the moment, they put into that music a surging, tremendous spirit of vitality and aliveness.

There can be no doubt that the artistry in jazz is praiseworthy. Any planned, rehearsed, memorized or notated music requires vigorous and spirited interpretation if its fullest emotional content is to be transferred to the listener. But artistry alone does not characterize the best jazz. The lucidity of the music's formal structure and the quality of emotional content, *combined with* the artistry of the performer: these are the ingredients which result in art. —PAUL EDUARD MILLER

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

IF anything is obvious to an observer of the off-stage life of jazzmen it is that they constantly are forced to compromise with their artistic taste in favor of economics. In dressing rooms all over the country one of the most discussed aspects of this subject is the musicians' distaste for most popular songs and ballads—the "hit parade" type in particular. Ask them why they compromise so heartily and they'll probably reply: "It's what the public wants, and we have to eat, don't we?"

Not so long ago I listened to such a bull session which avoided the usual stereotyped patter; instead, it actually resulted in a specific plan for action, and I even witnessed the first "acts." The worthy objectives of the plan include hardheaded, practical attempts to avoid playing trashy tunes; to raise the quality of pops, and thereby to raise the level of public appreciation; and to obtain fair compensation for the originators of tunes, thus bringing to light the wealth of talent among sidemen—now practically untapped. As a corollary, jazzmen would then be playing tunes of their own creation while simultaneously benefiting their own or their fellow-musician's bankroll.

As the situation now stands, the sideman is forced to play pops which are exploited by and make money for the music publishers. As chief spokesman for the new plan, Chubby Jackson (string bassist with Woody Herman) put it this way: "We want to force the publishers to plug pops that *we* want to play—not the stuff that the herring-eaters at Lindy's dream up in their spare moments and then foist upon us as well as the public."

How is this to be accomplished? The Woody Herman band will incorporate for this special purpose. All sidemen will be given an opportunity to contribute tunes of their own creation. These will be passed on for merit by a small committee, then submitted to the entire band. When and if approved, a well-known lyric writer will be hired and given collaborative standing. From then on it's a case of the Herman sidemen plugging and playing their own efforts rather than *exclusively* the publishers' latest ventures.

Everyone in the Herman band is enthusiastic over the idea, is determined to prove its merit and practicability. Woody himself termed it "a healthy idea," and has given his assent and promise of co-operation. "If we have even moderate success," says Chubby, "we hope to induce other top jazz bands to join us and so strengthen our fight." P. E. M.

Red Norvo: Hot Prototype

THE room radiated that two p.m. gloom that you can always find in a musician's hotel room. On the floor was a big pile of newspapers; on the table, black coffee in a glass, and Howard Fast's *Freedom Road*. The mantelpiece was decorated with a Teddy Wilson album, two Esky statuettes, scattered music and records. Before the mantelpiece, intent on his music, stood a placid, gentle-looking man with a thin receding crown of tangerine hair. Red Norvo was practicing Weber's *Perpetuum Mobile*.

Red Norvo is not a famous man; perhaps the average Esquire reader knows his name only vaguely. Yet in many ways he is the composite, ideal musician's musician, the prototype of the modern hot jazz artist. Several months ago Red joined Benny Goodman, thus putting an end to a nine-year career of bandleading. Playing with great jazzmen like Goodman and Teddy Wilson meant more to Red than being his own boss.

Norvo is a man of great musical integrity; the kind of musician you should meet and talk to if you want to know what jazz is, from the inside looking out.

Reminiscing between practice sessions in the hotel room, Norvo recalled the days when he was on the outside looking in. "There wasn't much music in town—Beardstown, Illinois, that's where I was born and raised—but the moonlight excursion boats used to leave at 8 p.m. for Havana, Illinois, and they used to have small jazz bands. I started to listen to them in 1919, when I was eleven. I heard men like Frankie Trumbauer, and some of the best colored musicians too.

"Father was a railroad man. He had a pal at the station who liked to play blues on the piano, and that got me interested. Later this man opened a music store and I used to hang around, playing all the first Fletcher Henderson records."

Red played piano and then xylophone; he went to Chicago, worked with Paul Ash, spent several years working as a single act in music halls and as a radio musician with house bands. In one of these radio bands, led by Ferde Grofe, the pianist was David Rose and the featured singer Mildred Bailey. About a year after he met her, Red married Mildred. Their careers went separate ways until 1936, when they had a great band together. Although separated for several years now, and alternately friendly and on the point of divorce, Norvo and his wife still have unlimited musical respect for each other.

It was before he left Chicago that Red first met Benny Goodman, who was then a kid of sixteen playing his first big-time job, with Benny Pollack's band. They didn't meet again until some years later in New York when, living almost next door to Benny in Jackson Heights, Red asked him over frequently to listen to records and perhaps indulge in a little light jamming. One evening Red told Benny he had a record session at the old Brunswick studios. "I need a bass clarinet in the accompaniment. Have you ever played bass clarinet?" Benny said yes, and after his radio program with Don Voorhees that evening he borrowed a bass clarinet, came over to the studio and made the midnight record date at which Red played Bix's *In a Mist* as a marimba solo

In 1935 Red and Mildred were entertaining Goodman and Teddy Wilson at home one evening when the clarinetist and pianist started ad libbing with the aid of a drummer. This marked the informal birth of the Benny Goodman Trio.

From 1935 to 1944 Red Norvo had every kind of band except a bad one. He had a quintet, a sextet, a septet, a big band, a not-so-big band; a band that was set to go overseas, but broke up after ten weeks in a rehearsal room. Sometimes the bands would dissolve for financial reasons. Norvo's was a soft, subtle brand of swing music, a little too subtle for the jazz tastes of youngsters who would come up to the bandstand at the end of a magnificent set, and ask, "When are you gonna start swinging?" Norvo then set about getting some flag-waving arrangements for the jitterbugs, but it just didn't fit.

Sometimes, though, Norvo would break up a band just because the jobs offered him would not give him enough musical freedom, or even because he had saved a little money and preferred to hang around New York, listening to music and talking to friends, rather than earn a living the hard way by going on the road.

Two years ago Red switched from the xylophone to the vibraharp, which looks the same to a casual observer, but differs in that the notes are of metal instead of wood, and are placed over miniature fans, electrically driven to act as resonators. In other words, with the "vibes" you can sustain a note, and give it a vibrato, which lends the instrument a more flexible and fuller sound than the loose-faucet-dripping tone of the xylophone.

Nowadays, a good set of vibes is hard to find. On this particular afternoon Red had just received word that a set he had bought secondhand for 1500 dollars was on its way from Chicago. "You know," reflected Red, "I'm getting so I like the vibes." Glancing with amusement at a magazine article which declared that "electrified instruments are considered out of the question" by jazzmen, he recalled that the very musician to whom this theory was imputed had begged Norvo to appear on one of his radio jazz concerts. Red had refused because he didn't want to get mixed up with a bunch of old-time musicians.

Red's views on Dixieland and New Orleans jazz correspond with those of the vast majority of present-day jazz artists. "You wouldn't want to read kids' books all your life, would you?" he argues. "You wouldn't want to stay in the eighth grade forever. Well, it's the same in music. There are a lot of fine new things happening in jazz, a lot of great new musical ideas. Dixieland is a thing of the past; anybody can play that kind of stuff if they want to. Why, the other evening, on our very last show before we closed the Paramount, Benny Goodman started kidding around and played clarinet exactly in the style of — — —" (he named a prominent Dixieland clarinetist) "and the fellows in the band were shouting out at him, 'Go home and practice!' I believe that good jazz will survive, no matter how many writers keep trying to plug the old stuff. The only pity of it is that those people are the ones you can't argue with on musical grounds, because they don't know a thing about music and wouldn't understand you!

"For instance, last summer in Chicago I was arguing with one of these critics who objected to our playing 'arrangements.' Well, I found out how much he knew about it. 'You heard that last number we played?' I said. 'Well, there were ten choruses, and everything in it was improvised except the first and last chorus. Even the backgrounds to the solos—we were faking them. I wonder whether you even *know* what's arranged and what's improvised!'"

It's tough when your music is in advance of the public and of the critics too, mused Red. It took even Duke Ellington a long time before people understood what he was trying to achieve.

Red went over to the phonograph and put on one of the V-discs he had made with the band that didn't go overseas. He cocked his head and grinned as a phrase came up that pleased him; he tapped his foot and turned to smile as one of the soloists twisted some phrase to a surprise development or conclusion. It isn't conceit that makes Red enjoy listening to his own music; it's an honest, healthy pride, an awareness of the intricacies of this thing called swing, an intense aesthetic satisfaction in hearing something come out just the way it was intended. But Red has been listening to all kinds of music, as well as creating it, ever since that day in Beardstown a quarter of a century ago when his father's buddy played the blues on the piano.

"Last year," said Red, "I happened to be passing through my home town and I walked in on my sister. Portia Norville. She teaches school in Beardstown. I hadn't been in touch with the family in three or four years. Well, I walked in and there was Portia sitting in the living room, playing Bach on the Hammond organ! She'd had one installed just to play as a hobby. We sat around talking and pretty soon it seemed like old times.

"You know," said Red, glancing around the hotel room, "that was a kick. I hope I'll get back there again sometime."

—LEONARD G. FEATHER

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RADIO—Duke Ellington has been honored by a network in an unaccustomed but by no means undeserved manner. Not long ago the Blue Network announced that it would pick up the band from wherever it happened to be each Saturday and give it a solid hour on the air from five to six p.m. EWT. If the policy continues through the summer, you will get to know more of this amazing band than records can ever tell you. Though overloaded with vocalists, the Duke still spends much of his time purveying good music. Those who remember the band from its old Cotton Club days must adjust themselves to the prominence given several soloists added in recent years: Al Sears, a great tenor sax man; William "Cat" Anderson, a fine trumpeter with an astonishing range, almost two octaves above high C, which he is inclined to abuse; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, and Taft Jordan, trumpet.

Mid-July brings back on the air the most exciting white group playing hot music today, Woody Herman's Orchestra, in sessions emanating from the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

ON RECORDS—Swingdom's Number One gal, pianist Mary Lou Williams, surrounds herself with sundry combinations in an Asch album of 12-inchers which includes her two-part arrangement of *Stardust*. Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins and other distinguished gentry adorn the album, notable mainly for the quality and quantity of orchestration Mary Lou manages to produce with such small bands. Also on Asch is an album by "the biggest little band in America," John Kirby's, which is here a little less little, having added Bud Johnson on tenor sax. Another Johnson, George, whose sax is an alto, also helps to make this a good volume of jazz *intime*. Pianist Johnny Guarnieri's trio, with singing bassist Slam, has a good album on Savoy.

Best single records are, as usual, on the less accessible labels; things like Teddy Wilson's wonderful *Just for You Blues* and Herman Chitison's *How High the Moon* (Musicraft); Dizzy Gillespie's *Groovin' High* (Guild); Don Byas' *You Call It Madness* (Jamboree); Red Norvo's *Subtle Sextology* (Keynote), and of my own recordings Barney Bigard's *Blues before Dawn*, with Georgie Auld; the Nat Jaffe Trio in *If I Had You*, and Bigard's Sextet featuring Art Tatum in *Blues for Art's Sake*, all on Black & White; Georgie Auld and Coleman Hawkins playing *Porgy*, Sonny Greer and some Ellington men in *Sleepy Baboon*, both Apollo.

One major label, Decca, has some good jazz to offer—Louis Jordan's *Somebody Done Changed the Lock*, Lionel Hampton's *Loose Wig*, Charlie Barnet's *Skyliner*. And if the above-interviewed Mr. Norvo intrigues you, there are some great Goodman Sextets due on Columbia. —L. G. F.

Going the Rounds With Esquire

Reamer Keller

"I'd like to see just one thin woman for a minute"

From the personnel office comes this one about a soldier on furlough in the U. S. The soldier wired back to his C. O. requesting an extension on his leave. The answer was: EXTENSION GRANTED FOR FIVE DAYS. REPEAT FIVE DAYS. So our hero took a ten-day extension! Orders is orders!

—*The Runway*

•

A rut is a grave with the ends knocked out.

—*The Ship's Log*

"Wish he'd do something—I wanna take his picture"

Herman Petersen, author of *Country Chronicle*, moved on a farm in upper New York State because he thought it would be a good place to write. When an inquiring neighbor asked, between spurts of tobacco juice, what crops the stranger intended to raise, Petersen was momentarily stumped. Then he happened to recall what his wife had said about the city being no place to bring up children.

"I'm going to raise children," he said brightly.

The farmer spat meditatively. "Around here," he said, "we look on that as a side line."

—*Reading & Writing*

•

IN RUSSIA THEY SAY, DA-DA

Army officers at a West Coast P.O.E. saw a black-bearded man in a strange uniform.

"You—Russian—flyer?" one of them asked him slowly.

"Da," was the pleased reply.

"You Russians good men. We like you," the officer continued, slowly and clearly.

"Da," said the bearded man.

"You down many Nazi planes?"

"Da."

The bearded "Russian" was given drinks by the hero-struck American soldiers. They never knew that their bearded friend was Moss Hart, writer and producer of *Winged Victory*, who was dressed in the strange USO uniform supplied him for his overseas tour in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

Hart never told them, either. He just continued to accept heir drinks.

—*Clipper*

•

A man who had just been commissioned a second lieutenant received a wire from the medical examining board several days later: "Regret to inform you that tests show you have heart trouble and tuberculosis." An hour later he got another telegram: "Please disregard last wire, your record confused with that of another candidate."

The relieved looey wired back, "Sorry, but I committed suicide forty minutes ago."

—*The Communiqué*

•

In a small New York fight club the fans were disgusted with the lack of action in the ring. The two battlers did nothing but circle each other, with no punches being thrown. A forbidding silence mounted in the arena. Then—

"Hit him now, yah bum," a spectator called. "You got the wind with yah!"—Bob Considine in *Argosy*.

•

A girl in slacks, about to sit down
Has a very funny bearing;
She puts her hands in back to
smooth—
The skirt she isn't wearing.

—*Banana Peelings*

•

The sergeant was trying to judge between two of the men in his company who had been picked up for brawling. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"I called him a liar," growled the first of the offenders, "and I can prove it."

"What do you say to that?" asked the sarge, turning to the second one.

"Suppose I am a liar!" was the hurt reply. "I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"

—*The Armodier*

•

A drunk, standing at a bar, was amazed to see a Newfoundland dog walk in, go up to the bar and put his paws on it expectantly.

"What'll it be?" asked the bartender.

"Dry martini," replied the dog. "With two olives."

The drunk looked on dumbfoundedly while the bartender mixed the drink and set it before the dog. Finally he found breath. "That's the most amazing thing I've ever seen," he said.

"I know it," agreed a publican. "Most people take a martini with one olive, but he always insists on two."

—*The Bull Horn*

"Have you any idea how many will be staying in for lunch?"

•

He may be old, but he's still in there pinching.

—*Fort Snelling Bulletin*

"Lessee—today I drive and you fix flats"

The great big beautiful car drew up to the curb near where the cute little working girl was waiting for a bus, and a gentleman stuck his neck out and said: "Hello, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl, "bring me back an orange."

—*Air Base News*

•

Groom: Have you kissed the bride?

Best man (absently): Oh, yes, hundreds of times.

—*The Outpost*

•

The G.I. just back from the wars had been holding the receiver of the telephone to his ear for a long time without saying a word, so his pal asked, "Can't you get your number? You've been waiting there for ten minutes."

"I'm not waiting. I'm talking to my wife!"

—*The Communiqué*

•

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid,

Mother. You've nursed me through childhood. I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. And what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did—gee, Mom, don't cry! I won't be long . . . wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

—The Bulletin

•

There's nothing like coming home at night and getting out of wet socks and into a dry martini.

—Air Base News

•

"Ernie dear, don't go too far in the water."

"But look, daddy's out a long way."

"I know dear, but your father's insured."

—Jacksonville Guardsman

•

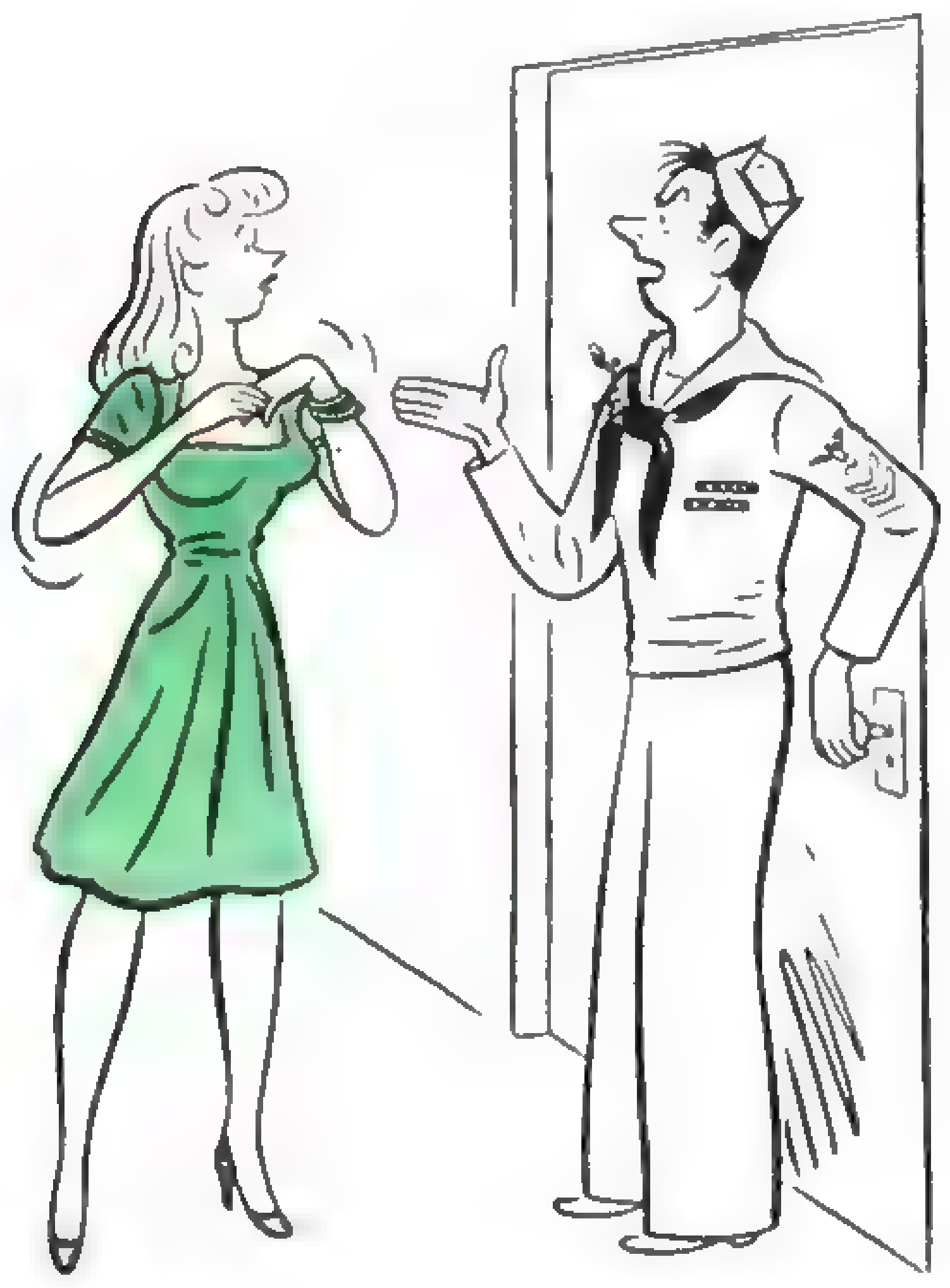
My friend Julius, bartender at the Gramercy Park, discussing his recent marriage at an age when one might have supposed he would remain a bachelor, remarked: "A married man lives like a dog, but dies like a king. A single man lives like a king, but dies like a dog."

•

G.I. Daffynition

Men: Generally falling into two classes . . . old and bent; young and spent.

—Clipper



"Keep the diamond, but I want my grass skirt and my boomerang back!"

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

You've got a date,
The kind that's heavy,
With loads of dough,
A brand-new Chevvy.
Your shoes are shined;
Your pants are pressed;
Good Conduct Ribbon
Upon your chest.
Your hair is combed;
You've really slicked it.
So what happens?
—You're Restricted!

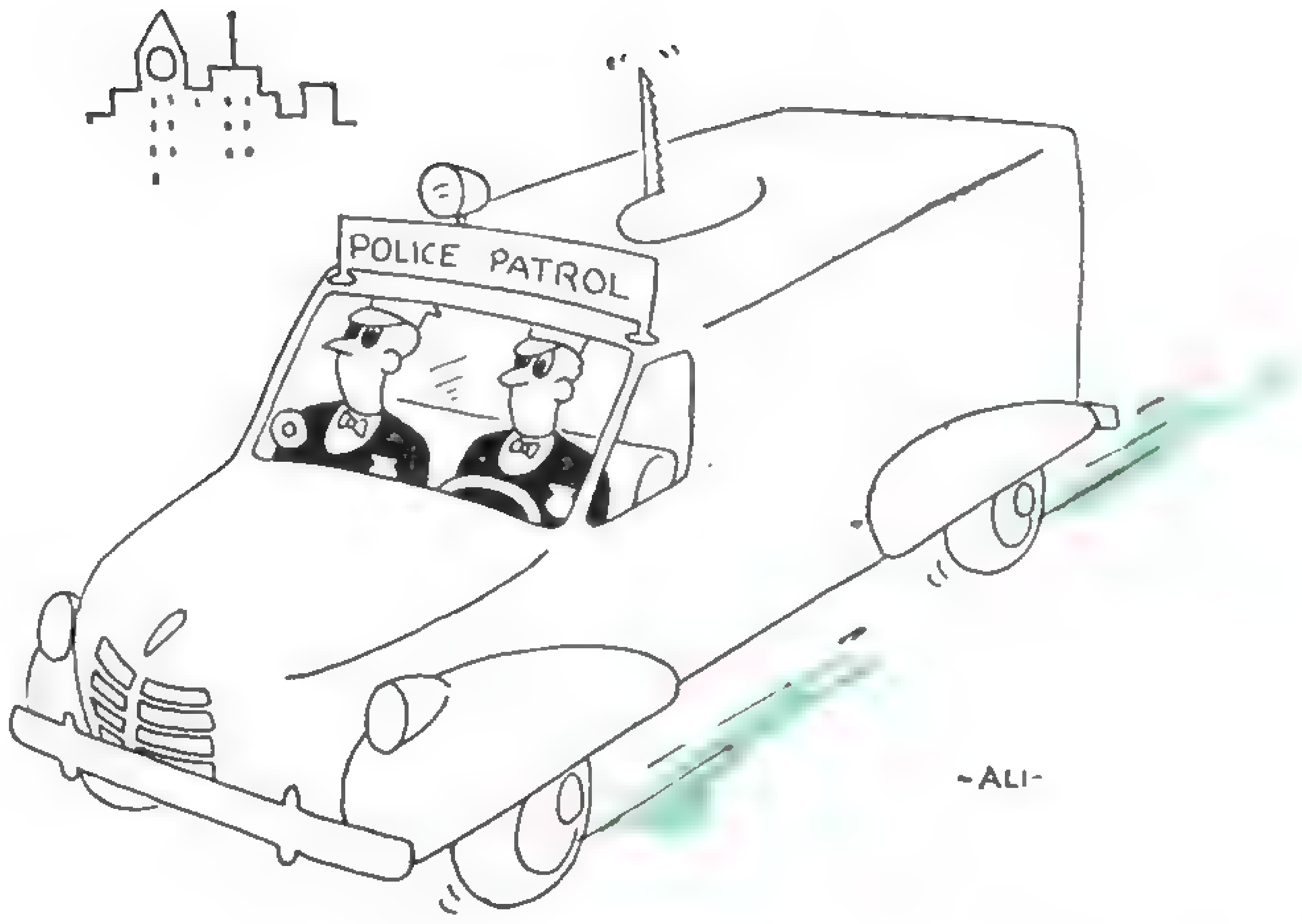
You make your bed;
There's not a wrinkle.
You shine your shoes
Until they twinkle.
You sweep the floor;
You even mop;
You scrub the window
Ledge on top.
You blitz your buckle
'Til you see your reflection.
So what happens?
—No Inspection!

You tell your girl
That you'll be true,
And what is more,
You mean it, too.
On double dates
You never go;
You even shun the USO.
What girls you know
Are mere conjecture.
So what do you get?
—Sex Morality Lecture!

When showering
You are very clean;
You wear your clogs
To the latrine.
You scrub the floors
With septic lye;
You wash your toes
With soap, GI.
You shield your feet
From dirt and soot.
So what do you get?
—Athlete's Foot!

For seven years
You buck and buck;
You never have
A bit of luck.
Tho' five years spent
Were overseas,
You're still among
The PFCs.
They finally need
A staff; you're chosen.
So what happens?
—Ratings Are Frozen!

—The Brigadere



Employer: Myrtle, who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I give you a kiss now and then.

Stenographer: My attorney.

—Belvoir Castle

•

"For years," she said, "I didn't know where my husband spent his evenings. One night I came home early and there he was."

—The Communiqué

•

The recluse was building a new home for his wife and family. Instead of building the house from the outside, he worked just the opposite. He had plenty of material at hand, and he built the house from the inside. At last the job was complete. Four walls and a roof—nothing more. The builder surveyed his handiwork with pride. "Well," he asked his wife, "how do you like the new place?" . . . "Not bad," she answered. "But where's the door?" . . . The recluse put down his hammer. "Why a door?" he demanded. "Goin' someplace?"

•

There's an Indian standing on a reservation, so the tourist goes over and asks, "What do you do all day?"

"Hunt and drink," says the Indian.

"What do you hunt?" asks the tourist.

"Drink," says the Indian.

—The Ship's Log

•

One reason romance lasted longer in the gay nineties was that a wife looked the same after washing her face.

—Camp Howze Howitzer

•

Love will fly if held too lightly,
Love will die if held too tightly,
Lightly—tightly . . . how can I
know
If I'm killing you or letting go?

Manchester Beacon

OVERHEARD IN SWANK HOTEL

"Consommé bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricassée poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse, des glaces, and tell that character in the corner to keep his lamps the hell offa my gal."

—Clipper

•

B.O.Q: A place where Naval officers live on the station; considered undesirable, but preferable to marriage.

—The Ship's Log

•

Did you hear the story of the old man who turned and asked the young civilian next to him why he wasn't in the service?

"What," screamed the young civilian, "with a war on?"

—Armoreader

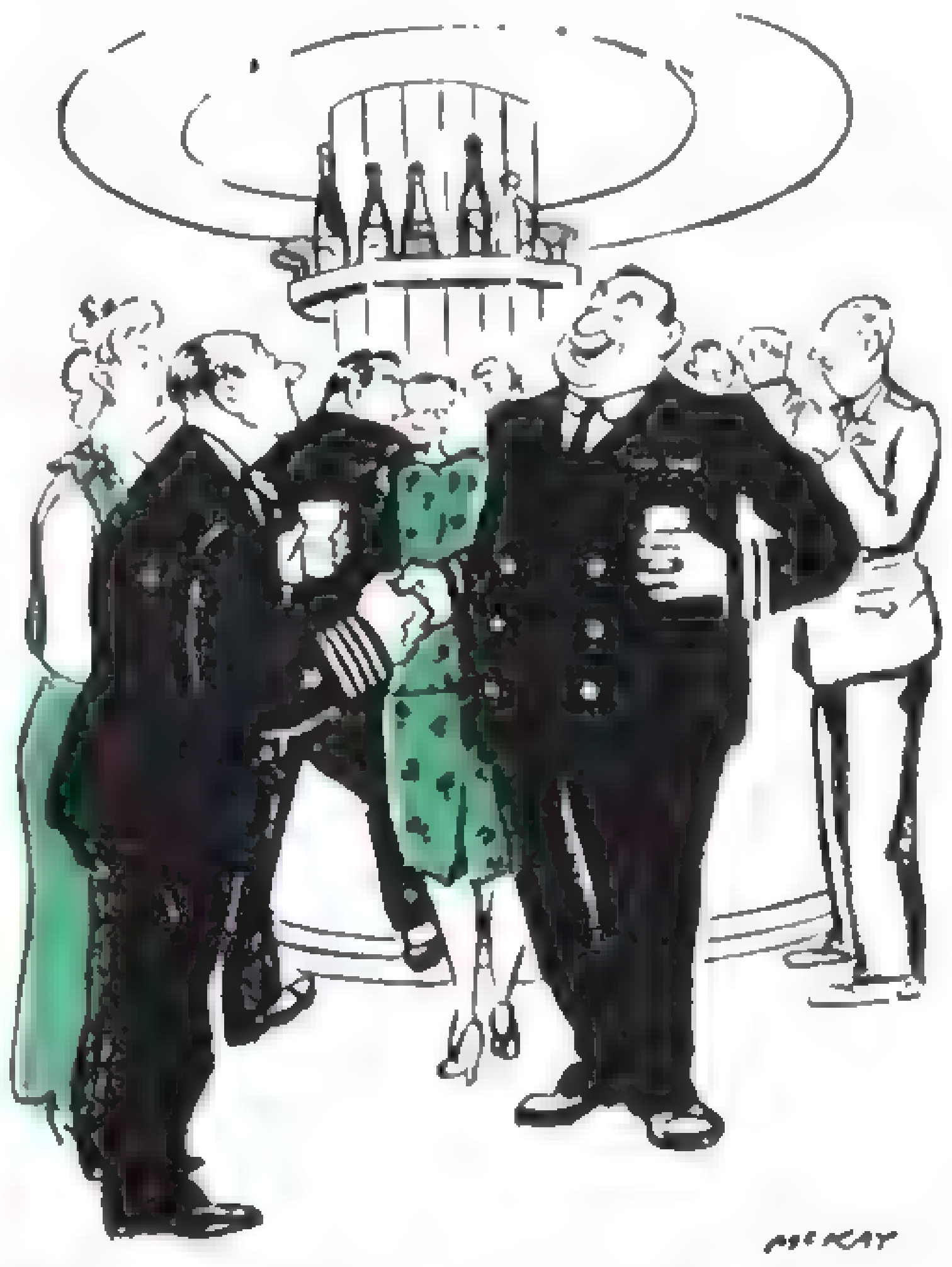
•

"How many fathoms?" asked the captain.

"Can't touch bottom, sir," was the answer.

"Well, consarn you, how near do you come to it?" the captain shot back.

—The Communiqué



"I'm an Annapolis man myself, Captain—used to drive a beer truck there"

Teacher: How many make a dozen?

Jimmy: Twelve.

Teacher: How many make a million?

Jimmy: Very few.

—Habit

•

Captain (as his company is leaving a reportedly mined trench): You stay here. If there is an explosion, blow your whistle. Understand?

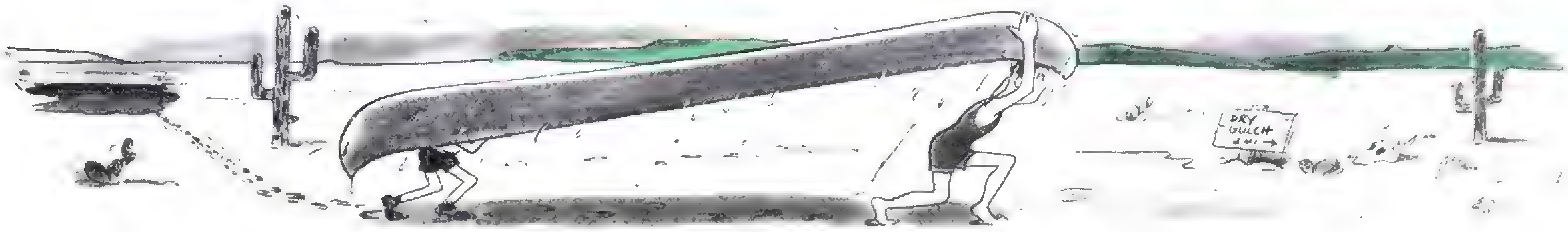
Private: Yes, sir. Will I blow it going up or coming down?

—The Bedside Examiner

•

The guy who works like a horse doesn't always draw the girl with the beautiful carriage.

—The Brigadere



"I hate to appear inquisitive, but are you sure it wouldn't have been better to go by auto?"

Man the Kitchenette

Recommending certain easily available meats, with directions for *Amourettes*, *tripe à la Lyonnaise*, *brains au buerre*

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

There is at least one thing Europeans can teach Americans: a taste for specialty meats—lights or innards, if you prefer straightforward words. And so I will sing the praises of tripe, brains, kidneys, sweetbread and *amourettes* (the French name for calf's spinal marrow . . . a delicious morsel if there ever was one).

It is perfectly ridiculous that most Americans detest edible organs and don't even wish to lift the anathema when there is a serious meat shortage.

Do not think that since the wholesale human slaughter in Europe has ceased, you can start where you left off before the war, and put away 54.4 pounds of beef yearly, as was done in 1939. I advise you to concentrate longer on less majestic viands than steaks. "How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?—I like it well," said Shakespeare, and I worship even the culinary tastes of the Bard.

Tripe is the first—the most muscular—of the ox's four stomachs. Before you buy it on the retail market, it has already gone through a very elaborate cleaning process; it was steeped in lime water for three days, the outer coating removed, and washed for two more days in several waters until it became yellowish-white. But you have to blanch it further by cooking it in salted water for another two hours. After draining and cooling, it is very simple to make a delectable dish out of tripe by cutting it in largish pieces, smearing on butter, squeezing a little lemon juice on top, and broiling under a hot broiler. A tripe recipe, only a bit more complicated, is *à la Lyonnaise*:

Parboil a pound of tripe till tender, drain and mince, and fry in butter to a golden color. In another pan simultaneously fry two finely chopped onions in a little butter, also to a golden hue. Add the tripe to the onions, also two tablespoonsful of vinegar, salt and pepper, and chopped parsley. Serve very hot with boiled potatoes.

There are hundreds of ways to make tripe, among the best being *à la Bordelaise* (with tomato sauce), fried *à la Soubise* (with purée of onions), *à la poulette* (in a creamy yellow gravy), *grille diable* (broiled coated with mustard and breadcrumbs), *alla Buseca* (a thick, delicious soup), Parisian style (with vegetables), etc. Tripe is composed of 86.5 per cent water, 11.7 protein, 1.2 fat, 0.3 ash and 0.3 other constituents, and doesn't have a large vitamin content, but your overestimated liver has 69.5 water, and could never taste as good as tripe.

Since I have finished with tripe on a medical note, I had better start off calf's brains in the same vein. Brains have a lot of lecithin (rich in phosphorus) which is one of the best foods for the gonads. But before I assume the role of a gland specialist, I'll go back to the kitchen where I belong, and tell you that brains *au beurre noir* (with black butter) is one of the best of the many versions. Not long ago, George Hoffmann, manager of New York's Voisin Restaurant, invited me for lunch and gave me a superb dish of brains *au beurre noir* as the main dish. It was made this way:

Soak the calf's brains in water until white (about two hours), remove the skin enveloping them, and place them in a saucepan. Cover with water, add a dash of vinegar, sliced carrots and onions, parsley, thyme, bay leaf, a clove of garlic, and peppercorns. Cook for a half hour over low fire; do not boil. Drain on a napkin, place on a hot dish, salt and pepper, and sprinkle some chopped parsley on top. Cook some butter in a frying pan to a dark brown color, pour it over the brains, and finally heat a few drops of vinegar in the pan, and pour over the brains.

Broiled calf's brains is also excellent; the brains are parboiled, pressed lightly between two boards, cooled, sliced, seasoned with salt and pepper, dipped in flour, and broiled and buttered. *En brochette* is made by parboiling, cooling, cutting into small pieces, running them up on skewers, seasoned with salt and pepper, dipped in egg yolk and cracker dust, and broiled on a gridiron. Boiled with Aurora or Ravigote sauce, *à la Chassaigne*, *matelote*, *à la Paysanne*, with Hollandaise or Béarnaise sauce, brains never fail to excite my imagination when I look at the menu in a restaurant. For, of course, the more elaborate brain-cookery does not belong in an ordinary kitchen.

Kidneys are one of the best luncheon dishes I know of, and more specifically lamb kidneys stewed in Madeira wine. To obtain fine stewed kidneys, sauteé them over a quick fire in order to sear them rapidly, and they ought never to be allowed to go on cooking in their own juice.

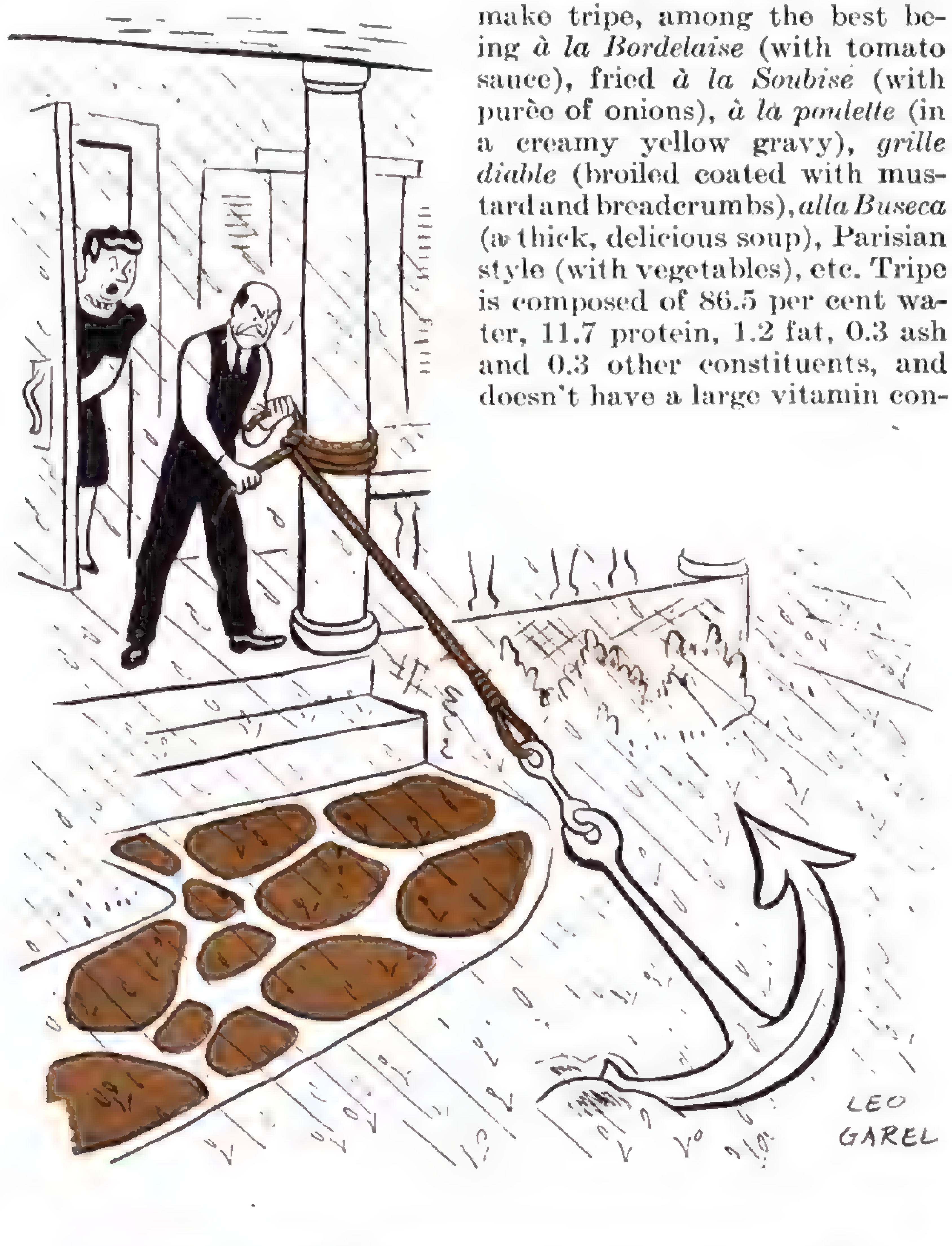
Mince the kidneys, and remove all hard parts. Heat some butter in a pan and when hot, put in the kidneys and fry over a brisk fire. Season with salt and pepper, and when the kidneys are sized without being dry, take them out, leaving the liquid in the pan. Fry a tablespoonful of chopped onions in butter in another pan, pour the kidney gravy onto the onions, add a little consommé, a glass of Madeira wine, and skim the fat from the surface of the sauce. Pour the sauce over the kidneys, heat without boiling, add a little lemon juice and chopped parsley, and serve.

Many uninitiated people have libelous thoughts about sweetbreads; they are completely misinformed as to their exact locality. Sweetbreads are actually a glandular substance found below the calf's throat; it is the thymus of the animal. They too have to be parboiled, and are the best *à la Conti*, *Columbus*, *Binda*, *Bussy*, *l'Eugênie*, *l'êcarlate*, *La Vallière*, *à la Bonne Maman*, and a myriad other fancy names. They are all complicated recipes, but it is easy to broil them. First though you have to place them under running water.

Then put them in a pan of cold water (cover completely), bring to a boil, let them cook for fifteen minutes, then take them out and plunge them into cold water. Now cut away all cartilage and fatty parts, and put them under a light weight for two hours. Dip into melted butter and broil gently, basting with the melted butter. Serve very hot, and season at the table with salt and pepper.

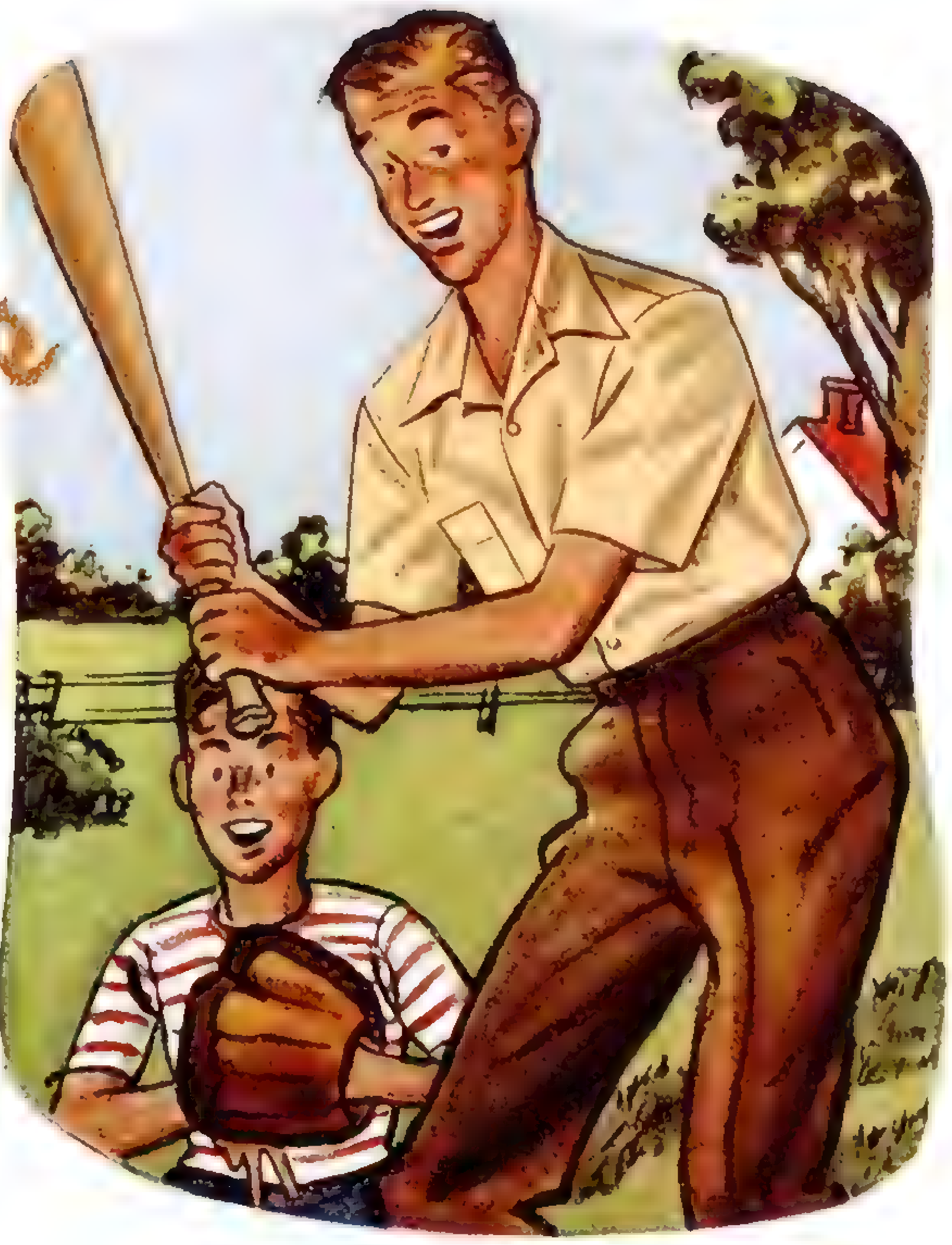
Amourettes, or the spinal marrow of the calf, if well prepared, renders every good gourmet atremble with excitement. They have to be soaked in three waters during as many hours, and then dissected into two-inch lengths. After that, you should put them in a saucepan with cold water, vinegar, salt, thyme, peppercorns and bayleaf added. Now they have to be boiled for three minutes. Cool, drain and marinate the *amourettes* for an hour in oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Then dip each piece in a fine frying batter, plunge them into very hot fat, drain, salt, and pour over them some *beurre noir*. Serve with fried parsley.

I left out a score of other fancy meats, but enough of lights for one lesson. However, I beg you to develop a taste for them, for they are not poison. And even for poison you can acquire a taste—Mithridates was able to drink most of the known mortal poisons by simply developing a taste for them very gradually. And this reminds me that most fancy meats are poison for people suffering with the gout. Even writing about them sends a terrific pain into my big toe. Don't ever become a *bon vivant*! #



"George, I wish you weren't such a pessimist!"

for weekend athletes, farmers and strategists



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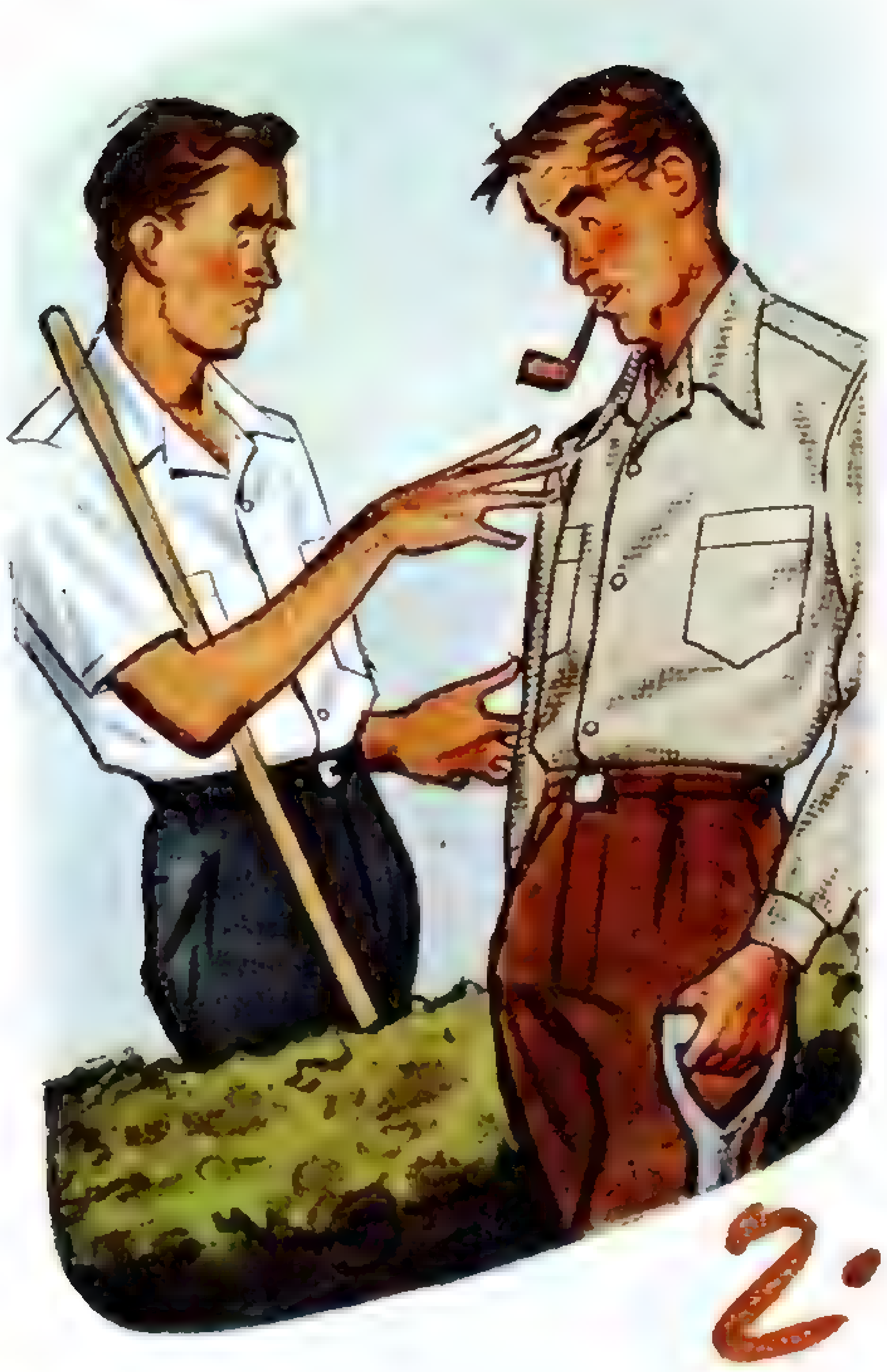
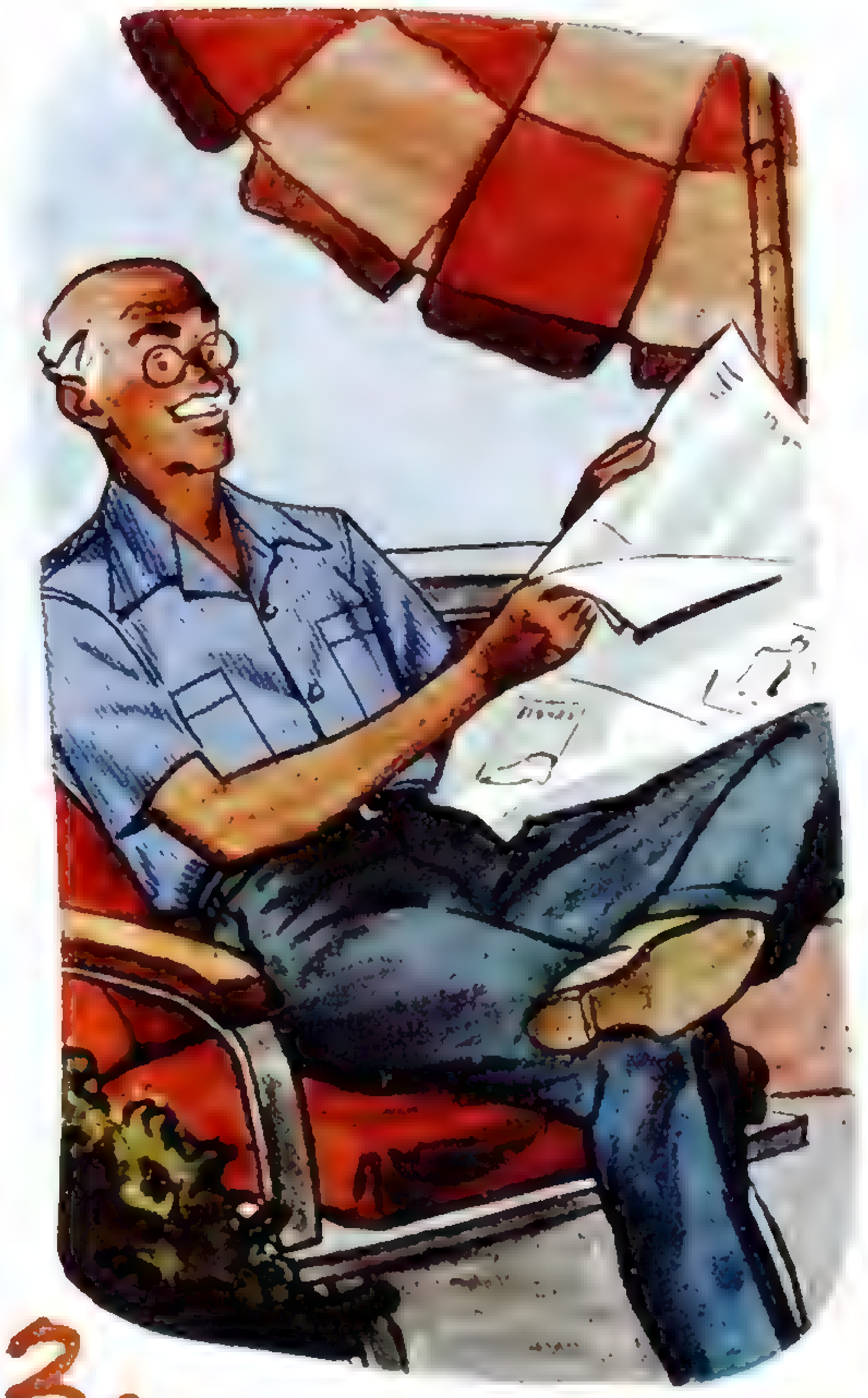
IF, come Saturday morning, you find yourself clutching a baseball bat or a golf club, remember—some of our finest week-end sportsmen do their best whacking in an Arrow Sports Shirt. For Arrows are cut to give you the maximum freedom of action . . . without sacrificing one iota of the customary Arrow smartness!



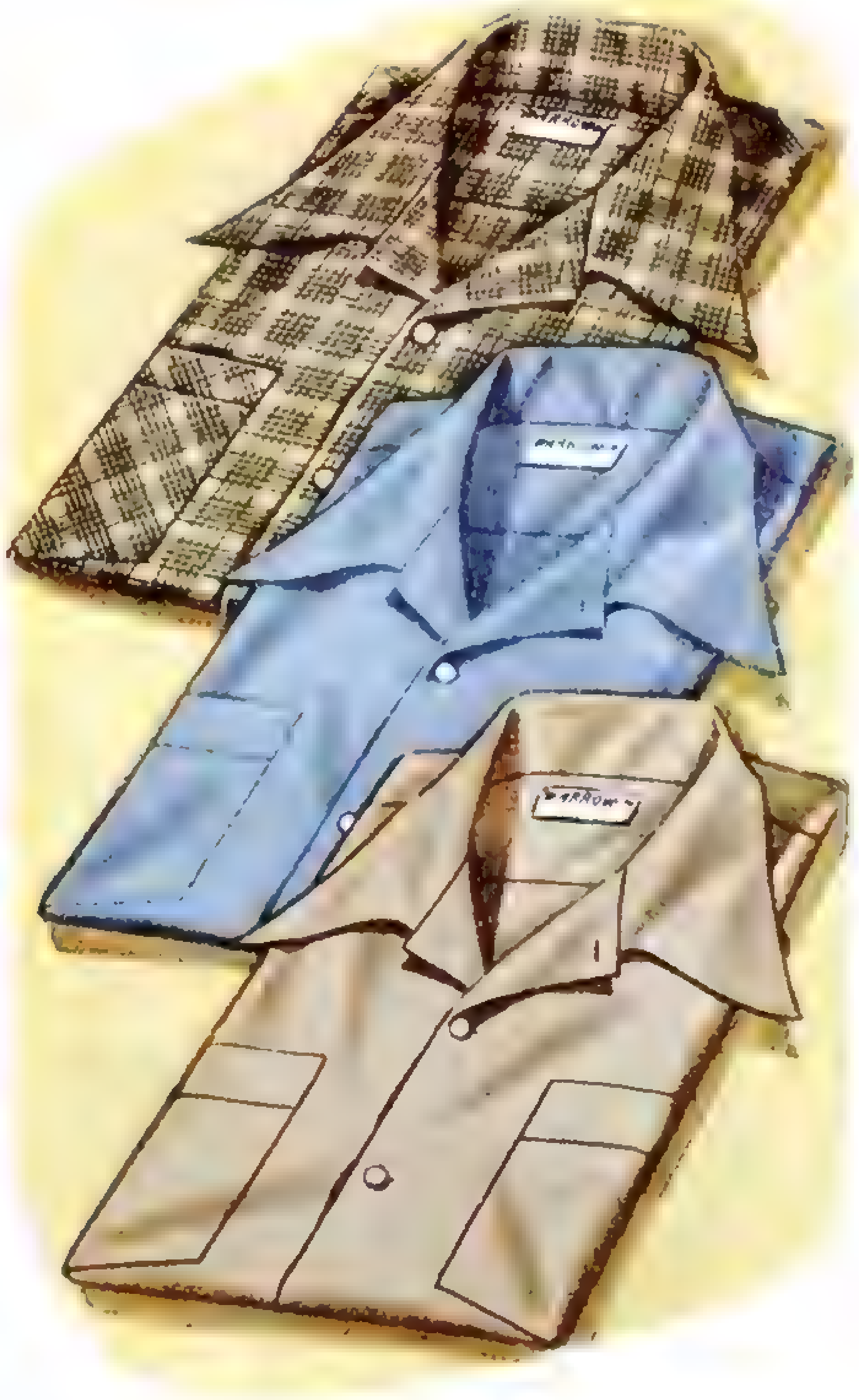
2.

OR, if the week end is reserved for grubbing in the Victory Garden, it should please you no end to know that an Arrow Sports Shirt does a right smart job *there.* (Especially if you're out where the neighbors can see you.) The colors and handsome plaids of Arrow Sports Shirts fit right into the summery, garden-like spirit of things.



3.

BUT if your day of rest is devoted to sitting in the sun reading up on the history-making events in the newspapers, there's no *nicer* way of absorbing the news than in a cool, cool Arrow Sports Shirt. Made of extremely lightweight yet durable fabrics, Arrow will see you through the hottest day in a very comfortable fashion.



Arrow Sports Shirts are at your dealer's. They cost $2.25 up, and come in either long-sleeve or short-sleeve styles. On your way to look them over, drop in and buy an *extra* War Bond.

Arrow Sports Shirts

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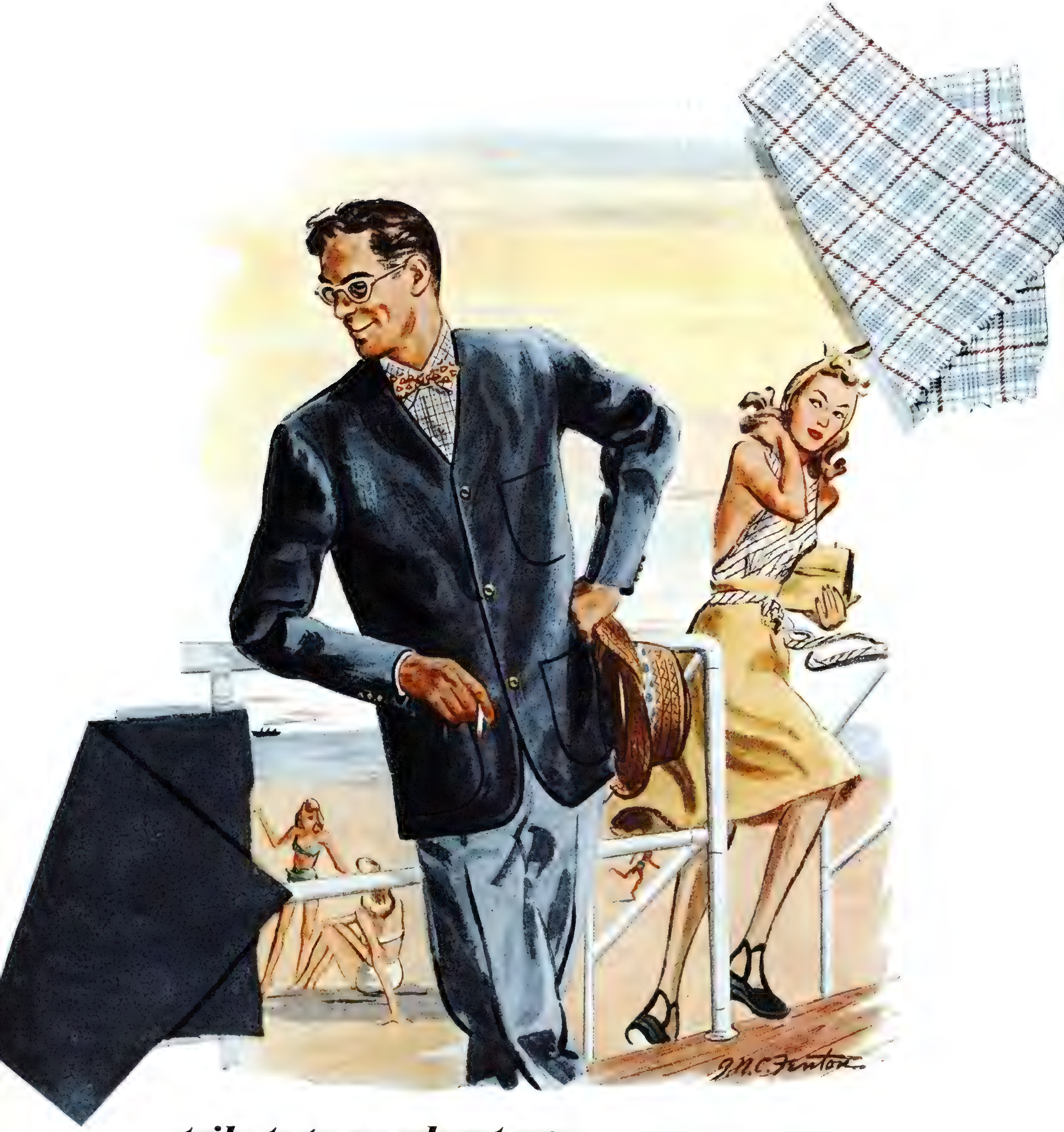
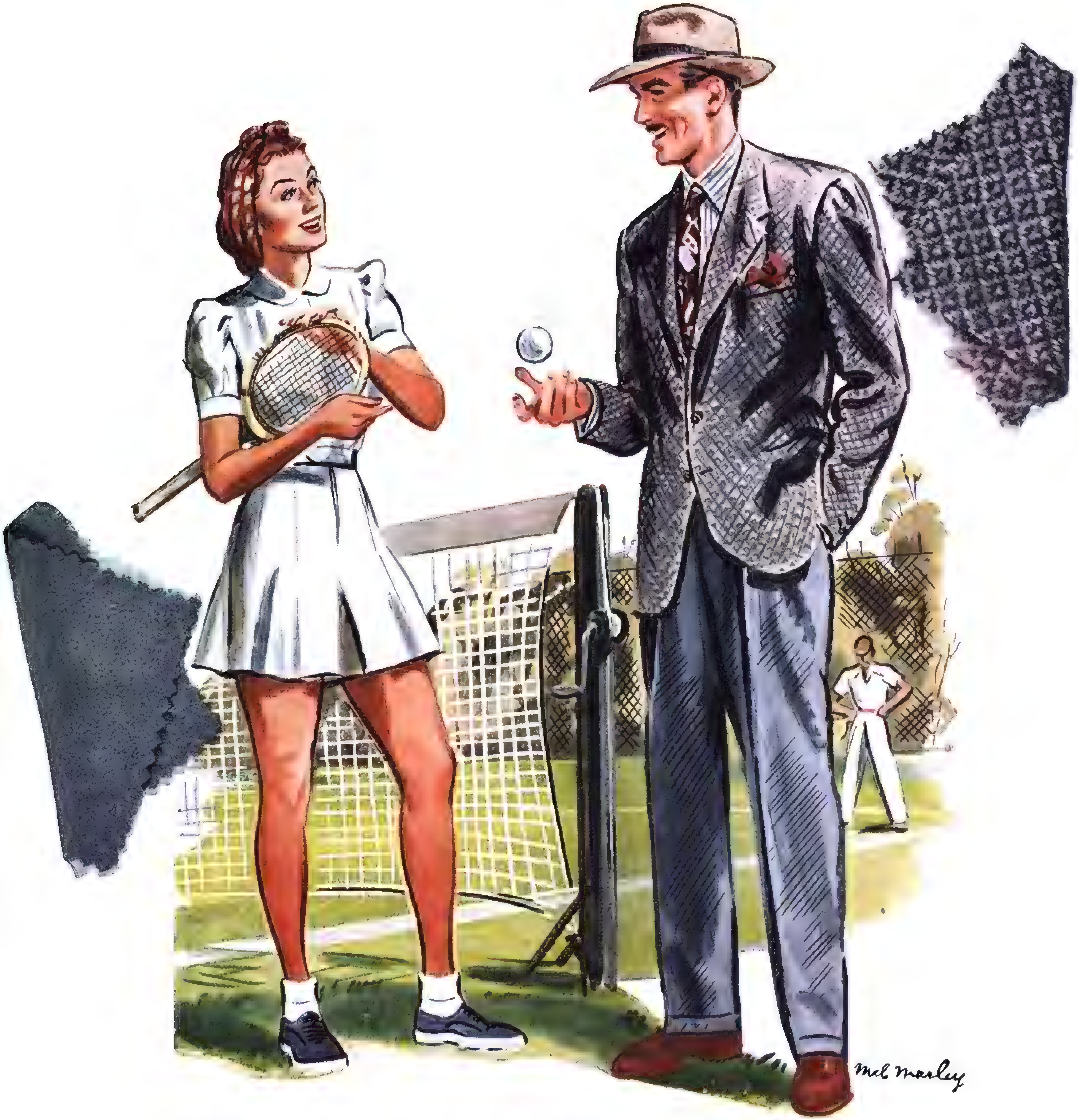


tribute to an adventurer

Since Vasco Nuñez de Balboa took the trouble to discover the Pacific Ocean, it seems only fitting that the California yachting center should bear his name. As a further tribute to the sixteenth century explorer, the town of Balboa has come forth with a bright new color called (you've guessed it) Balboa Blue. While it may seem a daring departure to conservative yachtsmen schooled in the use of Navy Blue, the new color is sufficiently soft and subtle, as seen in the flannel blazer above. The blazer is collarless, thus adding a modern note to a favorite classic; it is fastened with gilt buttons. (A swatch of the Balboa Blue flannel is shown at the left.) The slacks are gabardine, in a lighter tone. Also new, the material of the shirt is flannel-finish rayon, employing red and blue plaid on a white background, as shown at upper right. The bow tie features red printing on a yellow ground foulard.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

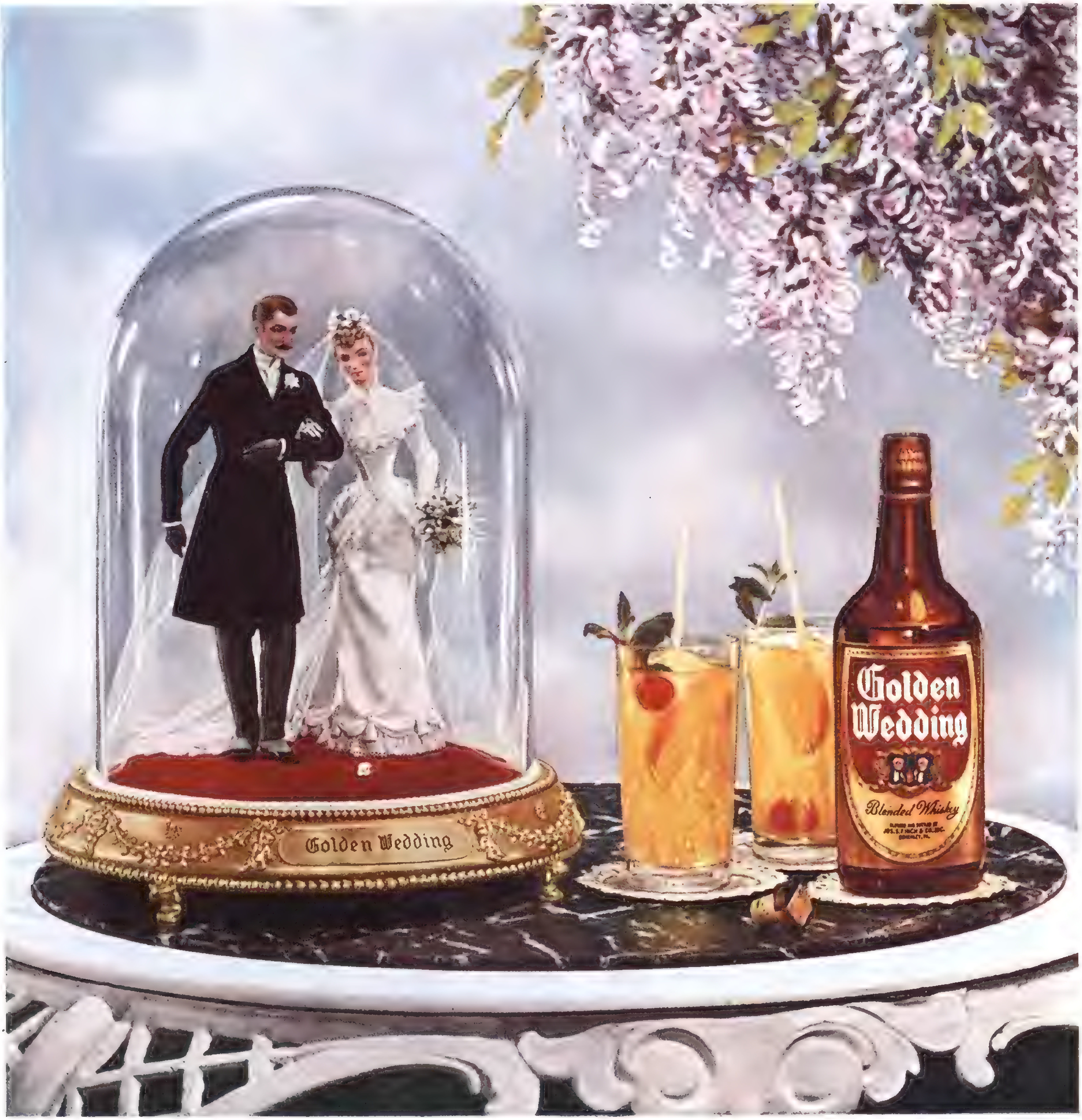


three on a tennis match

Keeping the ball out of play is one sure way to break up a tennis game, and filibustering helps too. Perhaps the fast-talking Lochinvar is serving up such useless information as the fact that love in tennis has no relation to romance, but comes from the French *l'oeuf* meaning egg, or zero. Whether the titian-haired girl is planning to ditch poor Joe, the wounded tennis player, is anyone's guess. At any rate, the interloper wins a few points sartorially. Consider, for example, his rayon foulard tie, which is printed with a match box and cigarette pattern. His diamond pattern tweed jacket is comfortably lightweight and blends with his flannel slacks which are a soft shade of greyish blue. (Samples of both fabrics appear at the sides.) His hat is the eminently wearable mesh panama, his shoes, brown reverse calf. Striped in blue and white, his shirt is of lightweight madras.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Choice of a lifetime . . .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Budgets for Mufti

A timely word to veterans ready for that home-front detail, choosing a wardrobe

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •

$200 WARDROBE

1 Suit	$35.00
1 Sports Jacket	18.50
1 Pair of Slacks	8.50
Topcoat (gabardine)	30.00
Overcoat	35.00
Raincoat	15.00
1 Hat	5.00
6 Shirts	12.00
3 Sets of Underwear	3.00
6 Ties	6.00
6 Pairs of Socks	3.00
1 Pair of Shoes	6.00
8 Handkerchiefs	4.00
1 Sweater	4.00
2 Pajamas	6.00
1 Gloves	4.00
Miscellaneous:	
Suspenders	
Belt	
Garters	
Jewelry	5.00
	$200.00

$350 WARDROBE

1 Suit	$45.00
1 Suit	45.00
1 Odd Jacket	22.50
1 Pair of Slacks	10.00
1 Topcoat (tweed)	35.00
1 Overcoat	45.00
1 Raincoat	18.50
2 Hats	10.00
2 Pairs of Shoes	15.00
10 Shirts	22.50
8 Ties	12.00
8 Pairs of Socks	6.00
12 Handkerchiefs	6.00
3 Suits of Underwear	6.00
1 Robe	15.00
3 Pajamas	10.50
1 Sweater	7.50
1 Pair of Gloves	5.00
1 Pair of Slippers	3.50
Miscellaneous:	
Suspenders	
Belts	
Garters	
Jewelry	10.00
	$350.00

We never cease to marvel at the cool detachment with which some of our correspondents in the Pacific theater, while dodging shrapnel, snipers, snakes and malaria mosquitoes, calmly write to inquire what the haberdashers are up to these days. You would think that most of the boys, on coming home to stay, would plan to continue wearing their uniforms for the full thirty days allowed to them after the date of honorable discharge. How can they forsake the free drinks, the bountiful dinners, the lovely hostesses of the USO?

Well, it's ours not to wonder why, but to give these impatient Joes the information for which they clamor.

It seems that few servicemen have any civilian clothes to come home to. A lot of them have been given away by generous mothers and wives (you know how women are when they start to clean out a closet). Besides, many of the younger fellows have outgrown their civilian clothes while the older men have lost surplus weight in the rigors of training and combat so that their prewar clothing must be discarded.

Men already discharged from service, as well as foxhole dreamers, write that they plan to spend all the way from 100 to 1,000 dollars for civilian wardrobes.

Keeping them fairly conservative, we have set up two clothing budgets for veterans; one requires an expenditure of 200 dollars; the other, 350 dollars.

The first list covers more immediate needs for a basic wardrobe. This includes a business suit of, say, bluish grey sharkskin worsted or chalk stripe grey flannel. The odd tweed jacket and flannel slacks make up a combination very handy for week-end wear. The gabardine topcoat doubles for a raincoat.

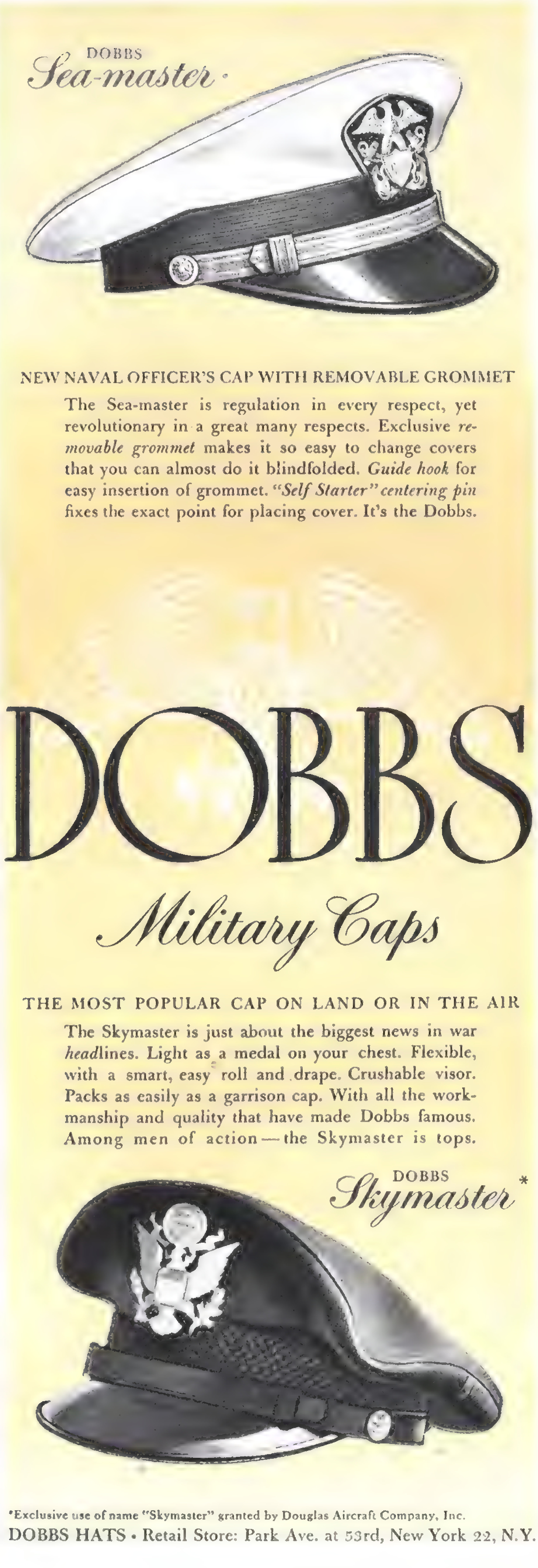
The second, more comprehensive wardrobe includes two suits, with the obvious advantage that rotation of clothing means longer wear. The fibers of a woolen suit tend to spring back to shape during a rest in the closet, so that wrinkles disappear and pressing can be less frequent.

The advantage in alternation also applies to shoes; leather lasts longer if the shoes are treed for a day after being worn.

The odd jacket is suggested in a plaid tweed, designed in the conventional three-button, single-breasted style. Or the equally wearable casual jacket of tweed or gabardine may be preferred.

Two hats of different colors and types will add to the scope of your wardrobe. A brown snap-brim and a grey Homburg present, respectively, the types commonly used for general and dress-up occasions.

Whether you need summer suits and/or outer coats just now, depends on location of your home base. So take it from here. ##



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How to Play Check Pinochle

Continued from page 45

points, giving the side 130 points altogether in melds and leaving 100 points to be made in play. The other team melds a total of 70 (figure it out for yourself). Neither side has made a meld worth check awards.

Hazen points out, incidentally, that the bidding probably would go a lot differently on this hand if North were the dealer. In that case East would likely open with 200, South could not bid, West would pass and North would hesitate and might very well pass. It so happens that whichever side took the bid and made the trump would fulfill its contract handily; something which happens on a lot of deals and points up the importance of getting into the bidding ahead of the other fellow.

Informative conventions are getting a lot of attention in this game. The main ones in making opening bids are: 210 to show about 100 meld points, but no powerful suit; 220, the same in melds, but a good suit; 260 to show four aces in a meld; 270, to show a flush. Partner's responses to an opening bid: 210 to show some assisting strength; 220 to show *you want to* name a trump suit of your own; 260 shows four aces, as does 310, which promises other strength, too.

The play, however, is still dominated by that good old pinochle convention known as "shmeering"—that is, putting a nice fat counting-card on partner's lead conversely has become a signal that you hold an ace of some other suit. A lot of the bridge signaling conventions are being tried out in play between the experts on Check Pinochle.

The battle is on between the old guard pinochlers who are wary of too many bridge features in an essentially pinochle-style game, and the masterminds of the bridge world who would like to dress Check up in familiar and socially acceptable garb. Right now the pinochlers' more orthodox version seems to be the easier one for most players to learn and enjoy. But as is usually the case with all card games that win a wide public following, the fellow who plays the game in the parlor with his family or friends has the final say. So far he hasn't had enough experience with it to express many opinions about the technical aspects. But there's no doubt he likes the game fine and expects it to be around a long time.

Scoring Tables

Melds	*Points*	*Checks*
(Class A)		
K-Q of same suit (not trump)	20	0
K-Q of trumps ("Royal Marriage")	40	0
A-10-K-Q-J of trumps ("flush")	150	2
(Class B)		
♦J-♠Q ("Pinochle")	40	0
♦J-♦J-♠Q-♠Q ("Double Pinochle")	80	1
The 9 of trumps ("Dix," pronounced "deece")	10	0
(Class C)		
Four Jacks (one in each suit)	40	1
Four Queens (one in each suit)	60	1
Four Kings (one in each suit)	80	1
Four Aces (one in each suit)	100	2

Values of Counting-Cards: each ace or 10 (won in a trick)—10 points; each king or queen (won in a trick)—5 points. With the 10 points for taking last trick that makes a total of 250 points that can be won in playing out the hands.

Other Check Premiums: for fulfilling bid of 200 to 240—2 checks; 250 to 290—4; 300 to 340—7; 350 to 390—10; 400 to 440—13 (or 14); 450 to 490—16 (or 19); 500 or higher—increase by 3's (or 5's).

For reaching 1,000 points (game)—7 (10 or 15) checks. For melding 4 queens and 4 kings, one in each suit, as a single meld ("Roundhouse")—4 checks. For winning all counting-cards—4 checks. For winning all tricks ("Slam")—5 checks.

Notes on the Check Awards:

The check awards given here are generally played today and have the approval of the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers widely recognized today as the center of card authority. The checks in brackets are optional and have been found by many to add more excitement to the game.

The members of the Cavendish Club of New York favor the following check awards for bids: 200 to 240—3; with 6 for the next 50; 10 for the 50 after that; and a rise of 5 for each succeeding 50. They award 10 checks for game with one additional check for every hundred points in the difference between winners' and losers' scores. They are also trying out a vulnerability feature carried over from bridge. Until a side scores 600 points it is non-vulnerable and if defeated in a bid is merely set back, and scores no checks. But opponents do not score double checks for the "bate." After a side reaches 600 it is vulnerable and the regular double check "bate" applies.

Other and far more complicated modifications in check awards are being tried out. ⌗

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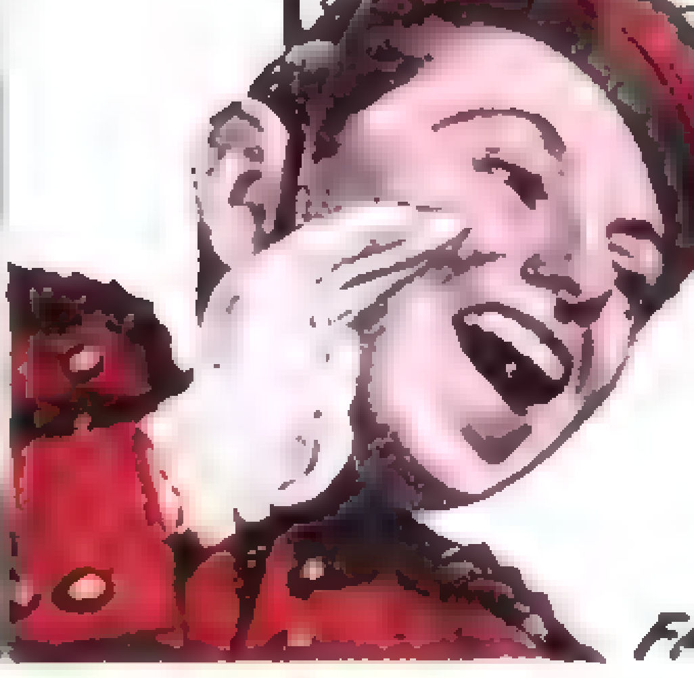

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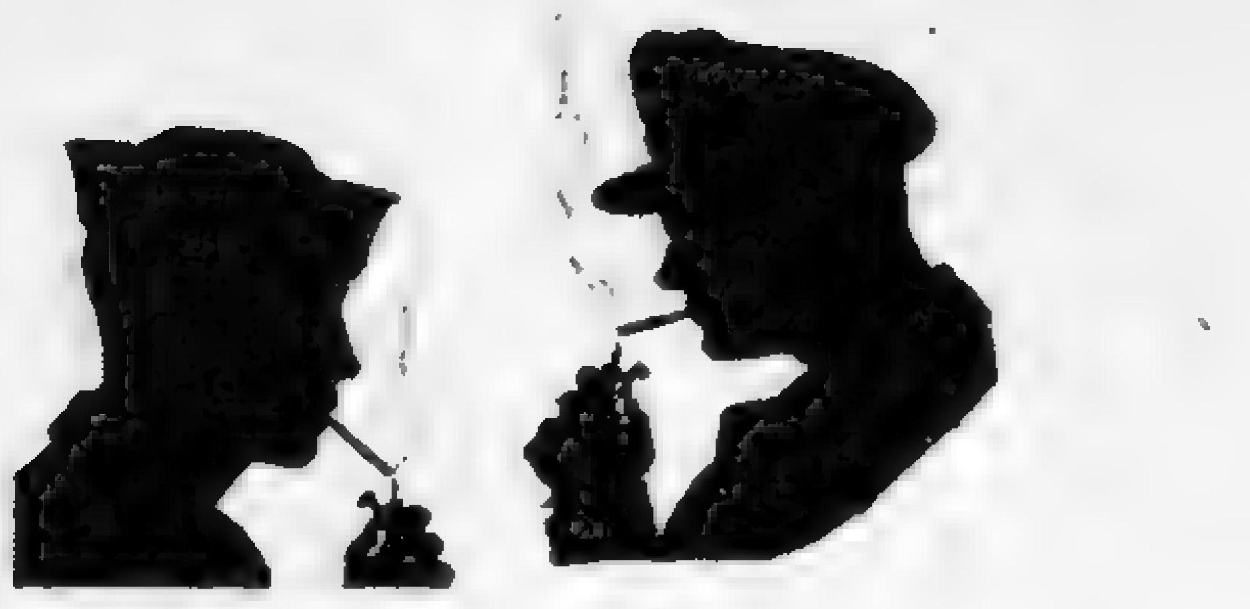

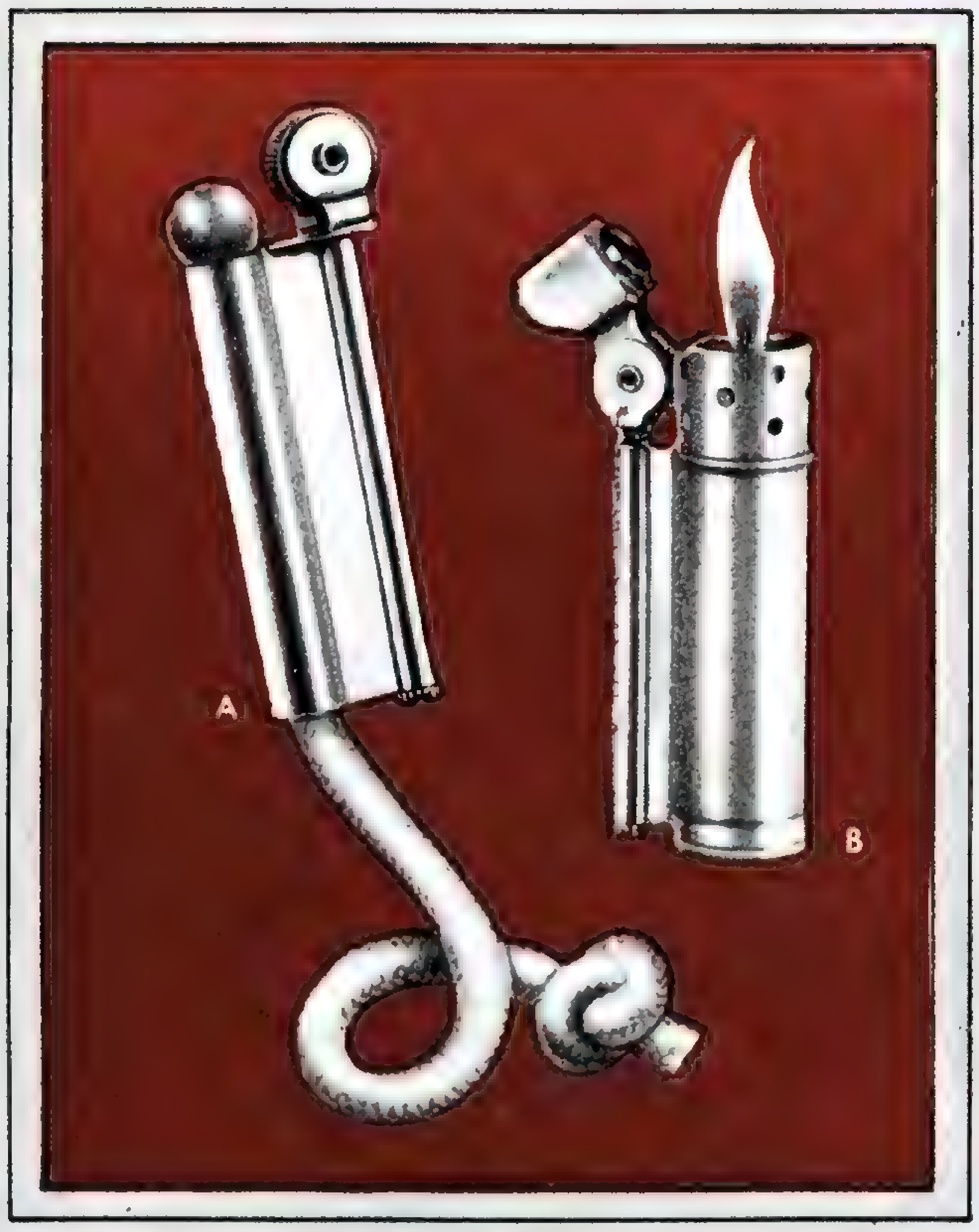

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This Man's World

Continued from page 46

made by a rusty gate to that of a drunk whistling a tune he cannot remember, off key. They croak, chirrup, hoop, screech, squeal, mew, bleat, gobble, cluck, cluck, gaggle and quack, but sing? Never.

Once, during lush days in England before the war, when the BBC recognized the advent of spring by sending out sound crews to crawl on their tweeded stomachs through swamps and briarland carrying microphones to broadcast the song of the first meadow larks, I remember sitting breathless at my wireless set awaiting this supreme moment. The announcer had advised us earlier in the evening that the boys were mucking about in the dark in some field looking for a bird and that as soon as they found one that was awake and could be persuaded to perform, they would interrupt whatever program was on to bring us this treat.

All of a sudden the dance band went off the air, and the announcer said with a kind of historic tension in his voice, "We interrupt this program now to bring you the song of the meadow lark. Some of our chaps have found one of the little fellows. Ah, hark!"

I harked. Something went "Burrrp—Graaaaawk!" I kept on harking, thinking it was static, until the announcer said with unctious satisfaction: "You have just heard the meadow lark singing from a meadow at Chelmsley-on-Uffington, by High-Little-Downey, Bucks. We return you now to our studio in London." I guess maybe I just never got over that experience.

Maybe there are birds that can sing, but ours down on the farm all seem to be suffering from bronchial trouble. They cough, rasp, wheeze and sit on the branches of trees outside my window, emitting hoarse and raucous cries.

Nature lovers may find something dulcet, sweet and soothing in the noises they make, but I who am inured to city noise, who can sleep while beer trucks and garbage vans charge through the streets, flat-wheeled trolleys bump and clang down the avenue and the elevated rumbles and roars overhead, am inevitably awakened at dawn by the truly infernal racket made by birds. Let one owl settle in the neighborhood, and sleep is no more. I can snooze like a child to the sound of apparatus charging to a four-alarm fire, but the monotonous cooing of a couple of wood doves discussing their family affairs two miles away murders sleep more surely than Macbeth.

At some stage of my education I was informed that birds evolved from reptiles and their feathers are nothing but an evolution of scales, and I am afraid that did it for me. They're still snakes as far as I am concerned, cold, malicious, beady-eyed noisemakers.

My personal relations with them have been confined to one parrot which lived with me for awhile until I kicked him out. If there is anything in the entire animal kingdom more evil, treacherous, vicious, mean-minded, selfish, wicked, double-dealing and unscrupulous than a parrot, I want to know. I kept this green fiend for two years, fed him, watered him, cleaned his cage, scratched his head when he itched, sat up with him when he was sick, bought him tidbits, entertained him, made him an intimate, gave him my trust and affection.

One summer morning when I was sitting around the house in my bare feet, I thought I would let Polly out for a little exercise. I did. Polly came out of his cage and without even looking around, walked across the floor with a kind of Satanic purposefulness that hypnotized me, and bit off a piece of my toe. He had been waiting two years for that chance. Birds!

So they can fly. I've seen them make take-offs and landings that a pre-flight student would be ashamed of. They waste more energy and RPM's going nowhere than a woman driver. All right then, maybe they're pretty good at flying, but did you ever see them trying to walk?

They are senseless, quarrelsome, greedy, unneighborly, constantly bickering amongst themselves. They are dirty, stupid and will steal from their own mothers. And they don't like *us*. That's all that's the matter with birds.

Going to Europe

V-E day was many things to many people, in freedom and relief and joy that American boys would no longer die, but one curious little emotion crept across my consciousness after the celebration and the excitement had died down. It was, "Gee, the war's over there. Soon we'll be able to go to Europe again."

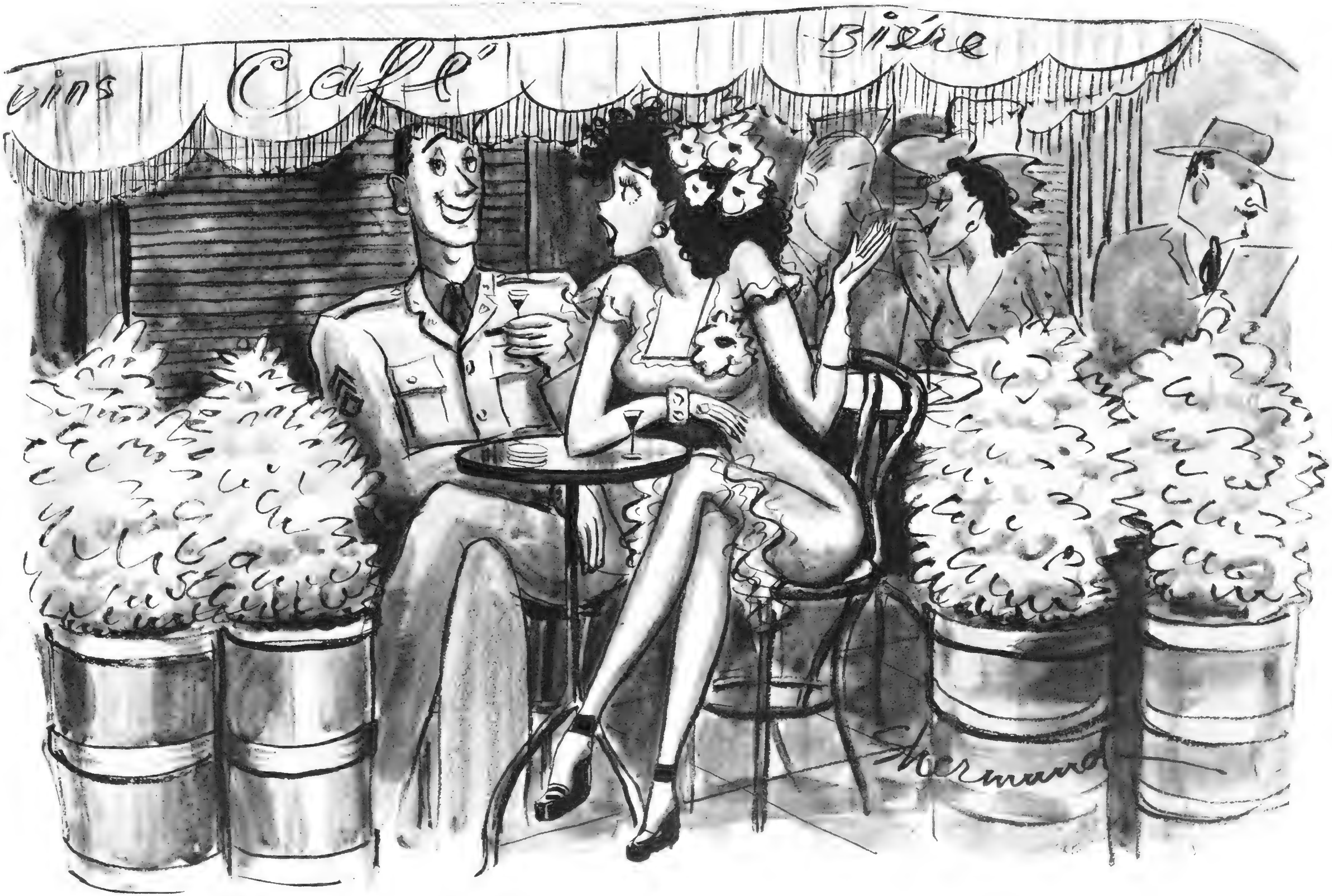
Going to Europe in the summer was something the American dearly loved to do. Of all vacation trips it was the most exciting, the most thrilling and the most unforgettable.

It began with the hubbub and hurly-burly at the pier, the going aboard ship and finding your cabin, the crush and throng aboard, pretty girls and flowers and steamer baskets, cocktail parties in the cabins, friends and gifts arriving, last minute farewells, laughter, messages, the fun of looking over the crowd in the gangways and lounges, wondering which ones were getting off and which would stay aboard the vessel to make the journey with you.

Then there was the magic moment when all had gone ashore who were going ashore, the band played, the streamers of colored paper went shooting out from

Continued on page 110

ADVERTISEMENT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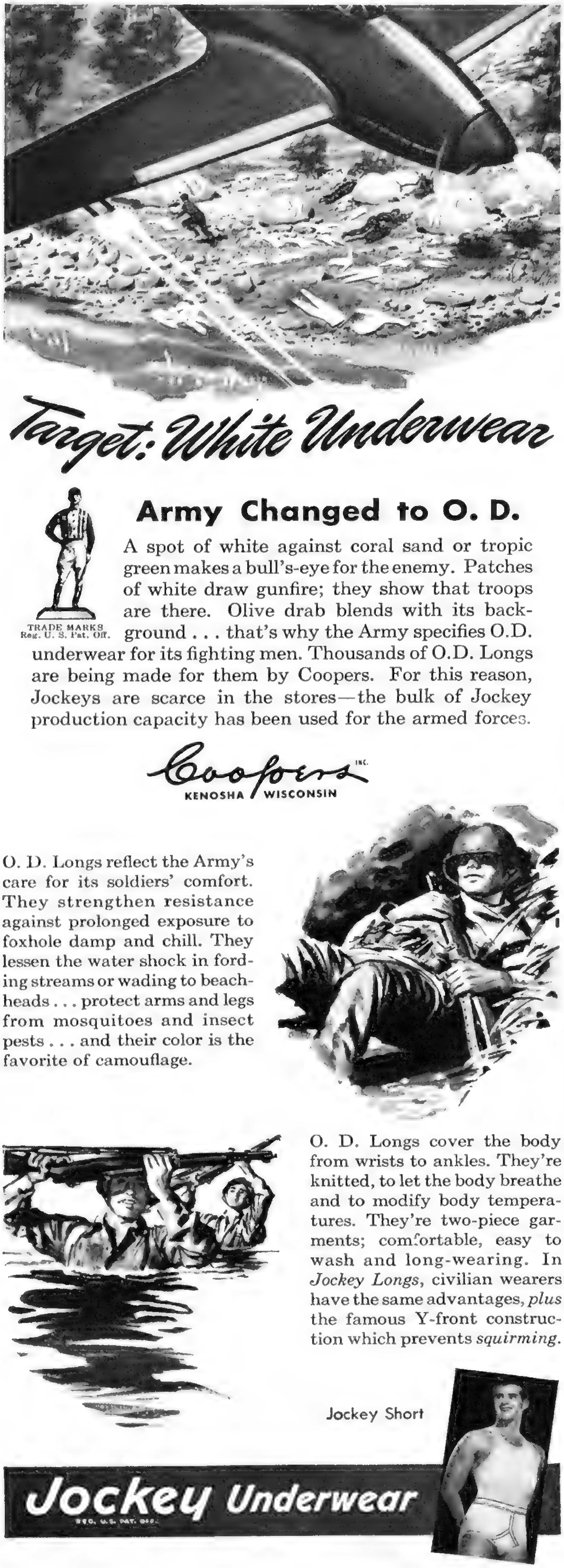
She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"
He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"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Jockey Short

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This Man's World

Continued from pages 46-108

ship to dockside, the gangplanks were run down and you suddenly had the feeling that you were moving. You looked again, and it was true. Imperceptibly the pier was slipping away. The colored streamers tightened and broke. The voyage was really begun.

You luxuriated the five or seven days aboard ship, breaking out curious clothing, forming strange and violent friendships that in the end were as lasting only as those paper streamers that had bound you to the shore, eating like pigs, gambling, playing silly games that you never would have played on shore, reading books you never would have looked at, flirting, walking the endless decks, dressing for dinner, dancing woozily to the sway of the ship, sleeping hideously bundled in deck chairs, being sick, getting well, loving every minute of it.

The wonder and excitement grew with the first sight of foreign land, a misty line rising out of a misty sea, and the tempo quickened as the ship pulled into strange harbors and you looked upon queer fishing smacks with rusty brown sails, tugboats that didn't look the way tugboats ought to look, lighthouses, jetties, packet boats, and for the first time foreign voices fell upon our ears.

Farewells to friends from the boat, steamer clothes put away, land again, the first arguments with the customs officers and the bewilderment at a people who talked in queer languages and didn't do things the way we did them. The boat train and the effeminate shriek of the European locomotives, the first, second and third class railway carriages, dirty, uncomfortable and slow, compared to our Pullman cars, but ineffably romantic and delightful.

And thereafter we spread out over the surface of Europe, each going to our favorite towns and inns, wandering through endless churches and museums, soaking up new sights and impressions, comparing everything with the way it was back home, tasting new foods and wines, climbing mountains, floating down broad rivers, motoring, walking, flying, crowding every moment with excitement, laughter or delight.

Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, the Riviera, Devon, Florence, Capri, the Dalmatian Coast, Switzerland and the Tyrol, all had their special flavor, their unforgettable hotels and streets and sights and bistros and little adventures, their taxis, fiacres, hansoms, their grasping, gold-braided hotel *portiers*, the luxury trains and *wagon-lits*, their continental breakfasts of light coffee, crescents and sweet butter. It was like nothing else for fun and amusement and forgetting one's worries and cares.

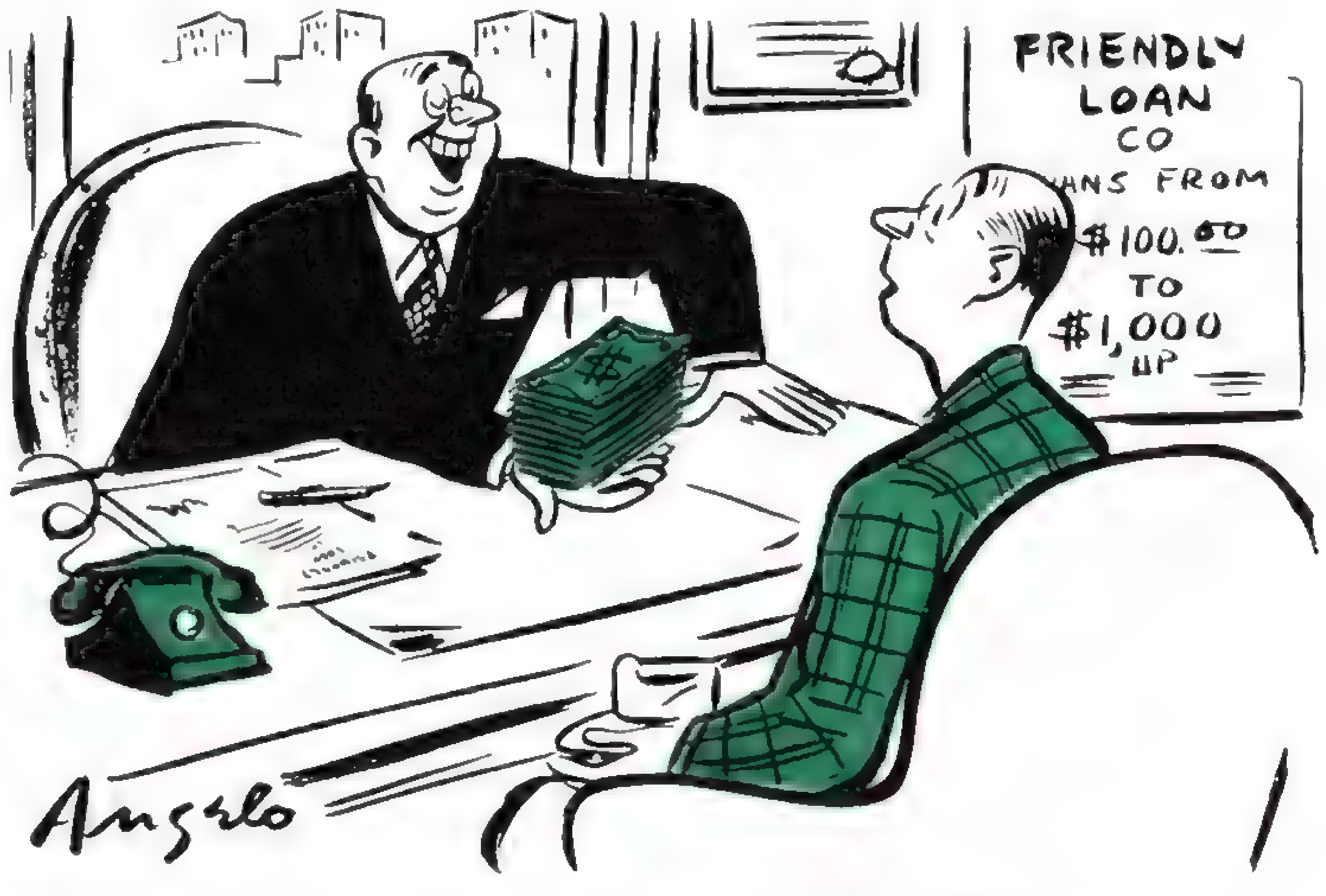
And as the end of the vacation drew near, the prospect of coming home had its own particular charm, the last ride on the boat train from Paris or London, and the return to the wonderful steamer that was already like a little bit of home, because it was familiar.

That was what is was like to go to Europe in the old days, and maybe it will some day approach it, though perhaps it will never be just like that again.

We have something to remember, we who vacationed in the old Europe in the old way, for so much of it is destroyed and so much tragedy has come to the tortured continent. Perhaps the airplane will supplant the wondrous steamer voyage in the days to come, and that I shall always regret. The wrecked cities will be rebuilt, the torn up rails laid down again, the battered hotels restored, or new ones reared.

And who can tell, when in the years soon to come we can again plan to go to Europe again, but that when we return to that favored inn, or restaurant or summer hotel, we will find our old friends, the proprietors, Felix or Anton or Pierre or Pietro still in charge, a little older, a little greyer, a little worn by the ordeal, but prepared again to welcome and look after their friends from America.

For the war is over in Europe. ⫵



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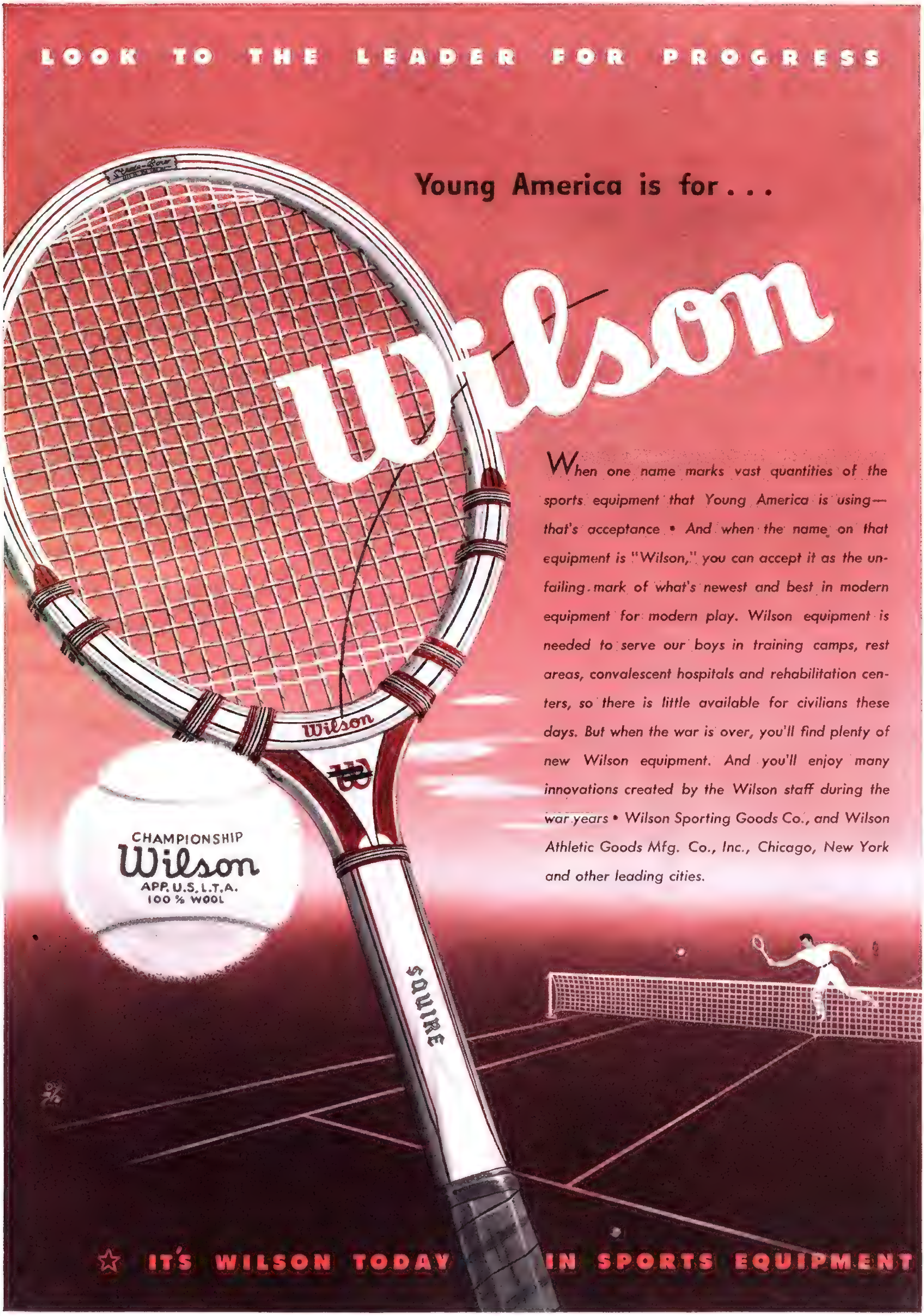

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

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Various Albums

Poems—Langston Hughes (Asch)	The poet reads his own verses, some of which appeared in Esquire. They correspond in an interesting way to the Negro spiritual and to the work song; some are "poetic" in the usual sense, some grimly realistic. Hughes says that poetry should be read "not in a faraway voice," and whoever has listened to recitations will know what he means. The problem of the unaccompanied voice on records is not yet solved; and you should be warned of a report that Orson Welles is going to record all of the Bible.
Songs—Jerome Kern (Columbia—Risë Stevens)	This is an enchanting combination; the voice of Risë Stevens is one of the warmest and richest of our time; and she approaches the melodies of Kern with professional courtesy. The orchestration and the orchestra (the former by Alan Shulman, the latter under Sylvan Shulman) are good.
Hot Jazz Classics (Victor) McKinney's Cotton Pickers Benny Goodman's Trio and Quartet Quintet of the Hot Club of France Morton (Jelly-Roll) Armstrong Lionel Hampton	These are re-issues, of course; and you may have the recordings elsewhere. More are coming. With hot jazz on its way to becoming a required study (not only on the campus, but in the classroom) it is good to have the "five-foot shelf" available. Decca has albums of different kinds of jazz, by geographical source for instance; Asch specializes in certain Negro pianists; and so forth. Victor goes by individuals; and will please the devotees who are strongly given to hero worship. And why not?

Classics Old and New

Scènes de Ballet—Strawinsky (Columbia—Philharmonic)	Under this cold title are grouped the "scenes" Strawinsky composed for Billy Rose's *Seven Lively Arts*. He is not always the best conductor of his own scores; but these will do nicely to show how seriously a great composer works, no matter whether it be for a concert hall or a variety stage. Those who have been baffled by Strawinsky's more recent work, will not find these "difficult."
"Jupiter" Symphony—Mozart (Columbia—Bruno Walter) *Fourth Symphony*—Brahms (Columbia—Ormandy)	The first of these is with the New York Philharmonic, the second with the Philadelphia Orchestra. These are the staples upon which recording seems to live. Whether a new recording was necessary when so many others exist may be a question; but no question that every respectable director is entitled to his say.

Coincidences

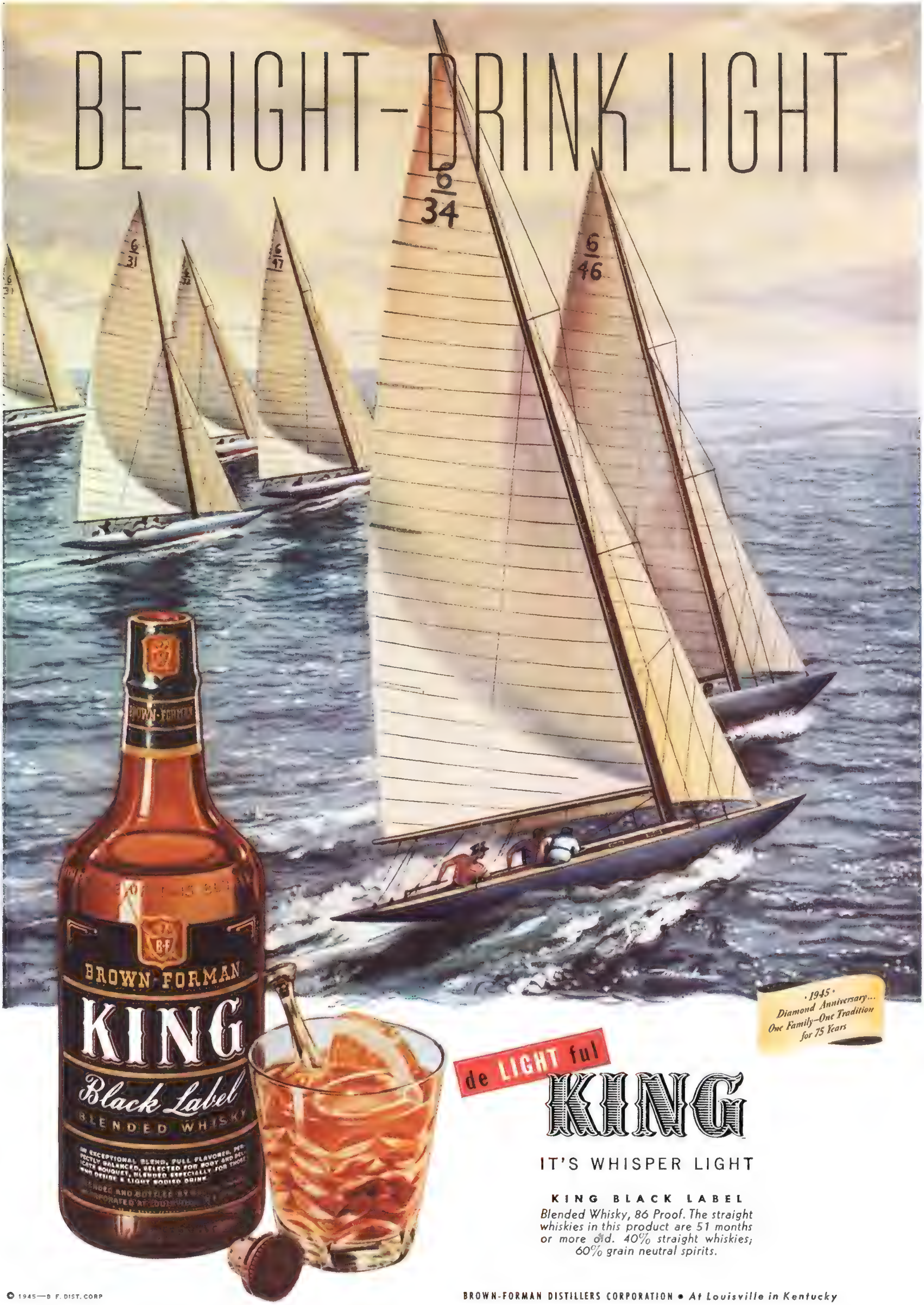
Laura (Decca—Dick Haymes) (Victor—Freddy Martin) *Dreams* (Columbia—Frank Sinatra) (Musicraft—Lee Castle Orch and Tony Dexter) (Decca—Jimmy Dorsey—Ted Walters)	Every month everybody seems to make the same record. In addition to the ones noted, *Caldonia* seems to be recorded everywhere; and some others get from three to five "different" interpretations. This is as normal as the reproduction of classics. My doubts are only about the individuality of the versions presented.

Pleasant Combinations

Songs from *The Three Caballeros* (Decca—Crosby and Cugat) *Yah-ta-ta* (Decca—Crosby and Judy Garland)	When you go through the list, it is astounding to see with how many oddly assorted people Bing Crosby has worked; and how smoothly with all of them. This is a first time for both of these combinations.
Rodger Young *Praise the Lord*—Loesser (Columbia—Nelson Eddy)	The combination here is the first song which seemed to be a true war song with the most recent. Nelson Eddy doesn't exactly remind me of Caruso singing *Over There*, but I somehow get the feeling that these songs are meant, in a sense, for people who cannot sing. I prefer the older of the two.

Oddments

Please no Squeeza da Banana (Majestic—Louis Prima and Lily Ann Carol) *Bugle Call Rag* (Musicraft—Teddy Wilson Quintet) *That Old Feeling* (Columbia—Count Basie)	You might say that these give you some idea of the range of average monthly issues. For one reason or another, they gave me some pleasure.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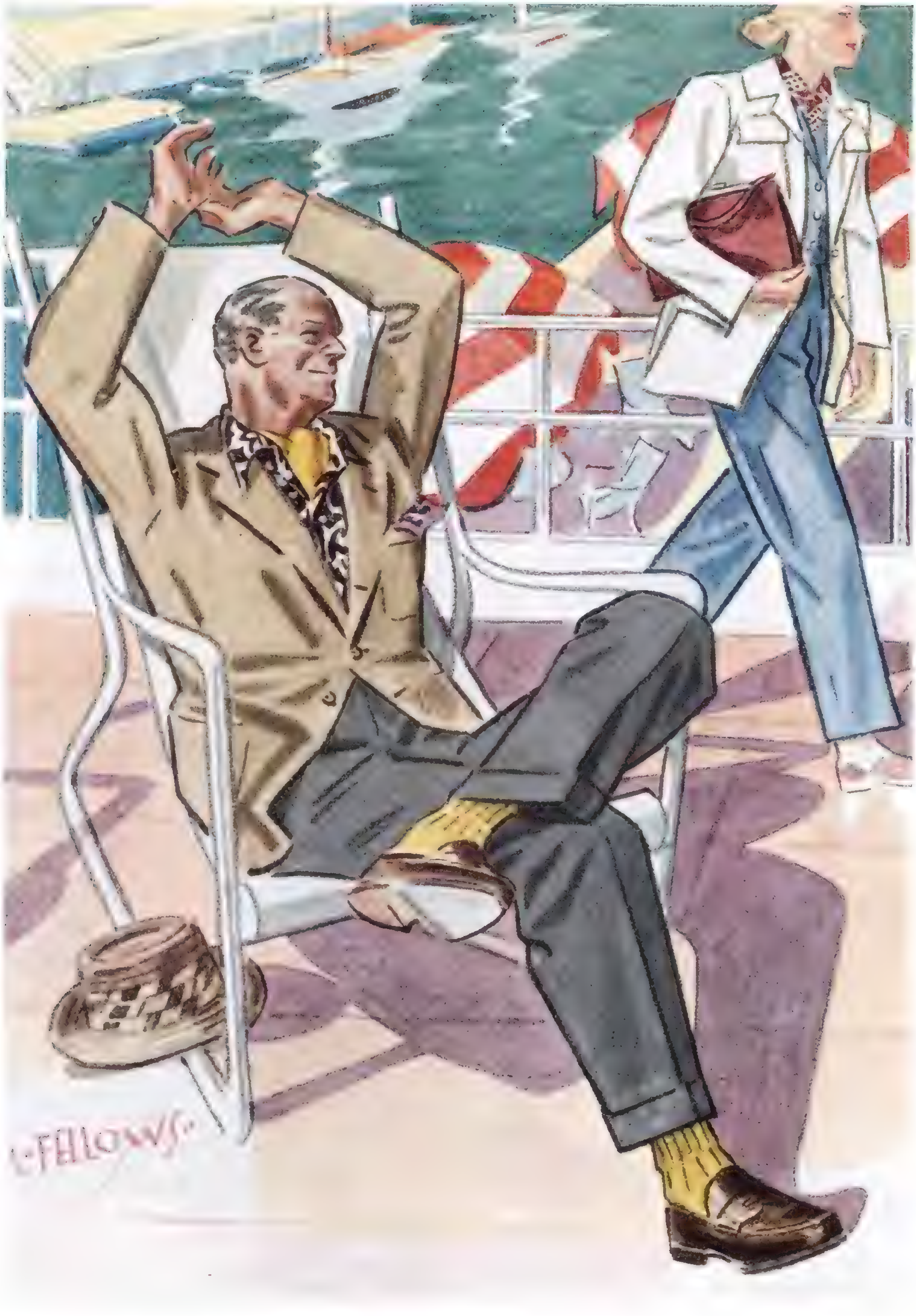
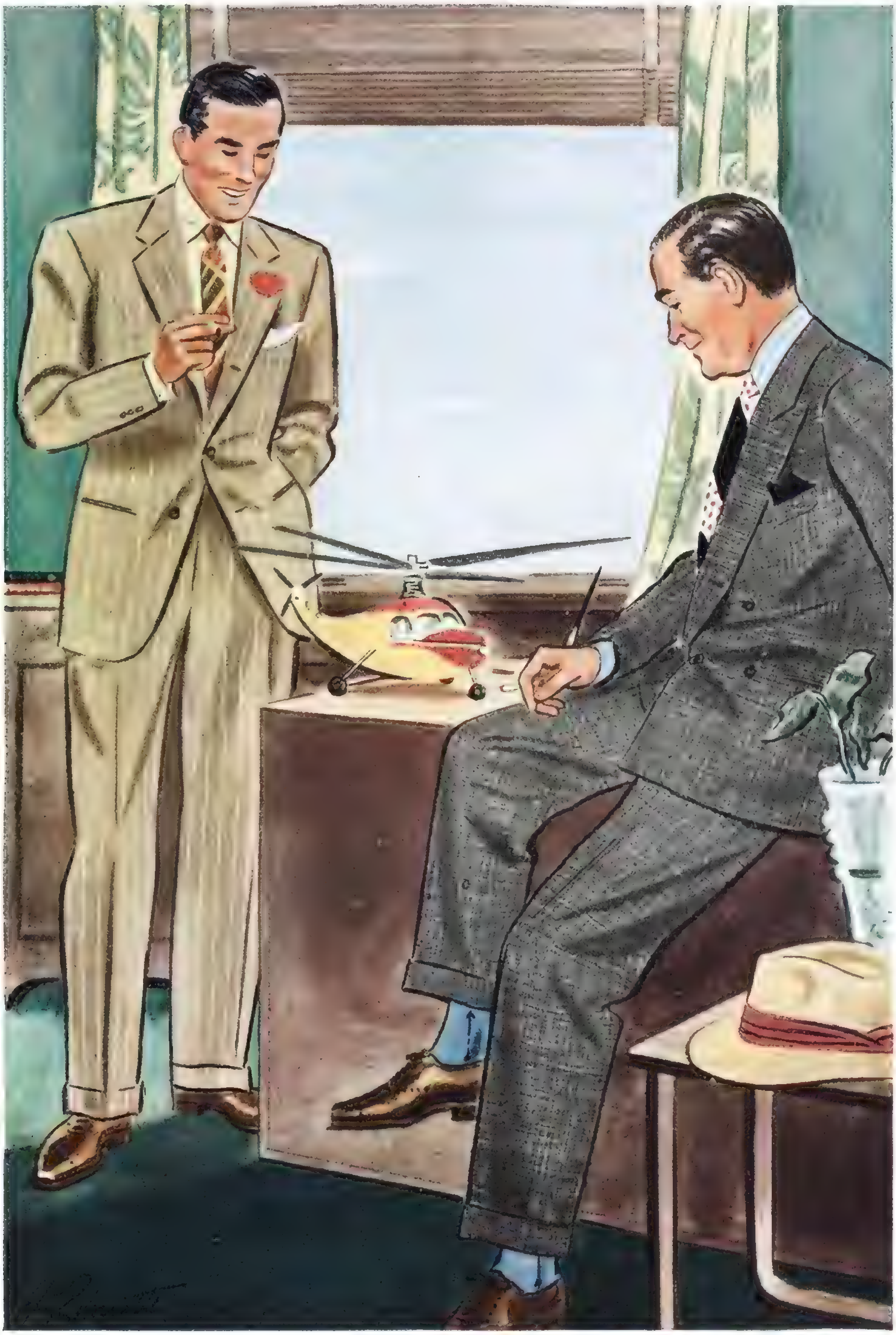


the vagaries of summer

Fortunate is the cynic who accepts as nature's plan the fickleness of women and of weather. Thus he is able to forestall emotional tumults as well as the common cold. Our man in the illustration, for example, is relaxing in comfort during one of those inevitable cool days in July. His jacket is natural shade rayon and cotton blend fabric in a linen-like weave, processed to resist wrinkles. The allover pattern of his rayon blend shirt is moderated by the use of a single color; brown over white. His neckerchief of sheer cotton echoes the shade of the yellow wool anklets. The slacks are grey flannel and the narrow brim coconut palm hat is trimmed with a striped puggree. The dressy fatigues on the passing blonde consist of a rayon blend slack suit; a white gabardine casual jacket with simulated pockets and a printed neckerchief. She's headed for the shore and judging by her sunburn, it's none too soon.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



the boss is in conference

Even executives have their frivolous moments, and the boys must be pardoned if the pressure of humidity and the lure of an airplane model start them dreaming . . . of postwar vacation flights into the cool north woods . . . of flycasting in clear streams . . . of black bass for breakfast, and the scent of pines. Meanwhile they have adapted themselves to travel-rationed reality pleasantly enough, keeping as cool as the textile designers can make them. The fellow standing wears a striped Tabac Tan suit in Palm Beach fabric, with an easy-fitting three-button, single-breasted jacket. His off-white batiste-madras shirt is complemented by a hand-painted tie and light-weight brown shoes. The shell-grey suit worn at right is designed of thin rayon blend; note the long roll lapels. The blue socks are lisle; the striped shirt, batiste-madras; the dotted striped tie is discreetly colorful.

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The Britannica Collection of Art

Continued from page 68

they might not have embarked on the voyage which they have not yet finished.

Rarely has the balance been held more evenly and with greater desire not to give undue weight to personal preference unsupported by the general agreement of informed opinion and judgment. Whether fortunately or not, enthusiasm was discounted. Messrs. Powell and Price drew up a list of two hundred painters and sent to a selected group of fifty museum directors, art dealers and artists throughout the United States a questionnaire on these two hundred, with requests for additional nominations. When the returns were in, they knew where to start. The first forty or fifty were fairly easy. Of the painters of the period with which the collection starts—the eight of 1908—they acquired six canvasses, among their happiest choices. The Sloan and the Luks are superb; the Henri and the Shinn are good; the Davies is characteristic, the Glackens is not, but a better one probably was not available. Then they went after their other Musts and did as well as could be expected. For example, the Grant Wood is not particularly good, but then the attitude with which they approached the problem of filling the bill on their Must artists put them immediately at a disadvantage, for if you *must* have work by a certain name, then you *must* also be ready to pay dearly for an inferior example, rather than risk your money on a good picture by an artist not on the list. Furthermore, if you must form a collection within two years, you give yourself no time to form a taste which the collection shall embody. The ideal collection is like an iceberg; the nine-tenths part that is submerged represents the mistakes on which, in part, the taste of the visible tenth part was formed.

Feeling, as I do, that the finest collections in any field are formed by individuals who allow themselves to be seasoned both by time and error, I yet marvel at the excellence of this collection organized through the impersonal, statistical, consensus method. Perhaps the group of pictures would have been even more representative of the best done in the United States in this century had the Britannica editors had the benefit, at the beginning, of the counsel and guidance which they enjoyed during the final stages. I believe that, beside the first-rate Sloan and Luks, the Bellows is a beautiful example, as is the Childe Hassam. The Grosz is one of the best, so is the Gropper. The painting by Dan Lutz (of whom I had not previously known) is a gem. The paintings by Blanch, Brook, Bohrod, Marsh, Bouché, Dehn, Corbino, du Bois, Joe Jones, Raphael Soyer and at least a dozen others are characteristically excellent. A lot of good artists are entirely omitted, a lot of local scene painters are included, many others are represented by indifferent work. When I write that a fine collection of contemporary American art could be formed today from the work of men not yet included in this collection, I do not mean to indict the judgment of Britannica editors, but to indicate how rich we are in contemporary production of art.

Now that the Encyclopaedia Britannica has created this collection, it ought to be easier for a group of interested individuals—in or out of a corporation—to create another, and maybe a better one. The Britannica has given Business and Industry a cultural objective at which or beyond which they may shoot. And maybe to the hinterland the collection will come as a more blinding revelation of aesthetic perfection than it will seem to the spoiled darlings of the boulevards of the Eastern cities who may know art, but don't know what they like, and who already have seen a picture. The country at large will enjoy this collection.

Because, I believe, the Britannica Collection gives us back America in terms of pretty good art. These 121 paintings, even more than the 150 paintings of last year's Pepsi-Cola prize exhibition, constitute a Portrait of America. It is characteristic that among the 116 items in the catalogue only one, and that one by a member of the School of Paris, should be a still life. The proportion is raised to two out of 121, for among the five new acquisitions is Georgia O'Keefe's *Jaw Bone and Fungus*. The styles of painting range widely, from photographic realism to the milder forms of abstraction and surrealism, but no matter how far they range, they all—or almost all—tell of some aspect of home.

Consider the titles: *Lumbering, Circus Tent, Batter Up, Wooden Horses, War Bride, Arbor Day, Waiting for the 3:30, Barber Shop, Family Unit, Carolina Low Country, Strawberry Soda, Cape Cod Evening, The Bayou, No More Mowing, The Knockout, Threshing in Minnesota, Boom Town, Cabby, Bull at Topsfield Fair, Chinese Restaurant, March Day—Washington Square, Summer City, Winter Window, Ballet, Window Shoppers, Fish Story, Fourth of July, Clown, Company for Supper*, and so on, all telling of people and places, of ways of earning a living and of recreation, of the seasons, the weather, the earth and the sky.

Out of the quintessences of American experience, observation and feeling packed into these paintings—Walt Whitman, were he alive today, would make a great poem. But these paintings are poetry in their own medium, and where the intention is clear, even though the expression may be clouded, America will take the will for the deed. #

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Korcuff Sang for the Japanese

Continued from page 63

loudly, the Dutch, they had been amused. But they had laughed at him, Old Korcuff, not at the French, the Bretons, the Europeans. These guys took solace over one old white man, because of the lickings they were getting in the South. Oh, the Americans were singing them fancy tunes down there, that was sure. He felt like telling them so. But instead, he sang for them.

At last, he dragged himself erect and sought the open deck. The moon was sliding behind a lot of scudding clouds, pouring shafts of quicksilver upon the leaden sea. The waves swelled and broke noiselessly, there was a long rustling as the hull of the destroyer sliced through them with a steady, surging, fish-like ease. Quite a ship, this *Alsagiri*, he had to admit. She could do thirty-four knots officially, trials speed, and might add two knots in an emergency. Now she was sliding down the coast of Annam at twenty-six knots. Too fast for a submarine to handle. Yes, the coast of Annam was over there and beyond stretched Asia, solidly Japanese to the Bay of Bengal.

The wind cleared his brain somewhat and he sought his bunk. But he did not rest well. Brown faces with bright teeth surrounded him and precise little voices repeated: "French Navy considers torpedo good weapons? Did you yourself fire torpedo at ship?"

He was on deck again before sunrise, in a world turned yellow. The sky was clear yellow and the waves were brownish yellow. Everything seemed moist and slimy. It was not the good dampness of the sea; it was a Japanese dampness that penetrated to his old bones. Then, slowly, he became conscious of other colors, flecks of white on the waves, patches of glassy green between swells, green in the sky, the coast like a smudged charcoal stroke to the westward. Still a Japanese sea, a yellow sea, whence white men had been driven—perhaps for his lifetime. No flag permitted to fly here, except the tomato emblem.

His old eyes swept that coast, identified it. The ship would make port at nine o'clock or shortly before. Then he would meet other men of his race. Korcuff felt as if he had been out of the universe for weeks. He yearned for a European face, for a Frenchman's laughter. Or a Frenchman's curses—anyway, some sort of emotion he could understand without painful mental speculation.

There was some agitation on the bridge, which communicated itself to the men on deck. The Japs went to the rail, aport. In the distance, Korcuff discerned a number of ships coming north. Japanese-built, most of them, although a couple of freighters revealed British lines. A convoy from the South, from the Indies or the Islands. Ships loaded with loot from conquered lands.

There were destroyers and two cruisers. The one in the lead, the nearest, Korcuff identified as an *Atago* class cruiser. For ships he had a good memory; he remembered silhouettes and silhouettes evoked figures. Somewhere around ten thousand tons, carrying ten eight-inch rifles. A naval architect's nightmare, the clumsiest looking, ugliest ships afloat, top-heavy in appearance—yet fast and efficient in service.

As she swung out to pass by the destroyer, little flags broke out. The old Breton steadied, his eyes cleared. Always he had computed angles and distances, always. It was as clear as it had been on the blackboard. He stood behind the triple-tubes and, as many times in the past, he thought of speeds, courses. No, he had never, himself, fired a torpedo at a ship. But there was nothing to that; it did not call for witchcraft or mystic achievements. It was all done beforehand, in the training and timing of the man who fired.

There was a second of excitement at the precise moment of the muffled detonations, then, although the destroyer kept on slicing the yellow swells, everyone seemed petrified.

Korcuff was even more astonished than the others. He felt as if he were awakening from a trance. And suddenly he knew it was all over, that he could not sing or clown his way out of this plight. Possibly, the men heading for him were running, but he saw them approach slowly, as if they were floating. He retreated to the starboard rail.

No signals had been exchanged as yet, the cruiser was coming on fast. One of the torpedoes would hit, perhaps two. For those that missed, there were possibilities in the convoy beyond. It would take a few minutes, which Korcuff realized he could not spare. Something long forgotten welled inside of him, the old humor of his race. He had at last fired at a ship and could answer in the affirmative.

He wanted to tell them this, lifted a gnarled hand to the peak of his old cap. But thoughts collapsed together and merged. The smiles, the brandy, the questions, torpedoes and songs—and the thought that he had been a fool and was about to die.

A sharp order made the pistols lower. Korcuff understood—they would take him alive, try him, kill him with due ceremonies. And they would watch him and laugh inside, as they had been laughing right along. He sought for words to fling into their faces, for words to infuriate them. And all he found was:

"*Bonsoir, la société!*"

For thus had the village minstrel, who liked to drink himself, concluded his performances: "Good night, everybody."

Then he leaped overboard. #

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Key Men in Harlem Piano

Continued from page 57

town, later in Harlem. Other Harlem places unknown to the present generation were the Lenox Club and the 101 Ranch.

The Parlor Socials were the incubator for Harlem band jazz. A musician might wander in with clarinet tucked under his arm or Charlie Green might show up to play his great trombone *licks* behind a blues singer. Four-beat drumming (in distinction to two-beat, or Dixieland) did not wait for the arrival of the better-known New Orleans bands.

Then there were, in the earlier era and lapping over, so to speak, itinerant entertainers. One was "Christmas," a blind harmonica player who used to pour water through the reeds which, when dried, played double. Whistling Seth played at the Lincoln and Crescent theatres and at the Sugar Cane, Paradise and other clubs of the Prohibition era. He whistled through his teeth—as someone recalled admiringly, "like a mockingbird."

The Parlor Social was often a means of raising funds for church groups; the rent party idea took hold later. But they also came to be exploited by gangs, so that during Prohibition such parties were not necessarily run by the best people. James P. was among the first on the Parlor Social scene; Fats Waller got out of knee pants at an early age to join him. Other distinguished Harlem pianists were Art Tatum and Willie (The Lion) Smith.

Gangs got into the Parlor Social business by offering to "watch the door" for part of the take. Usually the entrance fee was nominal, often as low as twenty-five cents, since the real money was made on food and drinks, with often a "kitty" for the talent present. Here that knock-out Harlem shot of corn liquor erroneously labeled the "shorty" made its appearance, usually at fifty cents a shot. Half pints were a dollar, chitlin's around thirty-five cents, pig's feet and potato salad around the same price, fried chicken and rice a half dollar a plate. The food was dished out buffet style in the kitchen, with the music in the parlor and the guests everywhere. When the Committee of Fourteen tweaked a blue nose at Harlem night life, the parties continued, guests returning quietly after the curfew. Then drums and piano played softly until dawn streaked across the Harlem sky.

With the jazz boom of the twenties the Breakfast Club took hold, the Lenox Club being one of the first to sponsor it. Small's was also famous for its Breakfast Club dances—the crowds there used to shim-sham-shimmy en masse—and since the affairs did not begin until four a.m. they continued through the morning and often until it was time for the next regular performance.

One begins to see now the background both for Harlem piano and for Harlem jazz. The spread is always a little above and beyond the tourist trade and that was especially true during the 1920's when there was a certain faddism, to outsiders, about Harlem and its night life. To the Negro, as to whites who'd grown up in a jazz environment, there was an excitement in this music that the older generation, set in their ways, could hardly have been expected to understand, especially since they weren't packing them into Carnegie Hall and the Met in those times!

Meanwhile, of course, Harlem piano had spread out in many directions. James P., for example, was a pioneer in the player-roll field. He cut rolls for Aeolian as early as 1916, shortly thereafter was the first colored staff artist for QRS rolls.* He and George Gershwin cut player piano rolls for Aeolian at about the same time, became good friends and often met to "swap" musical ideas. Early in the 1920's they were in London, Jimmy doing the "colored" and Gershwin doing the "white" numbers for the same show. In 1916 Jimmy sold *Mama's Papa's Blues*, in 1917 he helped get out the show, *My Friend from Dixie*. This early activity led into the later period when he and star pupil Thomas (Fats) Waller wrote so many all-colored shows for Broadway.

With three men of Harlem piano, James P., Fats Waller and Duke Ellington, one finds a focal point for all of Harlem jazz. The Duke's home city was Washington, but that didn't prevent him from putting a piano roll on, with the keys open so that he might follow Jimmy's style by the time-honored touch system. He played the roll slowly, trying to master the bass and treble, and what with this and local influences, he got himself a part-time job at The Poodle Dog, a soda-pop place up near the ball park. He bought himself a shepherd's plaid coat and his high school friends called him "Duke."

Thomas (Fats) Waller was essentially an entertainer as well as a fine musician. He laughed at himself and called himself "the girth of the blues" and his first radio billing read: "A harmful little armful." "You see this grey hair," Andy Razaf once remarked, tugging away at it, "—that's Waller! You see *this* grey hair?—that's Waller!" But Andy (Fat's lyric writer) knew all the time that his friend and gargantua of the keyboard, while absent-minded and sometimes irresponsible, also had one of the most generous and outgiving of personalities.

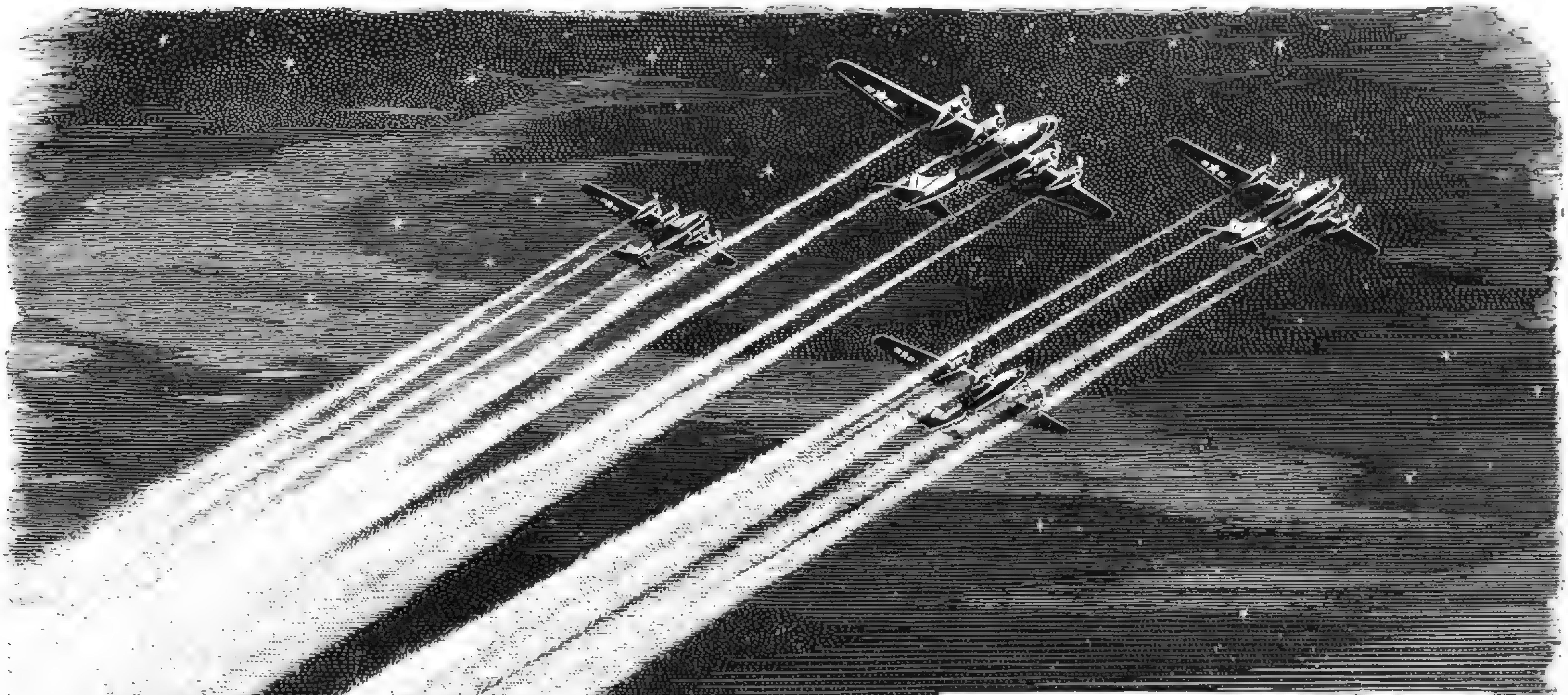
Fats' mother was his first inspiration in music and he stayed with it, flunking almost every

---

*(*Just to drive the collectors nuts, I might as well mention that player rolls were made in Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and practically anywhere there could be found the combination of cutting machine and pianistic talent.*)

Continued on page 122

ON ITS WAY!



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Key Men in Harlem Piano

Continued from pages 57-120

other subject. He followed Jimmy Johnson's example, studying with Carl Bohm (composition) Leopold Godowsky (piano), etc. At the age of ten Fats played an organ solo at his father's Abyssinian Baptist Church. (Late in 1943 he was buried from this same church.) As a student he played at school concerts with the De Witt Clinton High School Orchestra.

From a part-time job running errands for a pigs-feet stand, Fats at fourteen sat for the first time at the console of a 10,000-dollar Wurlitzer Grand Organ—at 23 dollars a week! After that came work on player rolls and other jobs similar to those Jimmy had. Both worked dates and toured vaudeville with blues singers such as Bessie Smith. And both of them knew the way Bessie would start a musical morning with, "Come on, the night's over—let's have a ball!"

Fats' father, a clergyman, used to say that jazz was "music from the devil's workshop." His ardent wish, he once admitted, was for "Thomas to become a minister." But one could hardly imagine a more humanly useful ministry to mankind than Fats at the keyboard, his head wagging, mouthing the verses as though life were all one big happy Harlem Parlor Social.

Both Fats and James P. were leading contributors to the numerous Negro shows of the 1920's and 1930's. They and Duke all worked for Hollywood at one time or another. Jimmy's short film, *Yame Craw*, opened Warner Brothers' Hollywood theatre in New York. He also did music for filmings of *St. Louis Blues* (with Bessie Smith) and *Emperor Jones* (with Robeson).

By 1919 both Jimmy and Fats were active in the Negro show music field. Jimmy wrote compositions for *Plantation Days* (1921), *Runnin' Wild* (1923), and a bit later, *Keep Shufflin'*. Jimmy, like Fats, did many club shows. Fats, innumerable songs, many of them hits from shows, high-lighted by Victor in an album includes some of his best-known numbers along with other tunes he has helped to make jazz classics.

If we have said less about Duke than about Jimmy and Fats it's because Duke's story is pretty well known. Around 1923 Duke came to New York where he and his Washingtonians, as they were called, learned what musicians meant by "gigging around"—it appeared to be synonymous with "from hunger." But Duke stuck it out—his band, along with Fletcher's, pioneering in Harlem jazz. Using small combinations, Jelly Roll Morton had already given musicians more than a hint of what might be done with tone color and rhythm. Harlem bands experimented with such ideas, using an approach nearer the big-band setup, and, of course, the Duke was most successful.

Small band or big band, originality in jazz has always been to pit melodic line against melodic line, chord against chord, instrument (as to individual timbre, etc.) against instrument, and not to go in for those damfool harmonies that purists mean when they speak disparagingly of "name-band jazz." The Duke had and has a name-band and can, though he doesn't always, play jazz. But in the 15 or so years he's recorded, he has turned out more big-band stuff that's real jazz than any other leader in the business.

Of all the key people mentioned, only Fats is Harlem born and bred. But Harlem became the magnet for all jazzman of the East and the situation of a dean of Harlem piano from New Brunswick, New Jersey, and a great name in Harlem jazz from Washington, D. C., is to be expected.

And, of course, along with the Duke should be mentioned Fletcher Henderson, also a fine leader-arranger-pianist. His contributions to Harlem jazz, as noted earlier in this article, antedate those of the Duke himself. And there were many others, but we have purposely concentrated on three of the great ones.

In the early days both sold tunes for next to nothing. On one occasion Fats forgot that he had, after all, signed a royalty contract. Years later he received a check for 2,000 dollars. He took it to the bank and asked if it was real. Informed that it was, he asked for it in one-dollar bills, stuffed them into his pockets, went to a pawnshop and bought a revolver. Then he repaired to a speakeasy where his friends hung out. He went to the back room, put revolver and dollar bills on the table and said to his friends, "Let's drink!"

On another occasion a youngish jazz fan approached Fats around Broadway and Fiftieth Street, wanting to know who played this-or-that chorus on such-and-such a record. Fats shuddered and walked away as fast as he could. He crossed the street, boarded a north-bound trolley, fell asleep

Continued on page 124

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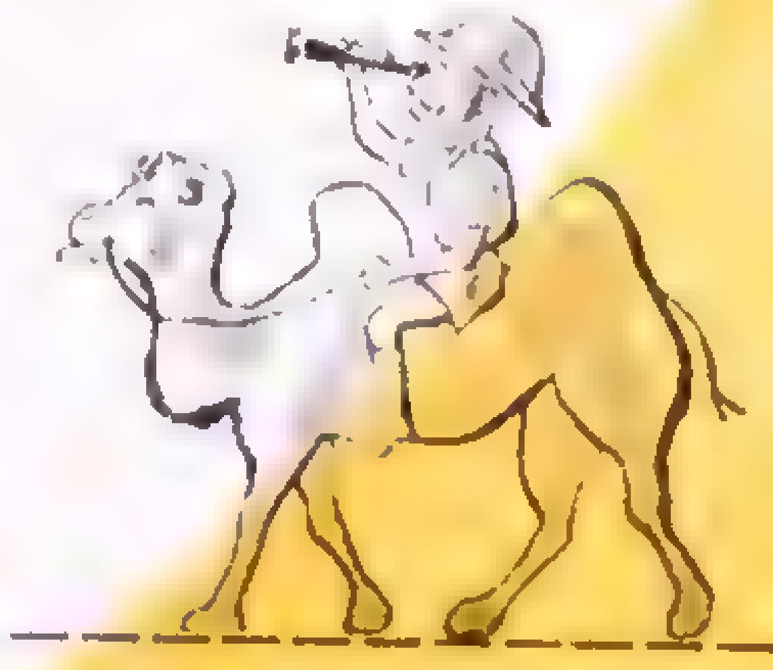

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Key Men in Harlem Piano

Continued from pages 57-120-122

and when he awakened at 103rd Street, realized that his car and chauffeur were still downtown. He met a friend to whom he groused about this, concluding with the remark, "I knew I shouldn't have gone down there around Broadway."

Shortly before his death Fats had a job in a Greenwich Village spot, not one of the jazz hangouts, however. Between sets he'd get lonely and come up to Nick's corner or Julius' Bar at Tenth and Waverly. The attraction at the former place was (and is) a band now nationally networked, with Miff Mole, Gene Schroeder, Bob Casey, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Joe Grauso and Fats' old friend, Eddie Condon. The attraction at Julius', the saloon run by John Boggiano and Pete Pesci—well, there was Tony the chef, bartenders Joe Gallagher, Bob and Harold, and plenty of Fats' friends usually around the bar. In addition to the fact that musicians like the place—oh, yes, critics go there, too!—there's an educated juke box, that in addition to the juke-box jive, has on it a few really excellent discs, most of them Commodores. ⌗

Record Checklist—Harlem Piano

Obviously, thorough acquaintance with the music of Harlem pianists may be gained from either listening to them first hand or, lacking that opportunity, becoming acquainted vicariously through books. (See February, 1945, Esquire's Jazz Bookshelf.) In addition, bear in mind that out-of-print records *are* available, prices not always out of hand. Consult the little magazines—and even the big ones; *Down Beat* has been running ads from reliable stores, listing prices. I wish more people would do that in *The Record Changer*, but the inclination to auction or trade is understandable. The magazines are listed in the article mentioned above.

The following check list is 1, by performer, and 2, by record company. Addresses of smaller companies included are:

Asch Recordings, 117 W. 46th Street, New York City.

Blue Note Records, 767 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Commodore Music Shop, 136 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Signature, distributed by Asch. Asterisks indicate some of my favorites. They are not intended to be critical appraisals, but might offer listening suggestions.

DUKE ELLINGTON

On Columbia:

*Album C-38: *Blue Ramble/Lazy Rhapsody; Baby, When You Aint There/Lightnin'; Best Wishes/Bundle of Blues; Drop Me Off At Harlem/Merry-Go-Round.*

**Boy Meets Horn/Old King Dooji.* **Braggin' In Brass/New St. Louis Toodle-oo.* **Caravan/Azure.* **Creole Love Call/St. Louis Blues* (with Der Bingle). **Echoes of Harlem.* **The Gal From Joe's/I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart. Grievin'/Tootin' Through the Roof.* **In A Sentimental Mood/Showboat Shuffle.* **In A Sentimental Mood/Sophisticated Lady.* **Mood Indigo/Solitude.* **Mood Indigo/Sophisticated Lady.* **Reminiscing In Tempo*, Pts. 1 & 2. **Ibid*, Pts. 3 & 4. *Serenade to Sweden/Sergeant Was Shy.* **Stormy Weather.*

On Victor:

**Saratoga Swing/It's Glory.* **A Portrait of Bert Williams/Bojangles.* **East St. Louis Toddle-oo/The Mooche. Main Stem/Johnny Come Lately.* **Sentimental Lady/A Slip of the Lip.* **Jack The Bear/Morning Glory.* **Five O'Clock Drag/Clementine.* **Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me (Concerto for Cootie)/Chlo-e.* **Someone/My Little Brown Book. I Don't Mind/What Am I Here For.*

Ellington units often record under names of men in band, e.g. Hodges, Stewart.

Piano solo by Ellington: **Solitude/Dear Old Southland.*

JAMES P. JOHNSON

On Asch:

Two albums of Ellingtonia are available on Brunswick covering rare Ellington discs most of which have been out of print for many years. Duke also contributes two sides to the album (also Brunswick) *Harlem Jazz.*

Pf: **Impressions/Boogie Stride.* **Snowy Morning Blues* (Jazz Variations album).

James P. Johnson album (if not presently available this will be because of Army needs for 12-inch shellac. Keep watching for it.

**Euphonic Sounds* (pf)/*The Dream* (orch.); **Hesitating Blues* (J. P. J. Vocal)/(Orch.) *Four O'Clock Groove;* (Orch.); **The Boogie Dream* (Orch.)/*Hot Harlem* (Orch.)

On Blue Note:

Next 4 all piano discs: **Gut Stomp/J. P. Boogie;* **Carolina Balmoral/Back Water Blues.* **Improvisations on Pine Top's Boogie Woogie/Caprice Rag.* **Mule Walk/Arkansas Blues.*

W. Orch: **After You've Gone/Joy-Mentin'. Victory Stride/Blue Mizz.* W. Ed Hall Orch: **High Society/Blues At Blue Note.* **Royal Garden Blues/Night Shift Blues.*

On Signature:

Pf: **Blueberry Rhyme/Blues For Fats.* W. Yank Lawson Orch.: **Squeeze Me/Sheik of Araby.*

On Decca:

An album of Fats Waller tunes (pf) is scheduled for release.

James P. is also included in Brunswick's album of Barrelhouse Piano.

FATS WALLER

On Commodore:

W. Condon Orch: **Pretty Doll/Oh Sister Aint That Hot.* **Georgia Grind/Dancin' Fool.*

On Victor:

With Orch. unless otherwise indicated: Fats Waller Favorites album: **Honeysuckle Rose* (pf.), *Your Feet's Too Big;* **I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby/The Joint is Jumpin';* **Two Sleepy People/The Minor Drag;* **Aint Misbehavin'/Hold Tight.* **Your Socks Don't Match/Up Jumped You With Love.* ***Oh, Frenchy/It's A Sin To Tell A Lie.* pf. solos: *Ring Dem Bells/Carolina Shout.*

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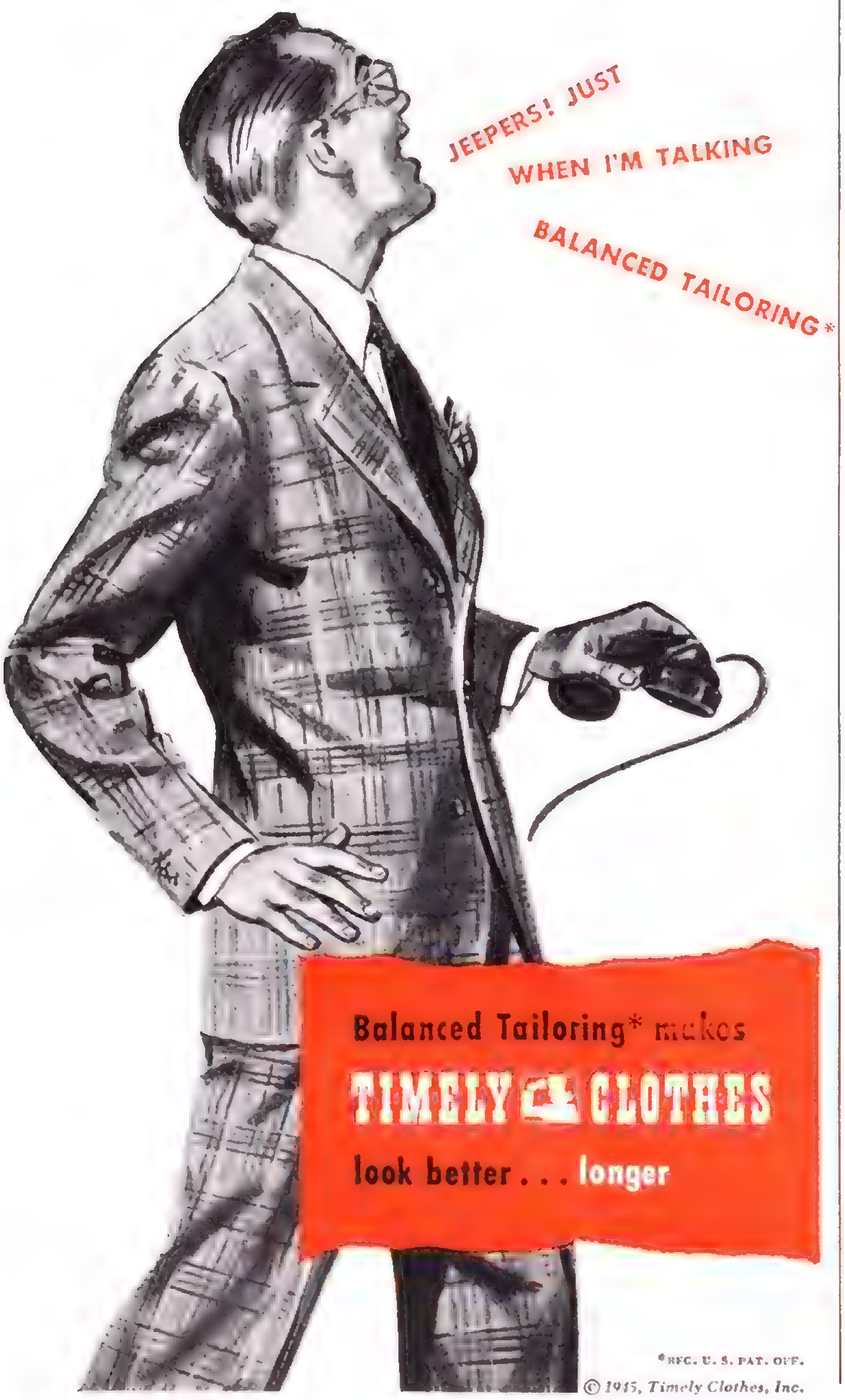

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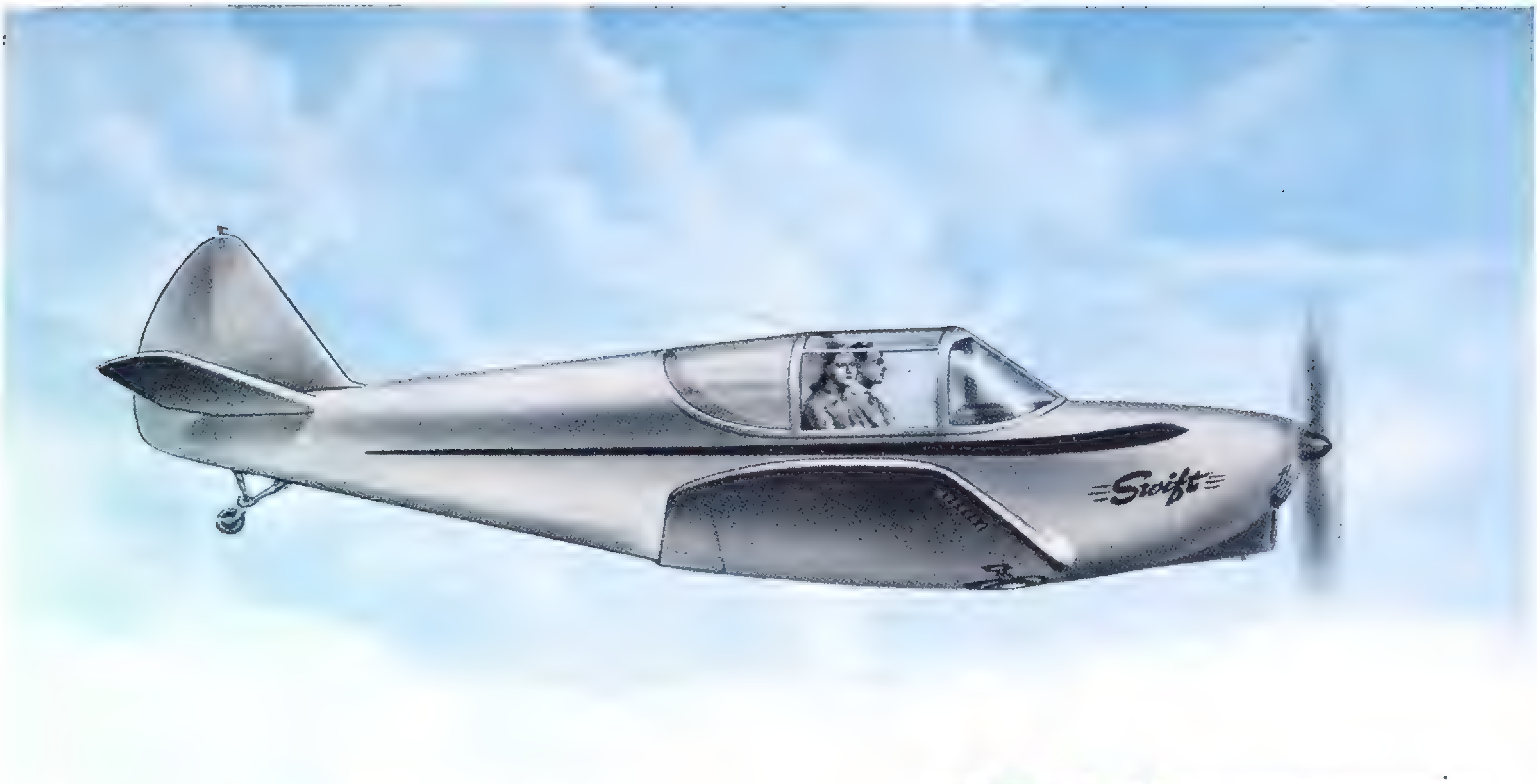

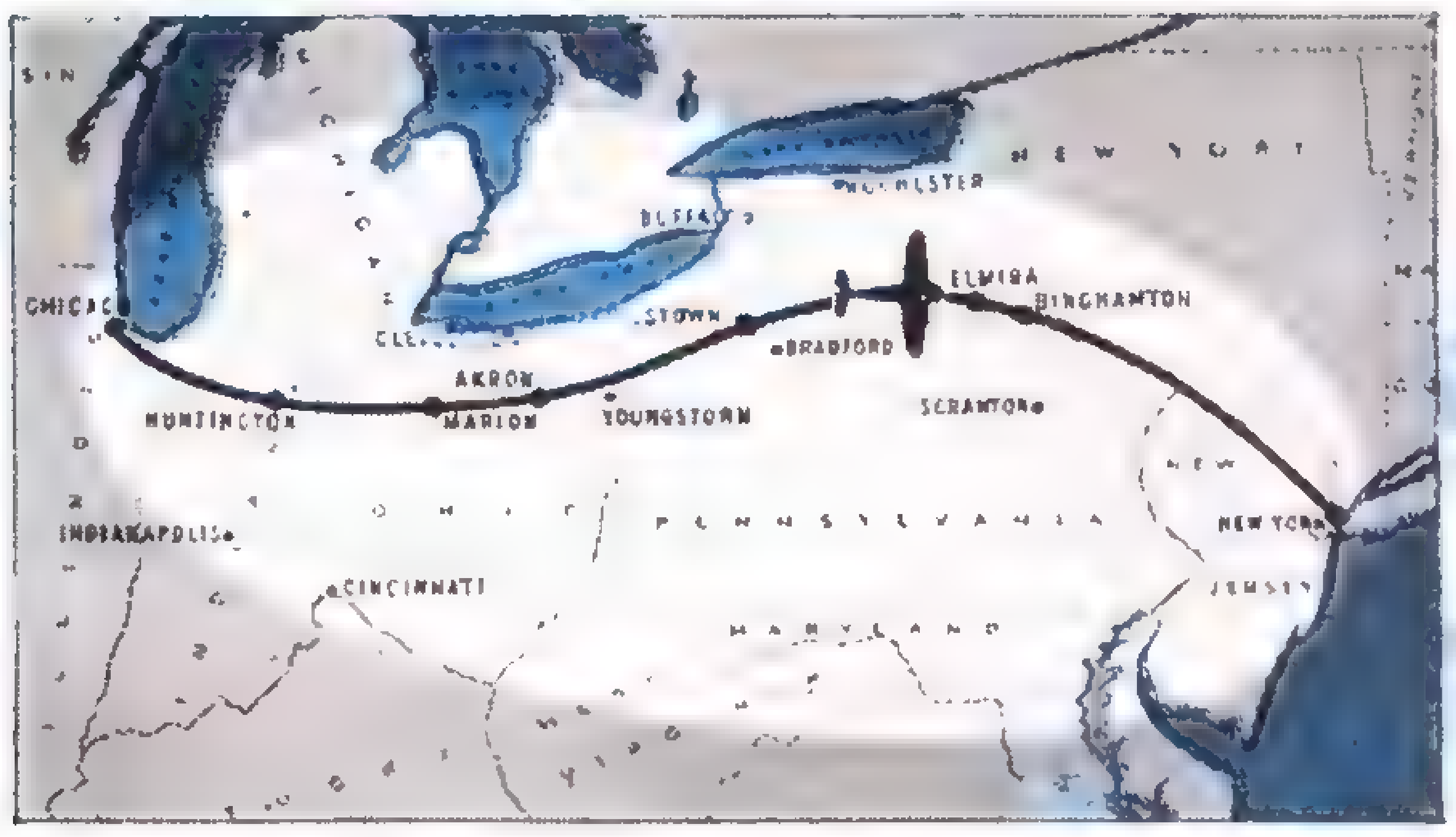
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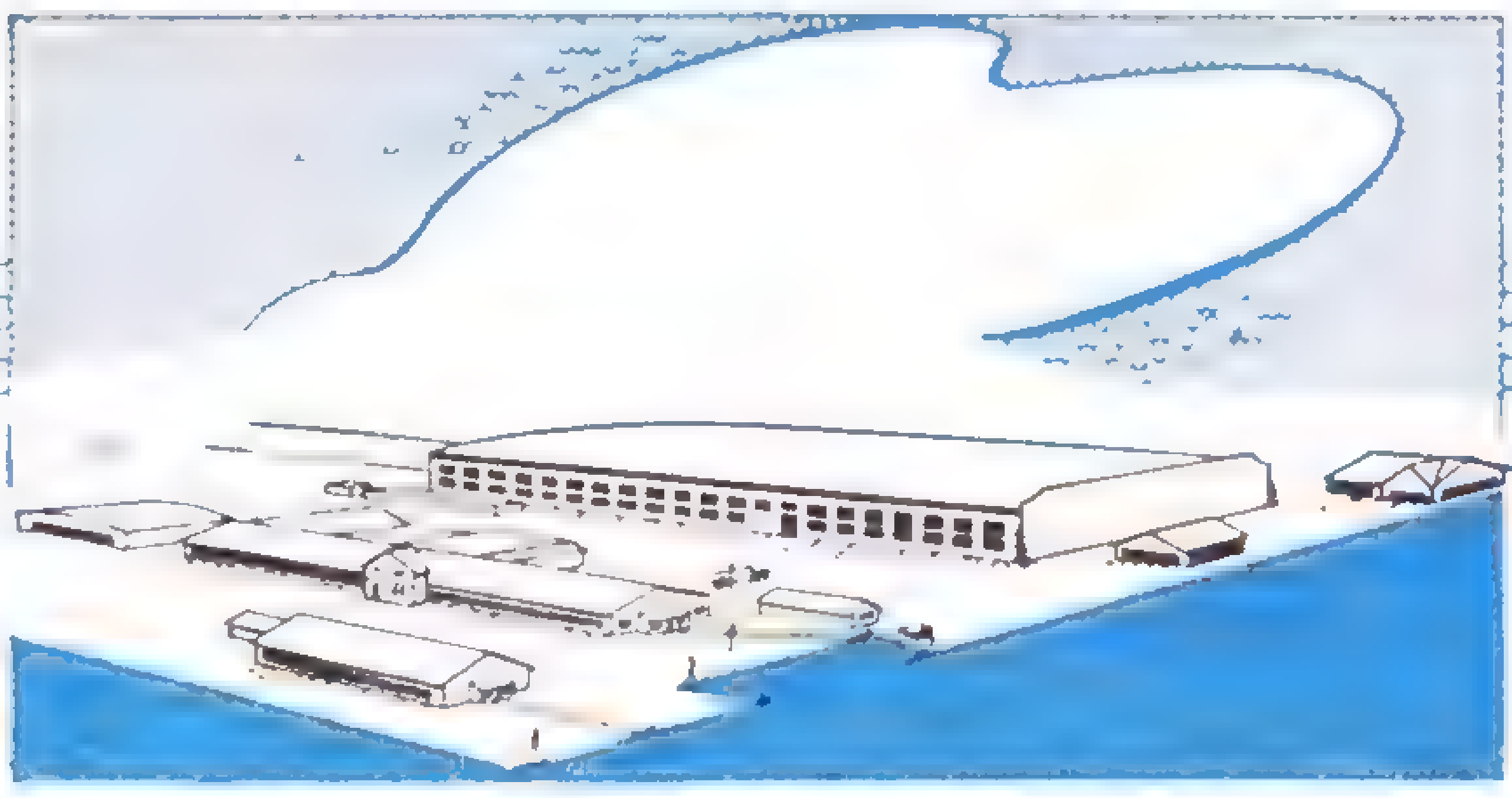

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The Undefeated Radetski

Continued from page 29

she and I we are to go to a dinner in a restaurant where there is all of New York City. She is quarreling at me that night, and I sit beside her, and in a mirror wiss gold around it and an eagle on top of it, I see my face . . . shaved like she wants me to be shaved, with a collar like she likes, with a white tie which she has chosen, with a suit with silk lapels, which she has picked for me . . . and in here, right inside here, I feel sick at myself. And Mrs. van Thaler says, in a tiny whisper, "Remember who pays for the clothes you wear and the food you eat."

And my manhood—thank you, God!—comes back. And right there I stand up, and I say: "Yes'm. The food I eat is yours, and all I have is yours, while you pay for it." And I tear off first the white tie; then the collar; then the stiff shirt wiss the diamond studs—the coat, the vest, even the pants and the shoes—and I stand in my underclose, and throw down all I am wearing, and say, "Take them back. They are yours. You paid for them. I am no longer yours. Good-bye. We divorce!"

And I take a taxi to a friend, Polacek, and I borrow from him a suit too small for me, and I go to the sea, and there is a ship, and I am hired to stoke the fires.

I stay down there, with the coals and the fires. It is I who tell you that though I was black from head to foot, I am all the same no longer a slave; and I swing the coals into the fires, by God, and I sing. For it is I who earn the bread that I eat. And I go to Liverpool, and I get more boats, and I go to Australia, to Montevideo, all over the world. There is no more money. There is no more women. For what woman loved a man when he is here today and tomorrow—gone?

Sometimes I think about this and that; of Helga. It is many years that have passed away. "Now," I say to myself, "Helga is old, maybe fat. Maybe she is with a home, and has made plenty fine kids. I hope she is happy in a nice house with a decent man." For it is not of the dollars I think. I only think how maybe me and Helga could have been all right together; in one place. . . . How maybe if it is not for Helga, I am not a wandering Jew —I am a good Catholic—without a home and a place.

Wrestling is forgotten. When Hackenschmidt goes, wrestling goes. The men in the streets talk no more of Yukio Tani, of the Terrible Turk, of Roeber, or anybody like me. They speak of glove-fighters. The Germans make war. My brother dies in Tannenberg;

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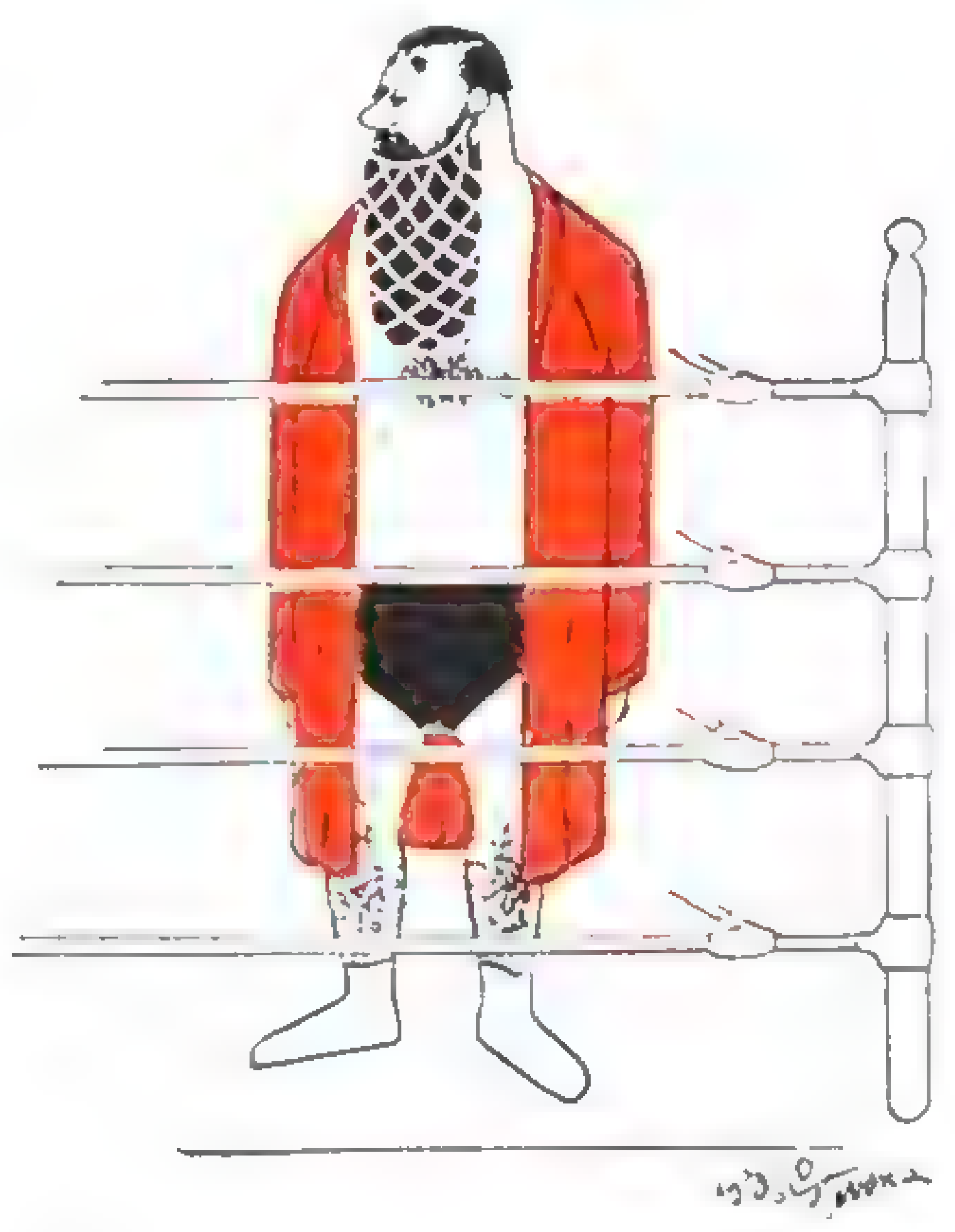
I am all alone. I stoke little ships, sweeping mines in the North Sea; make good wages; lend them and spend them. The war is over. I find I am getting older, a little. I want to have ground under my feet again. I look for work ashore. I manage, working here and there. Once I get ill with pneumonia. There is nobody to say, "Poor old Radetski." Only one nurse in a hospital. I look at her. She is not pretty, but young. I see myself: getting old, with nothing to show. I think maybe I could have loved this nurse. Then I laugh at myself and say: "You, Radetski, are getting silly, so that you think you love everybody who will put a cool hand on your head when you are sick. Away, away, Radetski. Live and die alone. It is your own bed that you have made. Lie there, my friend, and let the heaven fall."



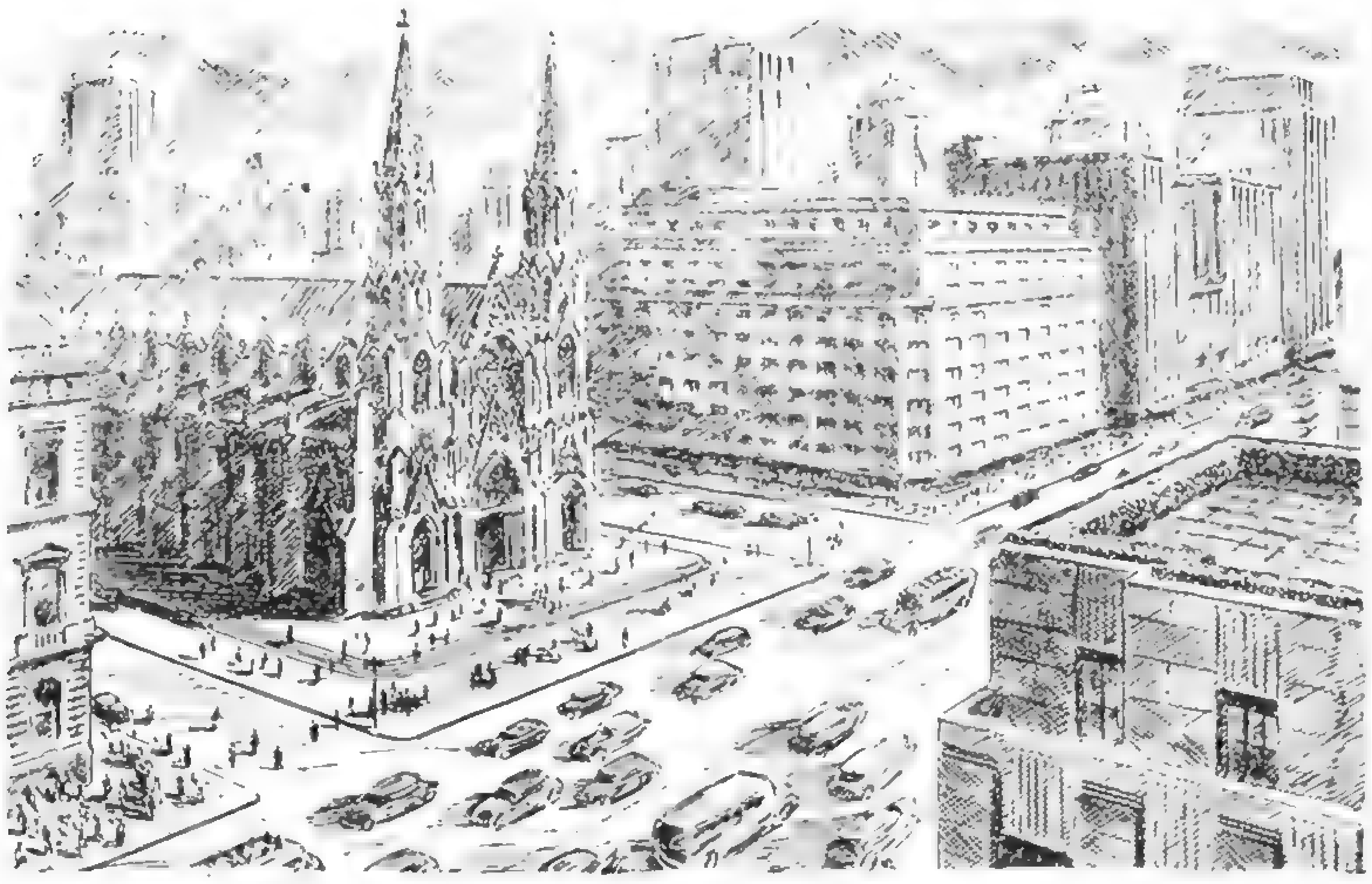
All these years, I keep for myself only one thing; my name, which is The Undefeated Radetski. You have seen it on a picture.

I go to live in a room in a little house near the river. I have a little job, where I work now, in Black's Academy. He would pay me more, Professor Black, only he, also, must struggle. People come to him who wish to be strong—weak men who can never be strong men; cowards who wish to learn some little tricks of defense. For what is this strange thing that makes a man a coward? I do not understand. What is there that can happen to a man? He may die. Many times I have seen The Old Man, I mean death, and have not cared.

I have a little room by the river, and there is a gas fire, and a ring for my kettle to make coffee, and a bed to sleep on, and a table. What more does a man need? I will tell you. He needs that there should be somebody, some one body, who he will die for. He needs that there should be one person who will die, if necessary, for him. What you call love.

In the next room to mine there lives somebody who I do not ever see. One evening I hear something bump the floor, and there is a little cry. I knock on the door

Continued on page 128



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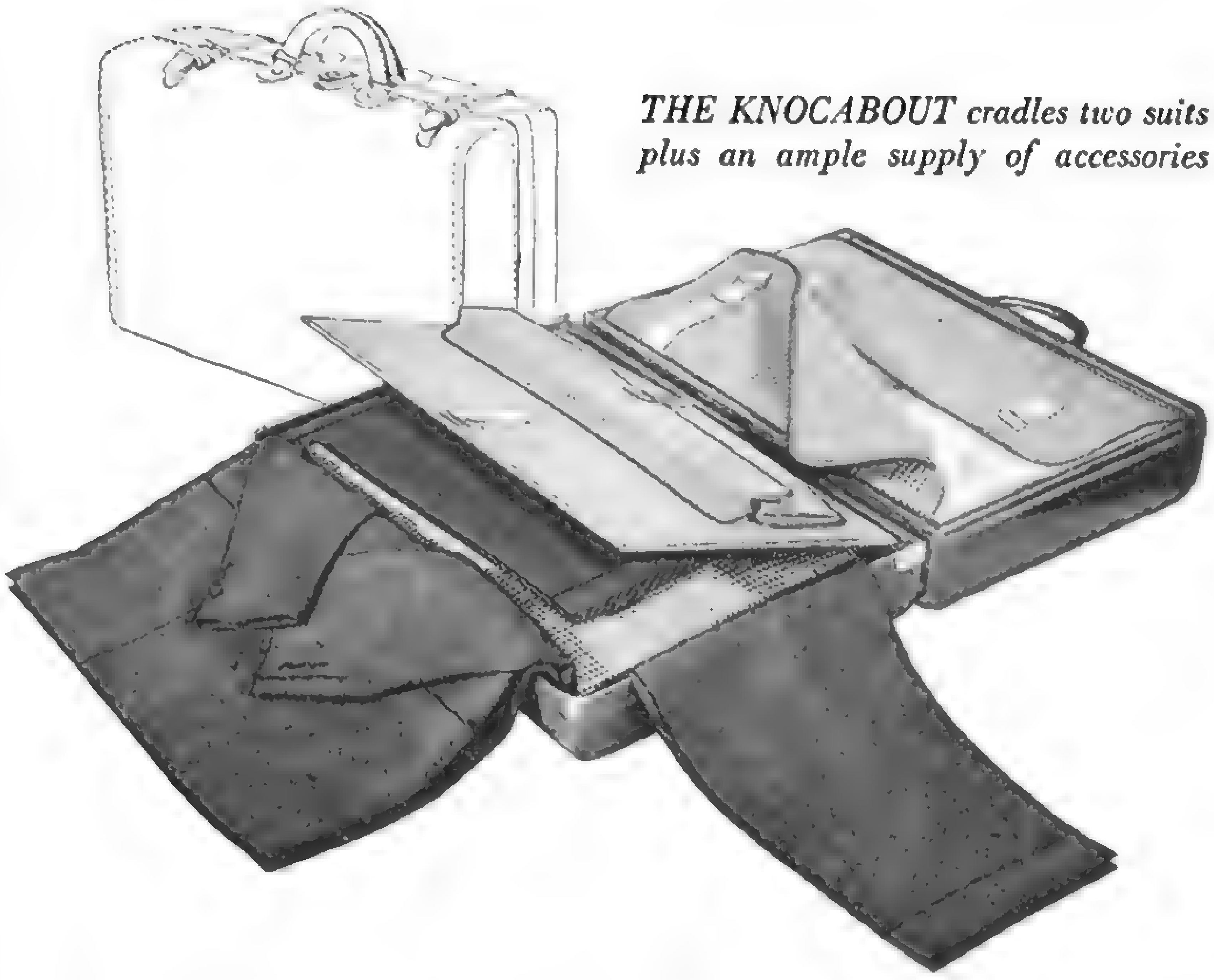

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The Undefeated Radetski

Continued from pages 29-127

and say, "Please forgive me. I hear a kind of noise, and I think maybe I can be of assistance." It is an old lady trying to move a big trunk. I say, "Oh, Ma'am, please, I beg . . ." and I pick up the trunk. It is nothing: maybe ninety pounds, but she is astonish like I had picked up the house on my back. "You are strong," she says. "Thank God," I say. Then I tell her that I am Radetski, and she says, "Oh, yes"—though she has never before heard the name. Her name, she tells me, is Miss Craven.

She is perhaps as old as me, but being, poor lady, a woman, looks a little older, for all her hair is white as snow, and she has got just a little tiny bit what you could call fat. She is a lady. She has traveled. She is a great teacher, for she has earned her living teaching the daughters of Lords and Princesses how to be ladies—embroidering, speaking French, dancing perhaps, how to read books, what books it is right for ladies to read, adding up figures. And now she is too old to teach any more. A great family of Russia has given her a pension, but the family is all finished, and she must support herself. Yet she does so. She is clever, this lady. She makes letters in embroidery. Yeahs, not only can she read and write: she can write in embroidery on cloth. This is pretty damn fine.

She ask me to have a cup of tea. Me, I hate tea: I like coffee. But I drink six weak cups, weaker and weaker, for there is not much in the house. Then I ask her if she maybe let me fix her table, for one leg is shaking. I fix that easy. She sees I have a little rough bit in my collar. "Bring in the shirt and I fix that," she says. I bring in the shirt. She not only turn the collar round, but you know what she does? She fix me my initial, R, in red silk, on the chest, right here! By God!

Then I say to her, "Ma'am. Do not, please, take it as I wish to become fresh, that I am impudent. But I am all alone; you are all alone. It is lovely for me to hear you talking to me. Maybe Friday evening we walk out to drink tea and maybe see a nice picture?" She tells me Yes; so we go, and I buy her tea and cream-cakes, and we go and see a picture about love with a fair-haired girl whose name I forget and a dark actor called James something; and we walk back. And I am telling you that there comes down upon me a sort of a kind of a peacefulness. I do not feel, now, that I want to go away all the time. I do not feel sorry for anything. Once, when I am working,

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she has come into my room and fixed me some ribbons on my curtains. Compliment for compliment! Once when she is out, I go into her room and make her a kettle on the ring, and put on a plate a lot of fine biscuits I get from the French shop up West. She mends me some clothes. I fix her some things. She crochet me a tie. I build her a little mahogany stand for needles and cotton, pretty smart.

TREE SURGERY
O'Malley

Then, after two-three months one day I catch her crying. Nobody want her to do no more work for them, and she is worrying about it, because this is all she can do. And then I put my hand on her hand and I say this:

"Ma'am," I say. "Do not be offended at what I am going to say to you. We are good friends. Do not be mad if I say to you that neither you nor I are the lively young men and girls we once have been. Dear lady, we are getting on; we are getting old. All my life I have been wandering here and there. For forty-five years I have had no place to call my own place; nothing of home. Good, kind lady—you, also, have lived your years in other women's homes, with other women's children; just the same as I have lived in hotels, and board-houses, and rooms like these we live in now. If we had met when everything was different and everybody was younger, then we might have made together a home, and a family. But this was not God's will. No, it was not God's will that we should meet until now, when we are both old. But now dear ma'am good friend, we need each other maybe even more than we did then, for we are both old, and alone among strangers. Let us be together until we die, for I have never met anybody who I could have loved half as much as I love you. We are old now, and can only be dear friends and close companions; good comrades; you helping me and I helping you. But that, also, is a very fine thing. By God's help I shall look after you all the days of your life. I am not the Radetski who pulled down Panchiavelli—and yet I *am*

Continued on page 130

WHY THIS MAN MAY NEED HELP WITH A
Rum Collins

Notice his pleasantly rounded chin, his full lower lip! Signs of a "good mixer," but not detail-minded. Needs exact directions—like this grand recipe for a Rum Collins*—full bodied, rich, flavourful.

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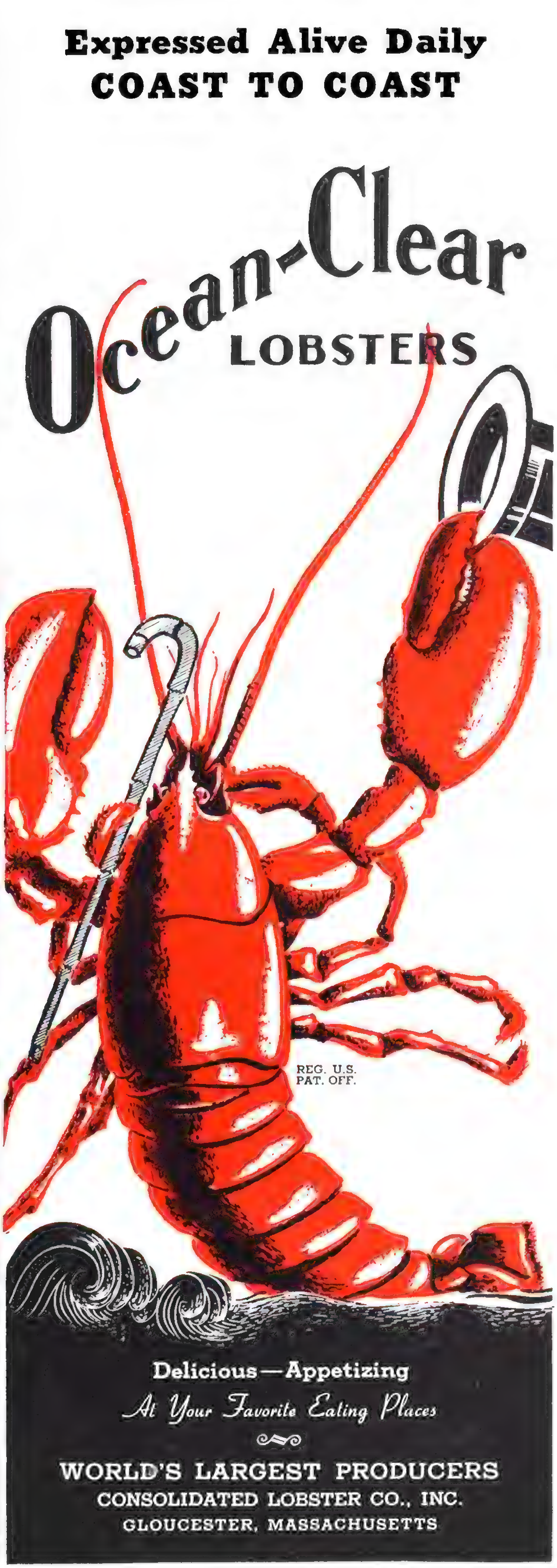
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The Undefeated Radetski

Continued from pages 29-127-129

the same Radetski who swears upon the head of his father to love and cherish you."

And she cried, and we kissed each other upon the forehead, and were married at the Church of Saint Mary. That was nearly one year ago. She is happy. I am happy. Together we are double happy. We make for each other little surprises. She got me this tie I am wearing. A pretty damn fine tie. For my sixtieth birzday, she get me this shirt, with my initials on it: that she do herself. Her eyes have got bad: it is the embroidery she used to have to do. Now she don't have to do nothing. But I make a little surprise. I am learning how to read; so one day I shall get hold of a book she likes reading, and read it out to her.

The other day, *I* ask *her* what *she* want for *her* birzday. We are out quietly walking. There is a big store of ladies' nonsense, and I can see that she has set her fancy on a silly thing—a sort of a purse, or a bag, with a tiny umbrella that fits in underneaz it, and a pair of gloves to match; all in black. I say, "You like that?" She say, "It *is* nice." I say, "Okay, my friend. You shall have it for your birzday." See? She laugh a bit, because she think I make a little joke, because this thing cost two pound fifteen shillings. I have already got saved fifteen shilling for a surprise. So now I must get two pound, ten dollar. So I go to the man Humphries and I tell him that I am the Undefeated Radetski, and that I will fight one more fight. He offer me a pound. I say I got to have two. He say thirty shilling. I say, "No. I just got to have two pound." And he promise to pay me two pound if I win, thirty shilling if I lose. You have seen me fight this night. Did I lose? No. I have won, and I am still the Undefeated.

And here, in this pocket, I have two pounds and fifteen shillings. Tomorrow, I go buy the purse with the umbrella and the gloves. And next Sunday I get up in the middle of the night, while she sleep, and put them on the table, so she will wake up and see them on Monday, when she was born.

She will be pleased. She will cry, she will be so pleased. Then I shall be pleased. I have to go home now. Thank you for remembering Radetski. Thank you—there is nothing in the world I want. Everything is good. Life is pretty damn fine; so fine I am sorry for everybody else in the world. I am very happy.

God bless you and good night. #

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The Brave Deserve the Lovely

Continued from page 53

legs stretched into the blackness beneath the dashboard.

"We'll both see the lady home, won't we?" Tilton said. "I can drive you from there."

"Pleasure," Colander said.

Carol smiled. "Such nice boys."

They pulled into the driveway and walked with her to the door of the dark, silent house.

Carol extended her hand. "So it'll be a long time again," she said to Tilton.

"Not if I can help it." He smiled. How marvelous they were.

"I'll give your love to mamma when I see her," she said to Colander.

"Please do." They all smiled and the two men left. Really marvelous, Tilton thought.

They drove off. "Stop for a drink?" Tilton asked.

"Thanks. I'd better get home. Just drop me and I'll get a cab. Thanks awfully."

"You shouldn't go back there, you know," Tilton said.

Colander didn't move. His piercing, black eyes glittered for a moment in the street light. Then he said: "Do you mind tending to your own goddam business, old boy?"

"He's sweating it out out there," Tilton said. "He's married to her. Whoever he is."

"I still think it would be an awfully good idea—" he began.

"I don't like the role," Tilton said. "It's nothing I enjoy."

They were both looking straight ahead through the windshield.

"You understand," Colander said after a moment, "that they're practically strangers? That for all you know he may not come back. And we're, well, old friends. You understand that?"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"This wouldn't be sour grapes, old boy?"

"I don't think so. To some extent maybe. Not much. But you're not going back."

The car moved down the dark street slowly, with little sound.

"You goddam civilians," Colander said. "You make me sick."

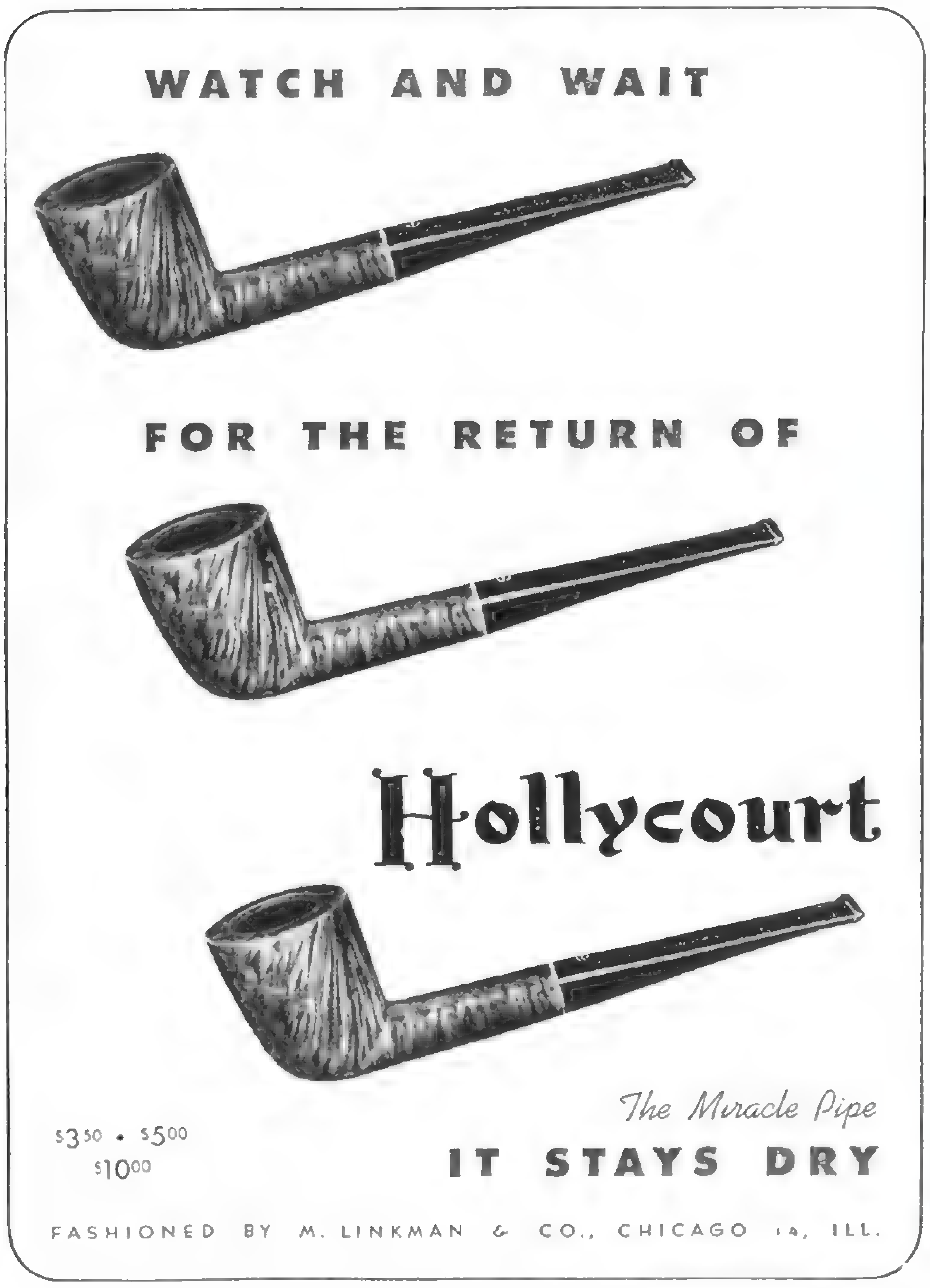
"I understand that."

"You don't understand anything. Let me out of this bloody thing."

"There's nothing here. Where do you live?"

"Oh, all right. But hurry it up, will you?"

They stopped in front of a curving driveway and Colander got out. He started up the incline toward a big, distant, indistinct house. He limped slightly, Tilton thought, on his left side. Tilton drove off, his hands heavy on the wheel. ⌗



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PARKER Quink
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Revolt from a Niche

Continued from page 43

while he said, "Pretty soft, eh?"

"Not bad," the lieutenant said. "Not bad."

The water had stopped pouring into the tub. It must be full by now, the corporal thought. He could hear the soft pad-pad-pad of Mrs. Keeler's steps as she came down the hall and into the room. "Your bath's ready, Sergeant," she said. "I'll show both of you your beds now if you're getting tired. My boy's in the Army. Says he can barely keep his eyes open past ten these nights. Used to be a time when he'd stay out till two, three every morning."

They stood up, and she led them through the house, back toward the kitchen and up a flight of stairs that opened into a small attic room. She flicked on the lights as she came to the top of the steps. "This is it," she said, pointing to the inner room. "This is really the one we use as a bedroom. Used to be my boy's. I guess thats yours Sergeant, since you were the first one here. Extra blankets are in the bottom bureau drawer if you get cold. Bath's at the foot of the stairs, to the right."

She turned to the lieutenant. "This isn't exactly a room out here, but we've always kept a spare bed for visitors. Blankets are all in the bottom bureau drawer if you need any extra ones."

The corporal walked into the room and put his hand to the bed. It felt softer and more luxurious than he had imagined. The feather down comforter would do wonders, too, he told himself. He felt strangely guilty about the way she had assigned the beds. Evidentally she held little regard for rank, and he was not intending to initiate any either.

"Good night," the woman called from the foot of the stairs.

"Good night . . . good night . . ." they answered.

"Don't let that water wait too long," she called out again.

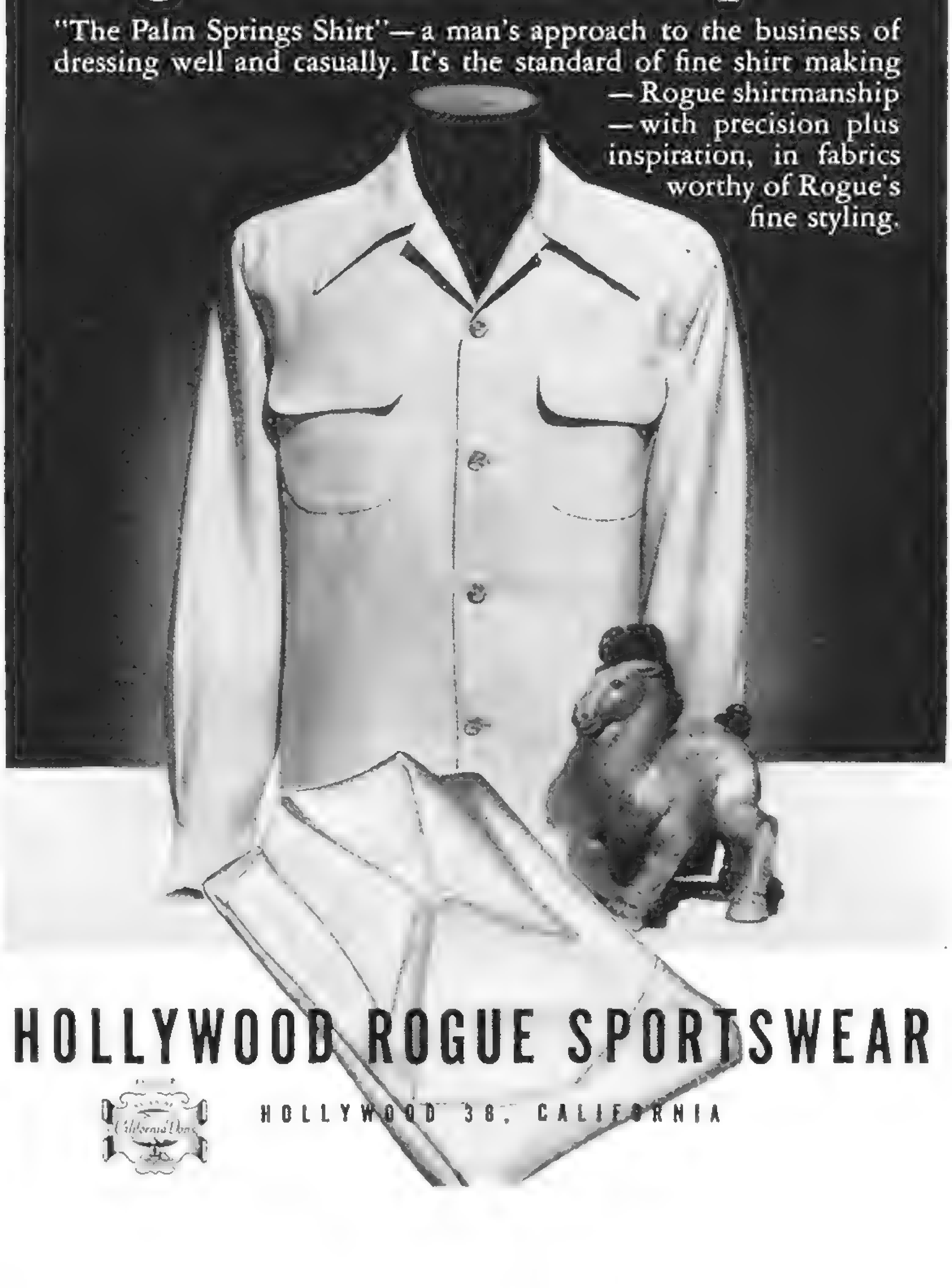
"No, ma'am, I'll be right down," the corporal yelled. He slipped out of his shirt and grabbed a towel hanging from the chair.

The lieutenant was sitting on the edge of the bed, removing his mirror-tan shoes as he came by. "I'll leave the light on so you can find your way back," he was saying. "Turn it off as you come by, will you?"

"I don't think I'll need it, thanks," the corporal turned and said. He jogged down the steps and turned the first knob on his right.

He kept thinking of the lieutenant upstairs, as he stripped off

Rogue Shirtmanship©



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the rest of his clothes. He had felt uncomfortable alone with him there, and in the front room, too. He didn't quite know what had got into him. Most of the time he had felt wrong in simply sitting and talking the way they had, and wanted to stand by humbly in his filthy, wrinkled clothes that hadn't even bothered him until the other arrived, and he had kept rebeling in the effort to stem it. Too much Army, that's what the matter was! You took everything, including your own little niche in life, unexamined. Feeling inconsequential and inferior before the glitter of bars or a twist of braid was a part of it. Good and well enough for Army if they said so, but out here it didn't count. He could have kicked himself for that *sir* slipping out. Even upstairs there, he had had to stop himself from saying "No, this is the better room; you take it . . . she's only a woman who doesn't know any better . . . I'll take the cot outside; you take the better one . . ." There may have been a code of Army morals he was breaking by not offering the better bed, but from somewhere there seemed arising a code of his own that would have been broken had he given it up. It was his room, wasn't it? Even if the looey had wanted and asked after it, he never would have given it up.

But then there wasn't even any reason for thinking about it. The lieutenant hadn't so much as glanced his way when she had given them the beds, probably hadn't thought about it at all.

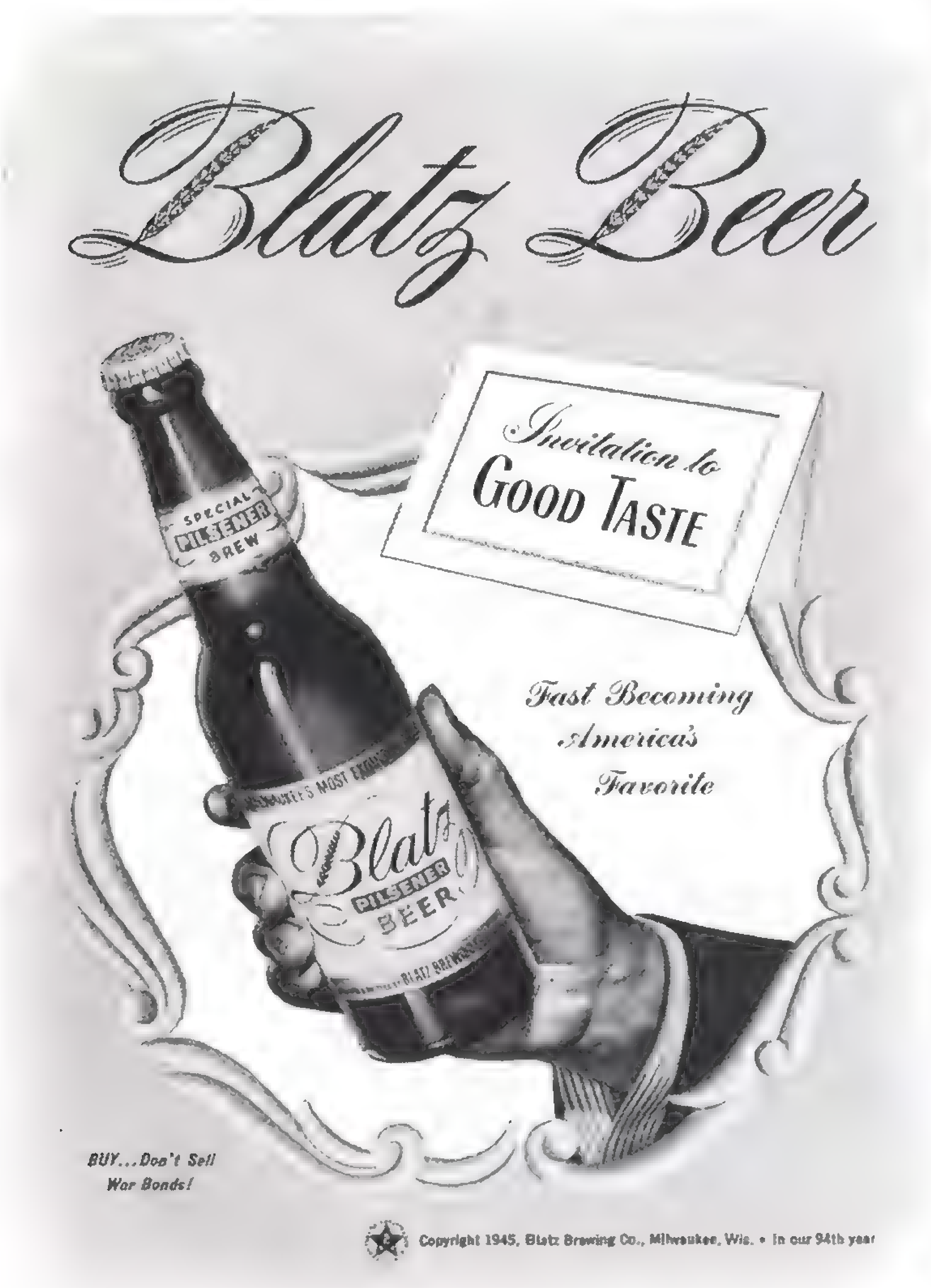
He slid into the tub, hot water lapping against his neck and chin. He could feel the weight of it against his skin, caressing and softening it. He passed his hands tightly down his chest and thighs and legs, so that when his arms slid away he could feel once again the exhilaration of that first pressure of water against his pores. It was a most wonderful feeling, and soothed the humility and anger and resentment he had stirred up within him.

Lying there he felt almost

Continued on page 134

NO FISHING WITHOUT PERMIT!

"We'll have to look at her fishing license—some day!"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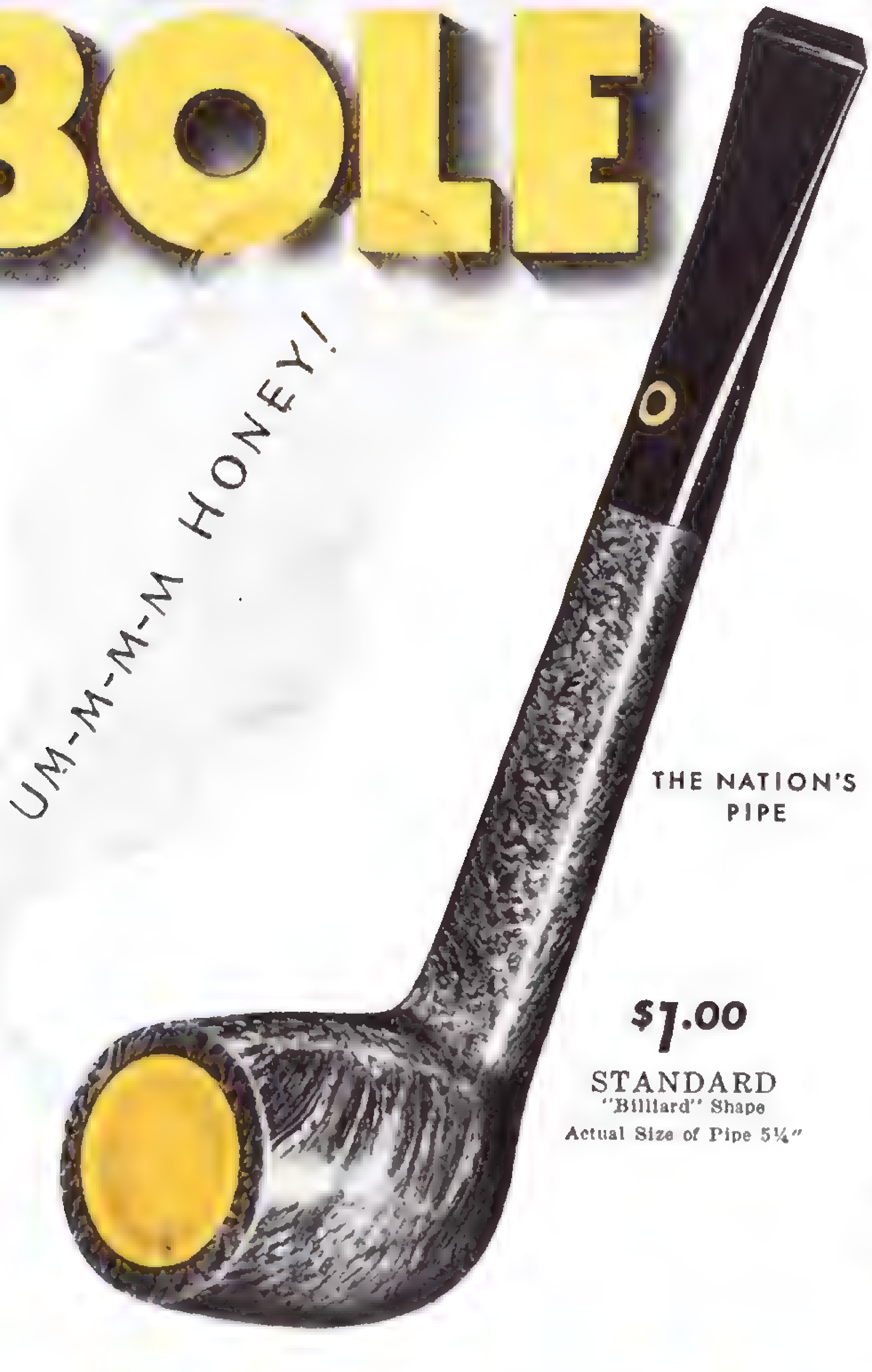
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Revolt from a Niche

Continued from pages 43-133

young again. Not an Army young, a twenty-three that found him tired every waking hour and exhausted every sleeping second, but a youngness of eighteen and nineteen. Of taking a bath on Saturday nights and dashing down to the car for some date with a flip of a girl who was usually just getting into her tub when he rang the bell. And of coming home from a hot day at the lake or after a ball game, and slipping into a cool, relaxing tub. Or coming out after a rainy summer evening in white silk sport shirt open at the throat, with his heart beating savage rhythms against his tanned chest, and walking down the streets clean and fresh as the night itself.

It was late when he finally stood up and shook the water from him. Reaching for a towel, he rubbed his face and head well with its coarseness, twisting it about his back and chest, and drying his legs and arms. His skin sang out as he stood there, passing the rough cloth up and down his body. Most of the bitterness he had felt before seemed to have disappeared, and he wished he had been less curt with the lieutenant. The other had certainly tried hard enough to let down reserves. He would say something as he passed the bed, he resolved, twisting the towel about him and gathering up his clothes. The hall was clear, and he ducked around the doorway and sprinted up the stairs.

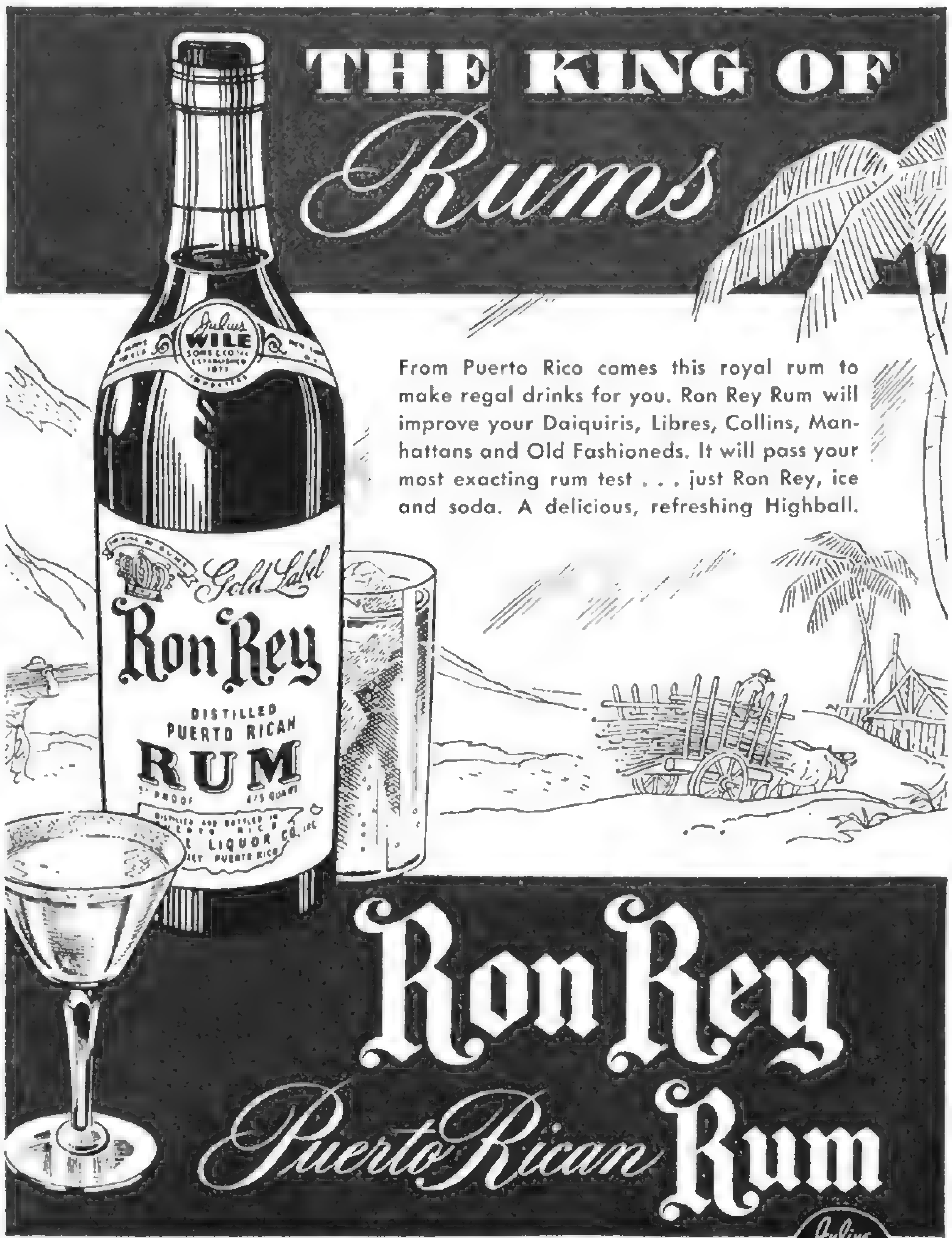
The lights were still on, although the lieutenant was already asleep. It could wait till morning, the corporal decided, turning off the lamp as he went by. He tossed his clothes and towel aside and fell into bed. It was good lying that way, free and clean and warm.

Coffee odors were drifting up from the kitchen in the morning when the lieutenant thrust his head through the doorway and called that breakfast was being made downstairs.

The corporal knuckled the sleep from his eyes. Sprawling there half awake, or dozing till noon didn't quite have the appeal of breakfast. "I might as well, I guess," he drawled, reaching for his clothes.

They were waiting for him below. With his shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow, the lieutenant looked less formidable than the night before. The woman was making hot white biscuits and scrambling eggs with cream, and the three of them sat and ate and spoke for what seemed hours. After breakfast they ran through the Sunday papers and helped

THE KING OF *Rums*



From Puerto Rico comes this royal rum to make regal drinks for you. Ron Rey Rum will improve your Daiquiris, Libres, Collins, Manhattans and Old Fashioneds. It will pass your most exacting rum test . . . just Ron Rey, ice and soda. A delicious, refreshing Highball.

Ron Rey *Puerto Rican* Rum

Gold & White Label 86 Proof • Sole Agents for the U. S. A. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

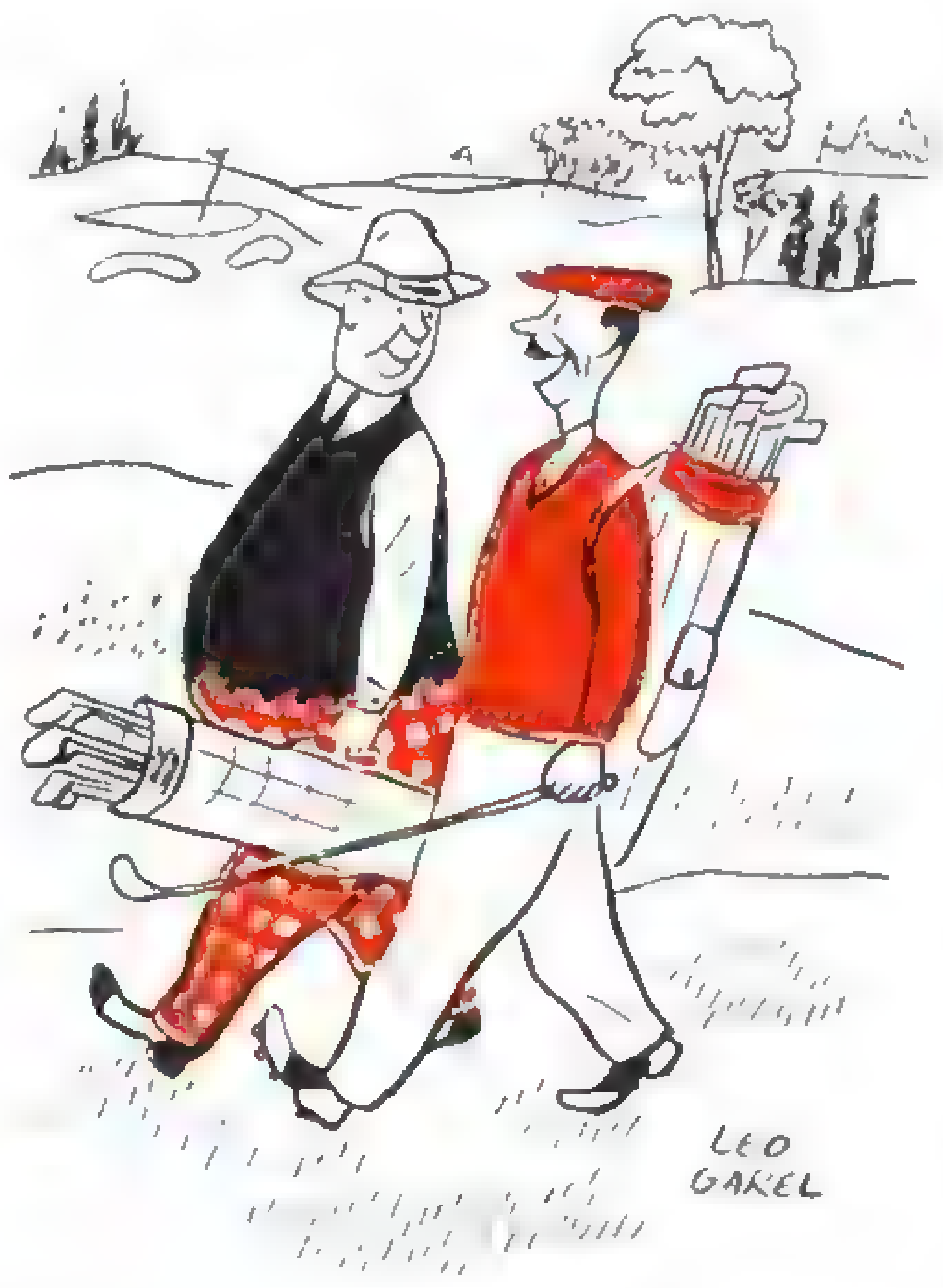
dry dishes. To anyone looking in for the moment, they might have belonged together.

It was nearly eleven when the corporal came up the stairs again to his room. He was putting on his tie when the officer looked in. "Leaving?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yeah, I've some places to go yet today," the corporal said.

"I guess I might as well leave, too," the lieutenant said. He rolled down his sleeves and buttoned his collar. When the corporal came out of his room, he was ready to go down with him.

"Dollar-and-a-half is all I ever charge for the bed," Mrs. Keeler kept insisting, as she begged them to come back the following week; "and fifty cents for the breakfast." She all but hugged them good-bye.



"It's fun playing without a ball—yesterday I broke the course record"

They walked down to the bus stop together, the corporal wondering how they were ever going to part without being crude and awkward. There was nothing he had to do, and hardly anywhere to go. Ordinarily having someone along would have been ideal, but not the lieutenant, he kept telling himself. There would be places or girls the other might want that would never fit in with his own two stripes and muddy boots. He didn't even know if the lieutenant wanted him along for the rest of the day anyhow. It was ridiculous even thinking it when the other probably wanted to break away as much as he did himself.

They rode uptown almost in silence. The warmth of the morning had almost subsided, and given way to the exchange of a few pleasantries as each wondered quietly about the other.

"Are you going anywhere once you get to town?" the lieutenant finally asked.

The corporal turned away from the window, wondering whether he had spoken from politeness or sincerity. "No, not exactly. I thought I'd take in a couple of movies and a good dinner, maybe." He waited for a reaction of

Continued on page 136

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- At America's finest stores.

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AFTER TOTAL VICTORY, you likely will want to own an economical, safe, family plane that'll whisk you in comfort over the countryside in a matter of moments. And as returning pilots will tell you, an all-metal plane gives best performance.

A NATURAL PEACETIME STEP—TO AN ALL-METAL SILVAIRE FROM AN ALL-METAL FIGHTER!

When wartime pilots return to peacetime pursuits, they'll naturally choose for their personal use, an all-metal plane. For aerial warfare has proved this: all-metal plane construction ensures greater durability, added air speed, extra economy of operation.

Luscombe's whole history has been one of utilizing metal in aircraft. Luscombe pioneered with an all-metal light plane—the SILVAIRE. And since war was declared, Luscombe has played an important part in the fabrication of metal parts for many famous fighter planes including the "Hellcat." You may be sure the vast experience gained from years of all-out war production will result in Luscombe's offering a new, notably improved all-metal SILVAIRE—a postwar personal plane destined for a great future.

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LUSCOMBE AIRPLANE CORPORATION
TRENTON 7, NEW JERSEY • DALLAS, TEXAS

LUSCOMBE AIRPLANE CORPORATION, Dept. H-14
Trenton 7, New Jersey

☐ Please tell me more about the SILVAIRE.
☐ I'm interested in a Luscombe SILVAIRE dealership.

NAME ....

STREET .... CITY ....

Revolt from a Niche

Continued from pages 43-133-135

some kind from the lieutenant. Good, I'll stay with you if you don't mind, he wanted the other to say. Or, That's just what I thought of doing; what say we hang together? He began thinking he wouldn't mind that at all.

"I've a phone call to make once we get off. I don't quite know what I'll do yet," the lieutenant said, with reservation.

When they had reached almost the last stop the corporal got to his feet. He didn't quite know what to do. "I think I'll get off here," he finally said.

"I'll come with you and make that call," the lieutenant put in quickly. They stepped off the bus together, hesitating for a moment near the curb. "It'll only take a minute," he said, and the corporal walked with him into a corner drugstore.

"I'll be here while you're calling," the corporal said from the fountain, and the lieutenant disappeared toward the phone booth at the far end of the building.

He sat drinking the coffee he had ordered, waiting for the lieutenant to return. It was almost noon when he began having doubts, and walked toward the rear to check the phone booths. They were full, with the lieutenant in none of them.

The corporal smiled wryly, and started for the rear door. He was an utter fool for having been taken in so. Swinging open the door, he stalked angrily into the streets. It was there reflected through the store window, that he caught his glimpse of the lieutenant inside surveying the aisles with long sweeping glances before disappearing finally through the front entrance.

For a moment the corporal started impulsively after him. Of course they had missed one another when he'd gone back to check the phones. The lieutenant had probably been coming down another aisle, or stopped at a counter. He could have caught him had he dashed around the corner, but instead the corporal hesitated until the other was certainly lost in the crowds passing by. He would have seemed an utter fool to have run after him, only to find he wasn't wanted after all. There was no sense being in the way. Probably it was better this way, alone. He felt guilty as he wheeled about and went up the street. The other would never have believed the way it had happened anyway.

He turned at the first side pavement he came to, for he would have hated meeting the lieutenant now. He felt strangely guilty about the whole thing. ⋕

BRUGAL
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SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
BRUGAL & CO. C. POR A.
PARK & TILFORD
GOLD LABEL
SINCE 1888

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The Rum with the Richer Flavor

Flavor-full goodness in every drop . . . because a proud family-tradition, born 56 years ago, vigilantly guards its quality. Try Brugal. You will appreciate why connoisseurs have bestowed honor after honor upon it . . . why its *richer* flavor transforms *any* drink into the *perfect* taste treat! Ask for *Brugal!*

IN
GOLD LABEL
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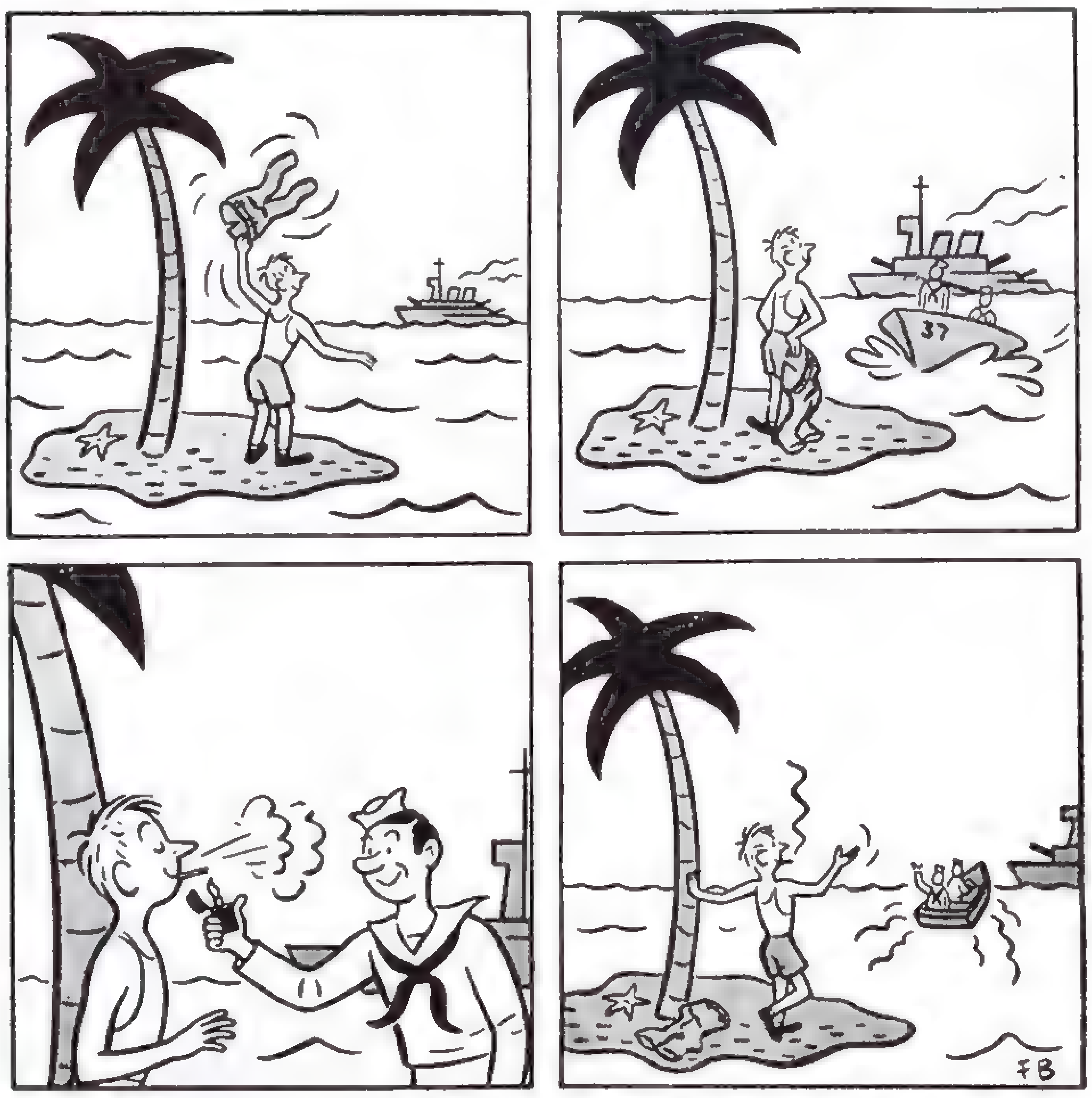

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No C. I. (Civilian Issue) just yet so beware of flimsy imitations being offered as "ZIPPO" or "ZIPPO-TYPE" at high prices.

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No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO

FOR YOUR PROTECTION Look for this engraving ZIPPO on the bottom of every genuine ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

What the Young Joe Should Write

Continued from page 67

itself, to take its place in the family of nations not as a lusty and amusing boy, but as a mature human being.

In *Democracy under Pressure*, that most competent of popular American writers about economics, Stuart Chase, shows himself willing to be damned equally by Westbrook Pegler and Earl Browder, by the C.I.O. and the N.A.M. He indicates how much of our government is controlled by the lobbies of businessmen, labor unions, farmers, lawyers, doctors, uplifters. Here for the innocents are the political Facts of Life, not illustrated by any gentle whimsies about the bees and the flowers.

The other book should be read only by intelligent men and women who can escape from the sore duties of committees, bridge-playing, and listening to Jack Benny long enough to become human beings again, to recover quiet and dignity, to taste in leisure the author's wit, sense, and almost infuriating learning. He is Jacques Barzun, and his *Teacher in America* belongs more with *Walden* than with any brisk volume about how to teach the Little Ones the importance of Cicero and welding and regular brushing of the teeth.

Mr. Barzun has taught in large American universities, in respectable small colleges, and in progressive institutions which might have been produced by a radical Billy Rose. He knows that we lack not more teachers with Ph.D.'s, but ripeness and richness and good manners. He is as zealous as any Cardinal Mortimer Adler about the excellence of Tacitus and Newton, but he is not so sectarian as to think that salvation lies in any one set of a hundred books.

Teacher in America is urged, not as a duty but as a delight, equally upon parents, teachers, and such students as do not customarily use the words "contact" and "project" or, under the lash of forward-looking schoolma'ams, write to unfortunate authors begging for their autographs. To read it is like listening to Bernard Shaw and Henry Mencken, in a private place, with Carl Van Doren umpiring. If in the 1940's a more civilized book appears, then the age of miracles has returned. ⧺

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

PLEETWAY
The Only Modern PAJAMAS for Men
PLEETWAY
SIDE TABS
BALLOON SEAT

Only PLEETWAY PAJAMAS offer this patent-protected comfort system

Stadium Manufacturing Co., Inc. ★ Empire State Bldg. ★ New York 1, N. Y.

Our Armed Forces now get nearly all of our production. Full civilian service will be restored as promply as possible when the big job is done.

Athlete's Foot
strikes hot, steaming feet

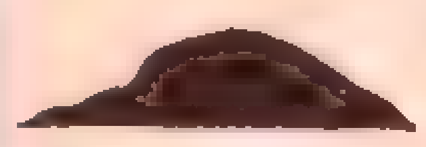
● Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks between your toes **warn** of **danger**

Athlete's Foot microorganisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. Then you know Athlete's Foot has taken hold!

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph showing Athlete's Foot microorganisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.



Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills these micro-organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks **at once**

Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning.

$1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

1. Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

A
Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Sad Story: **ALLAN JONES out of town on wedding anniversary**

Happy Ending: **Flowers-by-wire to wife IRENE HERVEY!**

Not for just a year
but always
Love, Allan

In any event wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a $500 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
DALLAS	for	$5.00	+	63¢
TACOMA	"	"	"	63¢
LOS ANGELES	"	"	"	63¢
SIOUX CITY	"	"	"	53¢
NEW YORK	"	"	"	44¢
BANGOR	"	"	"	53¢
MIAMI	"	"	"	63¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how inexpensive it is to send flowers by wire.

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES—FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1 Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

2 Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

3 He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy*—just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Gamecocks Don't Surrender

Continued from page 30

that the Yankee Clippers were usually the last to peck, however feebly and futilely, and with that dying peck win the count and with it the fight.

> *"Nor life nor death they deem the better state,*
> *But life that's glorious—death that's great!"*

Eight thousand dollars in prize money is waiting to be divided among the first three winners. Until the last day, the issue is in doubt. In addition, a great silver loving cup is donated by a famous driver of trotting horses and lover of gamecocks. But eight thousand dollars is but a fraction of the stakes involved. After each fight fortunes change hands—with never a dollar put up. Your word is your bond at the International Tournament—or it better be!

Big Sam from Columbia and little Frankie and Name-Ur-Own-Ticket Georgie from the coal regions, probably the three biggest gamblers of the Keystone State, are at hand to lay the odds on the Yankee Clippers. They haven't missed an International Tournament in a dozen years. They attend all the big cocking events of Florida and during the season will win and lose hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Thousand to eight hundred on the Yankee Clipper!" calls out Name-Ur-Own-Ticket Georgie from Hazelton.

"Bet!" accepts a New York sportsman.

"Lay it again!"

"Bet!"

"Once more!"

"Bet!"

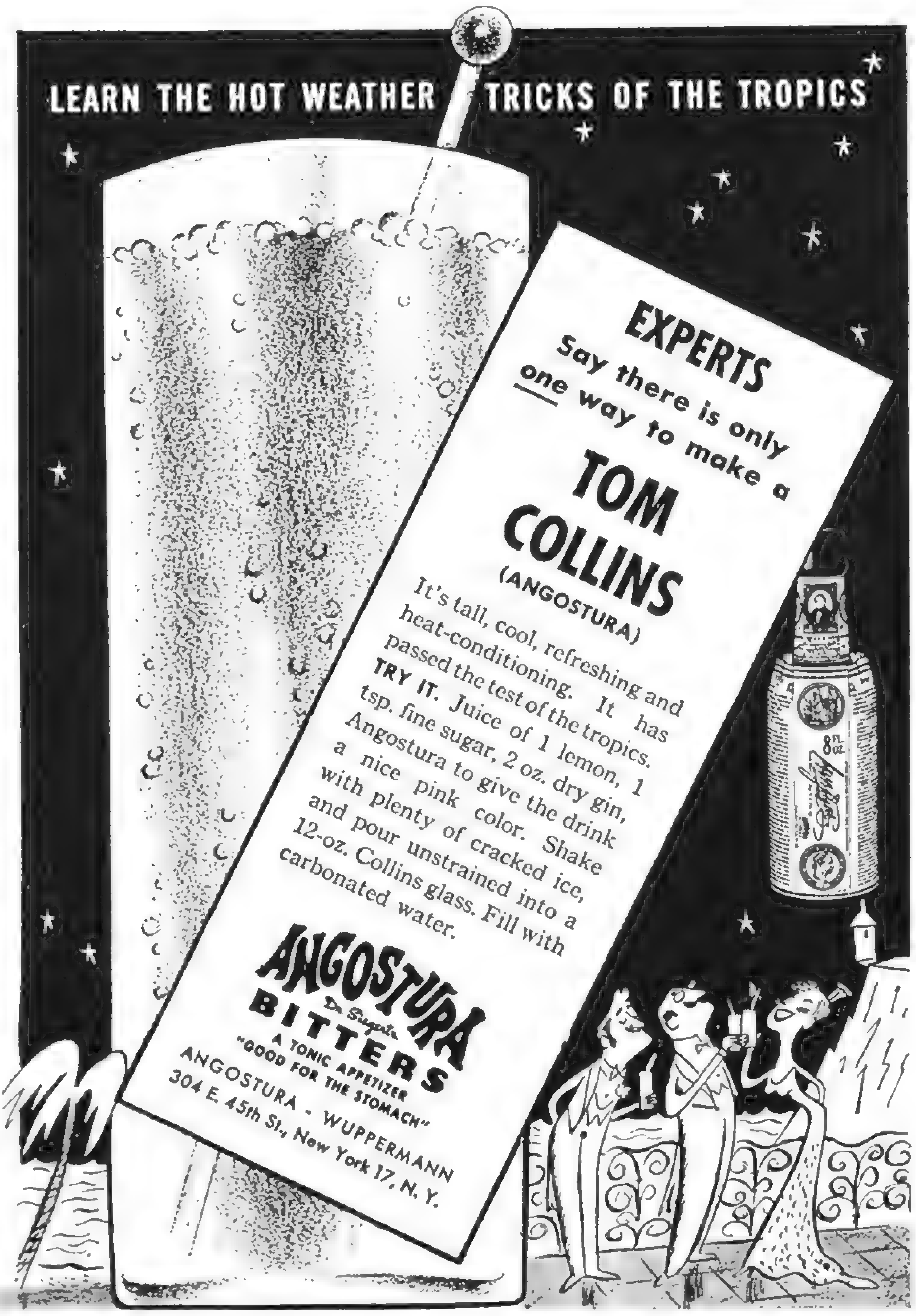
It's a deal and they don't even bother with the formality of shaking hands. Of course they know each other. They're gamblers. The Clipper wins and Georgie collects twenty-four hundred dollars. Later, the loser borrows five hundred from Georgie. Collateral? They never heard of it.

How does that radio jingle go—the one which advertises the department store? It keeps running through your head. It will set you nuts. Money, money, money . . . Where in hell do they get it all? Certainly not by pecking away at a fool typewriter. A writer guy gets the fever and calls out boldly:

"I'll take twenty-five to twenty against the Clipper!"

Nobody is interested. He repeats his offer and a Big Shot takes the trouble to inform him with a condescending smile, "Too bad, Bub, but this ain't no place to drive a tack. Them petty larceny bets is too hard to remember."

There are sixteen entries. Each has paid an entrance fee of five


LEARN THE HOT WEATHER TRICKS OF THE TROPICS

EXPERTS
Say there is only one way to make a
TOM COLLINS
(ANGOSTURA)

It's tall, cool, refreshing and heat-conditioning. It has passed the test of the tropics. **TRY IT.** Juice of 1 lemon, 1 tsp. fine sugar, 2 oz. dry gin, Angostura to give the drink a nice pink color. Shake with plenty of cracked ice, and pour unstrained into a 12-oz. Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
ANGOSTURA - WUPPERMANN
304 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

hundred dollars and spent at least an equal sum in transporting the birds to the site and training them for the fray. The birds are valued at from fifty to one hundred dollars each—but some of the super aces could not be bought for a thousand. Even this would be a small sum when compared with the 750 acres above Warrenton, which a son of Elias Edmonds, pioneer Virginia settler, traded for a gamecock.

Each of the sixteen entries must meet every other entrant once. The first day the Yankee Clippers win two fights and lose two. The second day they win three out of four. The third day they repeat the latter score. They have now won eight fights and lost but four. The gamblers immediately increase the odds to a hundred to sixty.

"I've only been at it a few weeks, and already I'm shooting in the low hundreds!"

On the closing day of the tournament, the Yankee Clippers are but one fight behind the leaders. They seem invincible. Their only rival is an entry which has pooled the fighting cocks and the cockfighting lore of North and South—represented by Pennsylvania and South Carolina. And now the leaders cross steel. And the Miccosukee cockers pin their faith upon a Grey—which is no Yankee Clipper—while the Pennsylvania and South Carolina aggregation show a Blue for the crucial battle.

The Blue and the Grey! Nobody thinks of the historic significance of the colors. Everybody knows that these are super aces and that color doesn't count in the pit. Yet it is invaluable to the gamblers in calling out their bets.

"Five hundred to four hundred on the Grey!"

Pandemonium reigns. The spectators almost fight each other in their attempts to get their money in action—yet in the pit there is silence. The handlers come together. They permit the Blue and the Grey to peck at each other to arouse their ire—an unnecessary formality as fierce hate blazes from the eyes of both. The referee's order to "pit your cocks" is drowned in the roar of the crowd. The handlers step back to the far corners of the pit and

Continued on page 140

QUALITY

FOR NEARLY

A CENTURY

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Diamond Rings from $75
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THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Radiant as a ruby—
your enchanting Perma-Lift Bra

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BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another Hickory Success

For Fashion Fit and Corset Comfort—you'll also like Hickory Juniors—Girdles and Panties—"The Foundation of Loveliness"

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85 MILLION AMERICANS HOLD WAR BONDS

YOUR ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT *Serves*, TOO!

Guards your health and clothes from wind and rain. Truly dependable, tastefully smart. Limited stocks at popular prices are usually available at your dealers. Remember, always, ask for Alligator. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Gamecocks Don't Surrender

Continued from pages 30-139

simultaneously drop their birds.

Like mad eagles they collide three feet in the air, their feet working like pistons. They fall to the tanbark in a tangle of flashing steel and flying feathers. The Blue is down! He is uncoupled! He is rattled! Blood bubbles from his beak! He is dying . . .

"Hundred to five on the Grey!"

"Bet!"

A percentage gambler lays these odds five times. They are called "insurance bets" and are accepted by those who have bet on the Grey and want to insure themselves against the happening of the impossible. The Blue cannot win. It's a thousand-to-one shot . . .

But the Blue is not dead. His throat clears and although he cannot stand on his feet—he can still hit. He seizes a mouthful of grey hackles and with this leverage releases a desperate, dying shuffle. A needle-sharp steel spur buries itself in the Grey's heart and the hitherto unscratched bird falls in a death spasm—while the Blue shakes its head to free its bill of the grey hackles.

The Yankee Clippers lose another fight—but this is anticlimactic. With eleven wins and four losses, the Pennsylvania and South Carolina team are crowned the new champions. With nine victories and six defeats, the Yankee Clippers must be satisfied to divide second and third money in a five-way tie.

Big Sam from Columbia and Little Frankie and Make-Ur-Own-Ticket Georgie from the coal regions, between them drop twenty thousand on the chickens and in the crap game immediately following. In gambling circles, this is considered a very mediocre week's work.

But an operator from South Carolina picks up fifty-six thousand on the chickens alone. And this is considered not bad at all. He doesn't even bother with the crap game and under the circumstances nobody blames him.

THE BEST TIP FOR A RUM COLLINS
smoother drinks come from HAVANA CLUB RUM
SPECIAL GOLD
HC
HAVANA CLUB Brand
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
HAVANA CLUB Brand PUERTO RICAN RUM

RUM COLLINS
- JUICE OF 1 LEMON
- 2 TEASPOONS OF SUGAR
- 2 OZ. HAVANA CLUB SPECIAL GOLD

STIR WELL AND ADD ICE
FILL WITH SPARKLING WATER
GARNISH WITH A CHERRY

86 Proof—Distilled and Bottled in NATO REY, P. R., by JOSÉ ARECHABALA S. A., of PUERTO RICO, INC., Sole Agents: WILLIAMS IMPORTERS, a Division of R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., 610 5th Ave., New York

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

THE ANSWER IS THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE

In the letter you published entitled "Home Thoughts From Abroad" by one Moldy Fig of France you did your own crusade for Jazz a great injustice. In the first place this Fig character does not know his Jazz from a hole in the ground.

I intend to confute his Socratic statements by answering his questions. To wit:

1. Esquire's exponents of the real and righteous don't confuse Jazz with Swing. They do seem to have a deep comprehension of the various trends of style in Jazz and to each give a true evaluation. Jazz music isn't necessarily four part ensemble though some of the best is freely improvised. We think the Mildred Bailey-Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday—(same pianist) records are superb Jazz. Likewise with the King Cole and Art Tatum Trios.

To get down to first principles—Jazz is not determined by the combination or the set style. It is a manner of expression, a way of playing which can be accomplished on a great variety of instruments. Thus while there is a difference between Swing and Jazz, they are not opposed to each other as friend Fig would have it. Swing is merely the contemporary phase of the "Jazz feeling," and perhaps in the next few years it will pass on to something different.

The unfortunate truth is that this fellow Moldy Fig (and he really is moldy—with age) is merely the victim of a non-progressive mind which has obviously set upon the time honored but slightly out-of-date New Orleans style as the only real Jazz.

Esky, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. A lot of people are going to read this Moldy Fig guy's letter and believe it. Get the idea?

Germany CPL. H. F. OVERTON

TIRED—WITH GOOD REASON

Muster at Halloran and Bethesda has a nuisance value in direct proportion to the unfairness of presentation.

The perpetrator himself indicts his comrades-in-arms and attempts to reflect on the home front by means of his facetious treatment.

"Stragglers in the shipyards" have their counterpart in service goldbrickers. Black market activities can be likened in lack of patriotism to Army looting in France...ad nauseam.

The wearing of a uniform seems to endow the most humble with ability to evaluate the greatest production feat in the history of the world. But home-front critics delight in centering their attention on industrial ailments such as the strike. It would be analogous for an assistant foreman to judge the efforts of the military and exclusively deal with such unfortunate results as Salerno and the Sicilian airborne invasion.

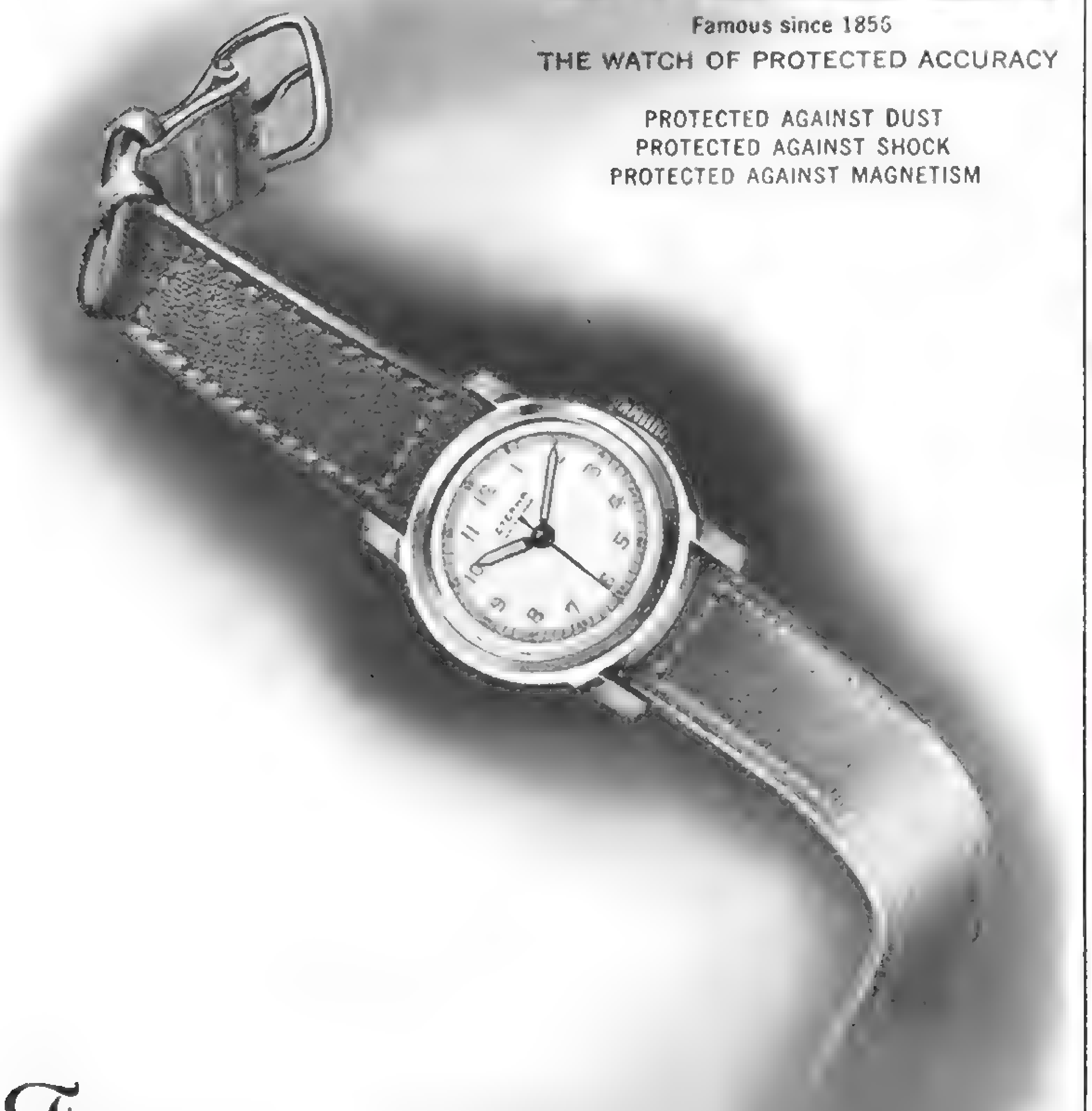
Rather than widening the already existing breach between the serviceman and the civilian, we should unite in the co-operation and mutual confidence necessary to finish the job.

Who in hell isn't "tired of the war?" I became tired of it in North Africa, Sicily, and France.

EDWARD ROBERTSON
Edward Sanitorium,
Naperville, Ill.

ETERNA
Famous since 1856
THE WATCH OF PROTECTED ACCURACY

PROTECTED AGAINST DUST
PROTECTED AGAINST SHOCK
PROTECTED AGAINST MAGNETISM



For men who demand complete efficiency—this waterproof ETERNA is the watch. Sweep-second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable crystal—14 kt. gold case and buckle, 17 jewels.

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For Him or Her } PLAIN ENDS IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her } BEAUTY TIPS (red)
IVORY-TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

Ah, *see what the Navy man chooses . . . luxurious Marlboro Cigarettes!* Infinitely more smoking pleasure *. . . so little more in price!*

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

Some Crime Does Pay

Continued from page 55

but the statute was being blocked by a senator who was on the other side of the political fence. The governor knew that the senator, while a devoted public servant by day, was a cutup by night. Moreover, the senator was sometimes imprudent enough to leave the lights on and the shades up while entertaining a feminine visitor in his hotel room in the state's capital city.

The governor got a room in the hotel that afforded a view into the senator's room and, one night while the statesman was entertaining a young lady, the governor, viewing the scene through field glasses, telephoned to him. "Senator," said the governor, "as I look at you from a room I am in across the court I can't help but think that perhaps you would like to reconsider your position on that bill of mine."

P.S. The statute in question has long since been a law.

It can be seen, then, that blackmailers strike every note on the social keyboard. Blackmail can be extremely petty or it can reach international proportions. Cash, favors or influence can be the medium of exchange in a pay-off. Even children in kindergarten are blackmailers. One kid will extort a piece of candy or a penny from another as the price of silence about some classroom infraction.

Although the law-enforcement agencies welcome nothing more than the chance to mesh into high gear on a good blackmail case and send the culprits to prison, official hands usually remain tied and powerless because of lack of cooperation on the part of blackmail victims. Certainly if a man pays tribute to a criminal to keep something a secret he is not going to tell the authorities about it.

We know how many murders, robberies, burglaries, embezzlements, kidnappings, assaults and other crimes are committed each year. We know that tremendous sums in property are stolen annually. But we have no blackmail figures. Even if we did, they would not tell us the whole story; they could not possibly reflect the pain, suffering, financial disasters, suicides, divorces and even murders that stem from the scurviest of all crimes.

Even big business is not immune to the ruinous tentacles of the blackmail octopus. How often have you seen some singularly inept man holding a key post in a big business firm for no other reason than that he knew, as the saying goes, where a body was buried? More than one meteoric rise in Hollywood—by people of both sexes and on both sides of

For a Century

the traditional preference
of men who know
and respect the finest

Kentucky Straight Whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Back in the covered wagon days, good judges of whiskey pronounced Old Crow the finest whiskey that can be made. Discerning men of today pay it the same high regard; for this superb whiskey remains unchanged after more than a hundred years.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS,
Bottled-in-Bond

Still flowing in this old spring house, the original limestone spring used by founder James Crow continues in use.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. • 100 Proof

DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

WHEN IT'S
TIME TO RELAX

He who relaxes after one hard job is better able to carry on with the next. Light up a Dutch Masters and see what comfort its mellow goodness gives you—see how much more you feel like going back to work.

DUTCH MASTERS

EXTRA-DRY
Renault
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA DRY
RENAULT
American Champagne

When you serve a punch with a champagne base, a little goes a long way. A punch is the best solution to the problem of entertaining a group of friends in these days of critical shortages. There are several good champagne punches. Recipes for some of the best of these will be found in Renault's 24-page Wine Recipe Book, a copy of which may be yours for the asking. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J., where American Champagnes have been produced according to Old World formulae for three-quarters of a century. Buy War Bonds.

the camera—has been propelled by blackmail, and nothing else.

As a rule, blackmailers specialize in one phase of the racket, just as a lawyer specializes in civil, corporation or criminal practice. There are the leeches who go to no end of research about prominent people to find if they have criminal backgrounds. Other blackmailers specialize in victims who have committed marital indiscretions. Some mobs concentrate on singling out men and women who have sexual peculiarities. The victims of this phase of extortion will usually go to any length short of murder to purchase silence. Many an unfortunate homosexual is in prison right now for a stick-up, a robbery or an embezzlement committed in an effort to obtain money for a blackmail pay-off.

The blackmailers who prey on victims with criminal pasts, or on men and women who have committed marital indiscretions, or on those who are cursed with sexual peculiarities, are, by and large, strictly criminal types. Their approach is usually crude and buttressed by physical force. But the smoothies who make a specialty of getting the goods on diplomats and social, financial and civic leaders are in a class by themselves. Most of them are college graduates, outwardly quite respectable, and as at home in a drawing room as under a two-watt bulb collecting the pay-off.

The extortionist who functions in the more exclusive of society's precincts is, among other things, a master psychologist. When he gets the goods on his victim he must determine the propitious moment for the attack, and he must also be able to judge pretty accurately in advance just what his pay-off figure is going to be. A few thousand dollars often marks the difference between a victim's willingness to settle quietly or run screaming to the dicks.

The so-called high-class purveyor of silence is often a patient man who will wait months or years to cash in on his information. For instance, if he lays his slimy paws on a negotiable incident from the past of a comparatively young man who shows promise of rising in his business or profession, he might decide to wait several years before rushing in for the kill, since the monetary return from certain victims is in direct ratio to their prominence. Certainly a skeleton from a personal closet is worth more when the victim is, let us say, running for the United States Senate than it is when he is just a promising young man in his state legislature.

The Four Hundred, who are perhaps more vulnerable to attacks on their background and dignity than any other class of people, live in constant dread of being blackmailed, particularly if they are pretending to be more than they really are. It is always worth dough to a young Mrs. Asterbilt, on the rise in society,

Continued on page 144

8 OUT OF EVERY 10 . . . . .

. . . . GO TO

UNCLE SAM

Don't tell a soldier overseas that the war is over. It won't be over for him until he's home again. And it isn't over at Haggar's five great plants, either. Since Pearl Harbor millions of Haggar Trousers have been going to men in uniform. With *Final Victory* this vast production will be geared to offering *better trouser* values for civilians, too.

HAGGAR COMPANY, DALLAS

HAGGAR
TROUSERS

The One and Only
In vases, it's "Ming"
. . . in Scotch, it's Haig & Haig . . .
treasures that have stood the test of time
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
HAIG & HAIG
It Had to be Better
to enjoy such universal preference for 318 years
HAIG & HAIG
The Oldest Name in Scotch
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Some Crime Does Pay

Continued from pages 55-143

to have somebody keep his big mouth shut about the fact that several years prior to her marriage to a society scion she was third from the left in the front row at Minsky's.

Until a few years ago, when the breach of promise statutes were wiped out, society playboys were constantly victimized by shyster lawyers who represented ladies of the lower rungs of the social ladder with whom the playboys had been carrying on. A red-hot letter from a Park Avenue blueblood to a waitress was good for ten grand any day in the week, which gave currency to a classic warning that passed among the amorous males in the fashionable salons, "Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman."

At the moment, blackmailing females are reported to be putting a new and cruel twist, geared to the war, on an old racket. When a man in the armed services is listed as dead, a blackmailing girl ascertains if he has come from a wealthy family or, if not, if his mother or widow is going to receive government insurance. If the blackmailer smells dough, she borrows a baby just a few months old and calls on the dead fighter's wife or mother, as the case may be. She announces that she was engaged to the deceased young man and that the baby is his child. Sometimes she even has a faked photograph, showing her and the soldier together, or a spurious letter to her from him.

The blackmailing stranger is naturally a shock to the wife or mother of the deceased. The surviving kin naturally wants no trouble, and particularly no bad publicity about one who has been so dear to her. Well, says the girl with the baby, she wouldn't care about herself; it's the little one who counts. The baby will simply have to be provided for, and mama has no alternative but to take the matter into the courts—unless, of course, there is a financial consideration from the serviceman's government insurance, for instance. What bereaved kin wouldn't be inclined to settle quietly under such circumstances?

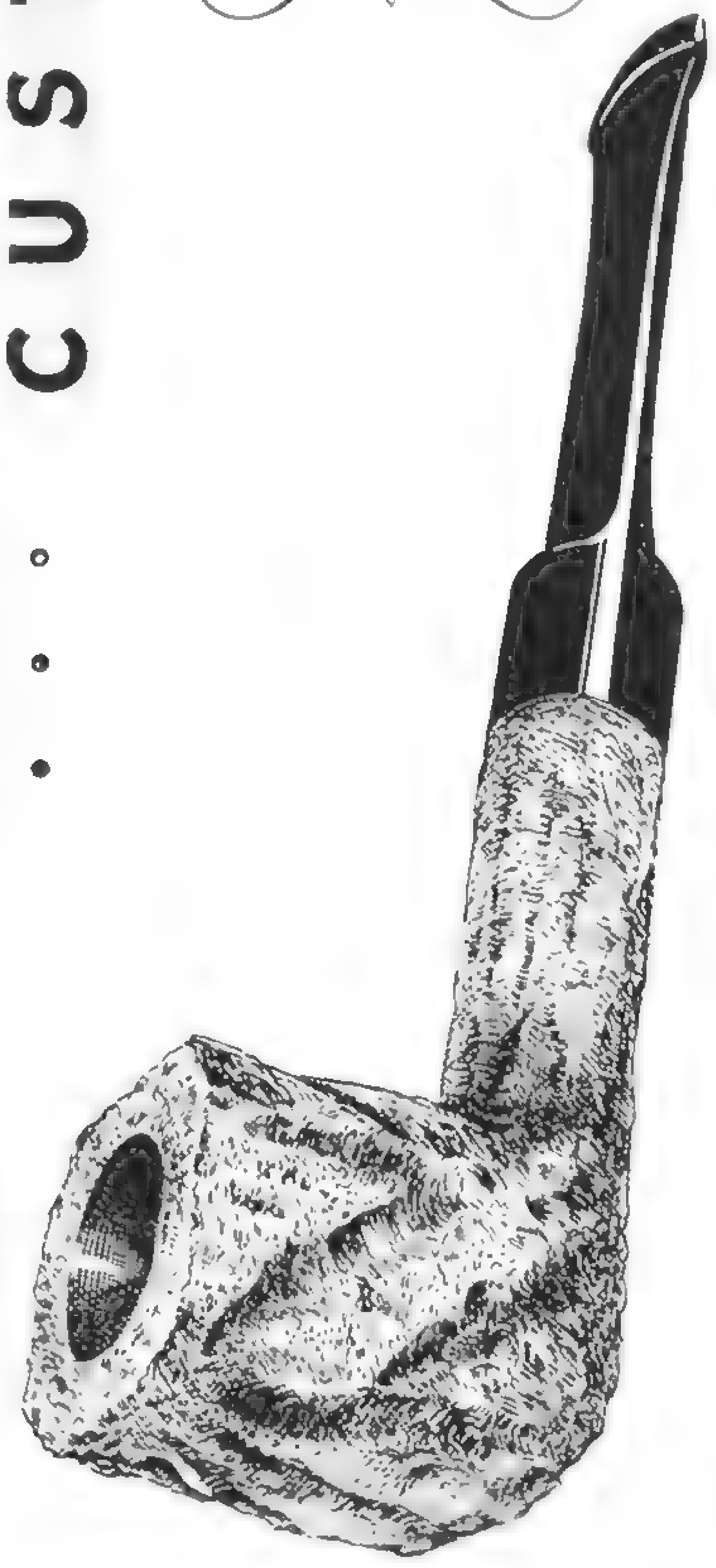
One fact that a blackmail victim seldom appreciates is that he is in a position to launch a counterattack against the extortionist that is far more deadly, in nine cases out of ten, than the blackmailer's attack against him. Blackmail is a prison offense and it is a comparatively simple matter to trap one of its practitioners. All you have to do is to pretend to hold still for the pay-off and then tip off the cops. They'll plant themselves and dictographs within a few feet of the pay-off spot, wherever it is, and get the evidence with which to put the blackmailer out of circulation for a long time.

Judges and newspapers are, by

• • • CUSTOMBILT • FROM BOWL TO HILT

So cool, the joy does not pall . . . So light, the jaw does not tire . . . Because each CUSTOMBILT PIPE is a union of lighter stummels and bigger bowls . . . No breaking-in, either . . . Cured for your immediate pleasure . . . And styled by artists who use their imagination as well as their hands . . . No two alike.

CUSTOMBILT
Pipe



Pipe illustrated, $7.50. The CUSTOMBILT Pipe collection includes a wide range of styles at $5, $7.50, $8.50, $10, $12.50 and up. All packaged in handsome gift boxes. Only at Better Stores.

John Hudson Moore, Inc., 663 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22
Distributors also of Sportsman Pipe Mixture, Sasieni Fine English Pipes and Sportsman Toiletries for Men.

tailor made toiletries

FOR COOL GROOMING

From Mem's quality blending and bracing scent come lasting cool comfort . . . fine grooming . . . the distinctive masculine character inherent in all Mem toiletries and soaps.

TRIO SETS
$2.00 and $3.75

GIFT SETS
$3.75 to $7.50

MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place • New York 3, N. Y.

MEM AFTER SHAVE from $1.25 © MEM CO.

MEM
A MAN'S AFTER SHAVE MEM
A MAN'S TALCUM POWDER MEM
A MAN'S EAU DE COLOGNE MEM
AFTER SHAVE by MEM
cont. 8 fl. ozs.
MEM COMPANY, NEW YORK

and large, sympathetic toward blackmail victims. A closed court hearing from which the public is barred can often be arranged while a victim is telling his story. Many of the more conservative newspapers will go so far as to agree not to print a single line about the proceedings. In fine, the cards are stacked against the blackmailer before he even begins operations, and the victim should realize that.

Suppose, however, that a man has committed a crime for which he has escaped detection and punishment and that someone in possession of the evidence to convict him is blackmailing him. The course of a blackmail victim finding himself in those circumstances should be precisely the same as that of a man who is being framed. Why? Because the penalty that is paid for the commission of a crime is invariably easier to bear than the long and unending suspense that results from an extortion sword hanging over a head by a thread. In other words, there is an ultimate end to the consequences of a crime, but there is never a certain end to blackmail.

If you have—perish the thought!—cheated on the little woman and some rascal finds out about it and is trying to shake you down, invite him home with you. Tell him that you wish to hear him spilling his story to your wife in your presence. Then don't fail to add the information that after he has told his story you will break every bone in his body. That's language he'll understand. Then, to protect yourself from anonymous notes from the blackmailer to your wife, and for the sake of your own conscience, tell your wife what you've done. No matter how violent her reaction, it won't be as tough on you as having a blackmail leech fastened to you over a period of time.

A lawyer can usually figure out a safe and legitimate exit for you if you're threatened by blackmail. Oftentimes a private detective agency can get you out of the soup pretty quickly simply by having gumshoes get more goods on the blackmailer than he has on you.

Then there's the income tax angle. If you are ever confronted by an apparently experienced blackmailer you could do worse than mention to him the fact that he has probably been taking in large sums over a period of time and not declaring income tax on them. The chances are about even that you'll score a bull's-eye and scare the pants off him. If you do, follow through with a letter to the Intelligence Unit, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., telling everything you know about the extortionist. The Intelligence Unit has a talent for tracing financial transactions, even if they were in cash and date back several years, and jailing criminals otherwise too slippery for the law.

So lead with your left, mister. Remember that a blackmailer has a glass jaw. ♯

FROM GREAT FALLS TO MOSCOW*

OSHKOSH PLANE-FLIGHT LUGGAGE

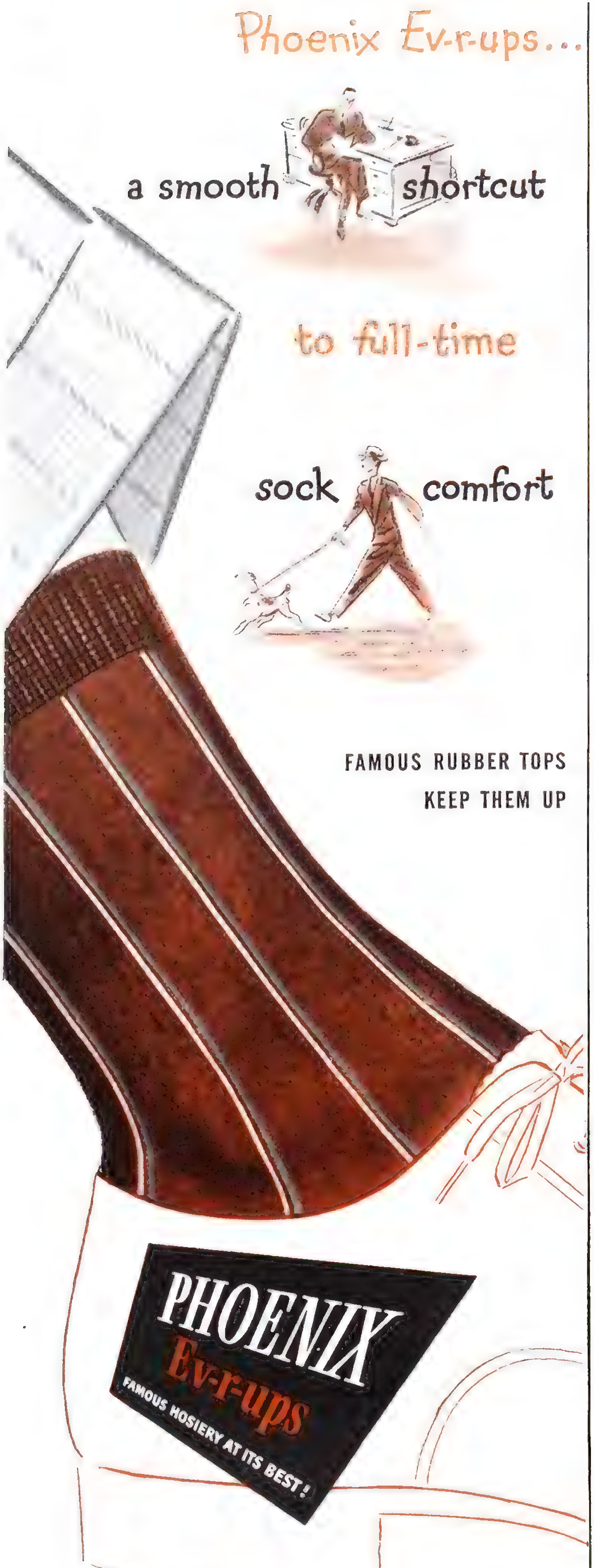
* More than 6000 fighter and bomber planes have been flown from Great Falls across Alaska and Siberia to Moscow. Born of war's necessity the icy "ALSIB" route soon will become an all-season airway between the United States and Russia. And Oshkosh Plane Flights for men will be just the right luggage for those thrilling trips.

Light, compact, beautiful, durable . . . surely it pays to wait for OSHKOSH PLANE FLIGHTS. Available soon.

Made by the makers of OSHKOSH "CHIEF" LUGGAGE

OSHKOSH Luggage
THERE IS NONE FINER

OSHKOSH TRUNKS & LUGGAGE • OSHKOSH, WIS.



PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY

Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Phoenix Socks retail at 55c, 65c, 75c, $1, $1.15, $1.35, $1.50

The Order of the Crackpots

Continued from page 51

the last time fellow members saw the place.

On the door was a sign: "Open Wednesday afternoons from 2 to 2:15."

The ability of George Theodore to rise above the masses was because of what he did and didn't do to the English language. It was George who wouldn't permit anything that involved pronunciation on his menus. It was George who listened in bewilderment as a learned attorney sought vainly to explain the new surtaxes. The Athens-born restaurant man replied sadly:

"It's no use, that stuff is all Eenglees to me."

But to the rest of the Crackpots, Theodore achieved immortality in his reply to a patron who made insulting remarks about his nationality.

"I don't trow you out," George told him, "because you might be a Greek, too. My uncle used to chase around all the time."

Typical of the membership is one Aurey Strohpaul, a newspaper photographer who more recently was assigned to an aircraft carrier by the Navy. In civilian life, Strohpaul was a leading exponent of the school that believes in having the more robust type of fun.

Strohpaul could have made the club roster without half trying, but it was a special incident that brought him into the embrace of the Crackpots. One night the news cameraman, with several drinks under his belt and nothing but love in his heart for his fellow men, observed a three-story frame house afire.

Smoke poured from the windows and Strohpaul could hear and see the flames crackling within the building. From the third floor came the anguished cry of a woman in distress.

Seeing the outline of a big woman at a third-floor window, the intrepid Strohpaul dashed through the front door, coughed and staggered his way up the stairs and finally reached the woman. The pint-sized photographer grasped her and started dragging her down the stairs. As the woman later told reporters:

"When we got to the second floor he passed out completely and I had to lug him out the rest of the way."

Slapsy Bob O'Keefe, a policeman honored by nomination to the club, filled out a routine set of questions required before becoming a member of the organization. To the question "What is your occupation?" O'Keefe wrote, "I've got seven kids." In 1937 he attained the reputation of being generally "fuzzy" by writing out traffic tickets for all cars in sight on Christmas Eve and marking on them "Merry Christmas from

DID YOU KNOW

You Can Do This Again?

Schick Blades Are Back

How long since you've enjoyed the ease and comfort of a Schick Injector shave?

Stop figuring right now. Your Schick Blades are back . . . back in force at your dealer's. We're now able to meet all demands . . . civilian as well as military . . . for these smooth-shaving, keen-edged blades.

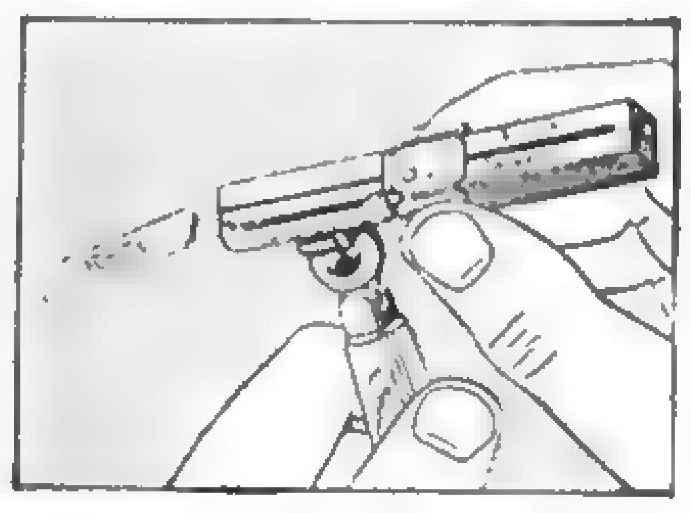
So put your Schick Injector Razor back to work tomorrow morning. Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features that make shaving a pleasure instead of a chore!

Here are the only basic safety razor improvements in over 40 years.

Each is a revolutionary Schick Injector improvement . . . designed to take the pull, discomfort and inconvenience out of shaving. Yours to enjoy once more . . .

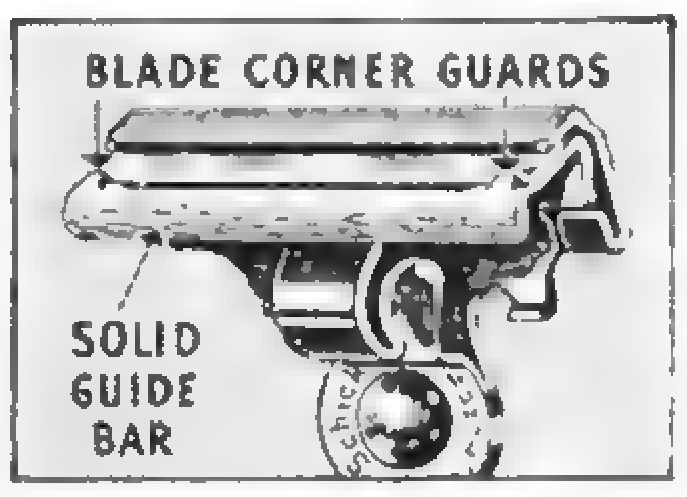
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature that shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or paper wrappers.



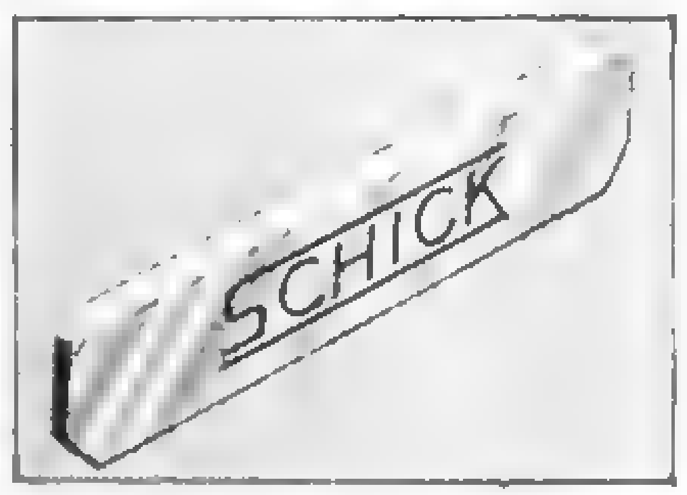
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



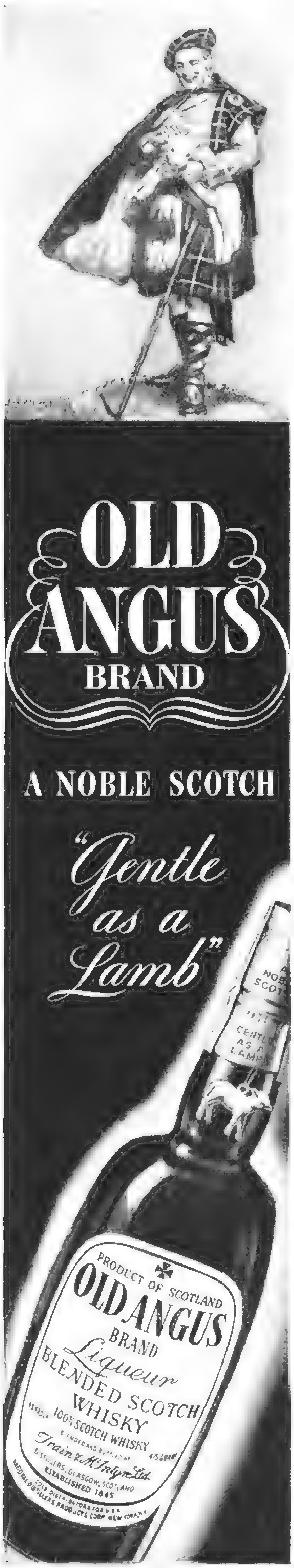
DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport 1, Conn.



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Officer O'Keefe." One time O'Keefe arrested a 240-pound woman who outfought him until fellow officers arrived at the scene. In the squad room O'Keefe appeared with two black eyes and numerous abrasions. To fellow policemen who asked for an explanation, O'Keefe gave them a blow-by-blow account of the fight. "Finally," he said, "she climaxed the scrap by reaching up and biting a big hunk out of my shoulder." Asked what he did then, the Irish cop merely sighed and said, "I just shut my eyes and made believe that she was Jeanette MacDonald."

A half dozen members of the club are in the service and one was killed in action. Many of the rest are ex-servicemen and veterans of the first World War. One of the club's pet members, Col. Henry Gork, was recalled to active service in the present war. Col. Gork was a city official and a farewell party was thrown for him jointly by the Crackpots and the city fathers. Everyone brought gifts, and the suite of rooms at the hotel looked like a second-hand store when the party got under way. In the middle of a pile of gifts was a beautiful, hand-carved writing desk. Col. Gork choked with emotion in his acceptance speech. He was overwhelmed by the gifts, he said, particularly by the writing desk, which he would put in his study for use after he got through making the world safe for Democracy again.

Col. Gork admired the desk again and again throughout the evening and mentioned it innumerable times, thanking everyone profusely for the beautiful gift.

Col. Gork wasn't the only one overwhelmed. The Morton Hotel manager called him by phone the next day and in no uncertain terms told him to get the desk back to the writing room on the mezzanine floor of the hotel, where it belonged.

Not long ago Harry F. McLean, the multi-millionaire Toronto, Canada, contractor whose philanthropy includes giving hundred-dollar bills to charwomen and fluttering thousands of dollars out of hotel windows to crowds that gather under his hotel room, cut loose on another money-tossing splurge. "Please come down and visit us and really let yourself go," the Crackpots wired the multi-millionaire when they heard of his latest beneficence.

When McLean didn't answer, the club wrote him:

"Dammit, we said 'please' didn't we?"

The club meets every Friday noon in the Elks' club, where the manager of the cafeteria wisely has set aside a special room for the members. Part of the rules of order include community singing which consists solely of giving out on strictly radio commercials. It is also mandatory that each club member tell a story on the

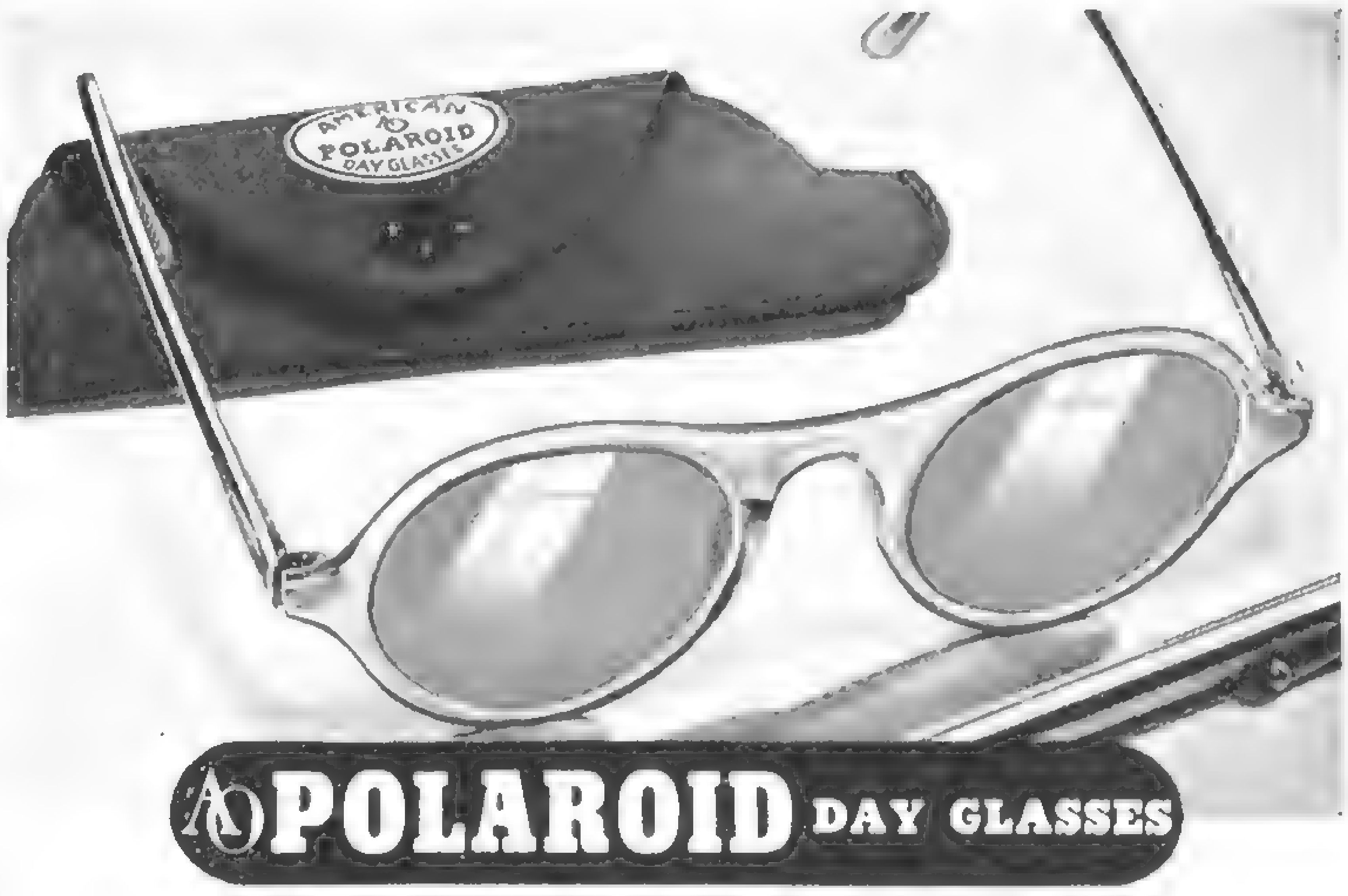
Continued on page 143

THERE...you see it

AO Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding reflected glare . . . absorb burning ultra-violet rays. Scientific lenses admit only useful light . . . enable you to see glare-hidden details . . . sharply, clearly, comfortably.

GLARE...you don't

Glare reflected from shiny surfaces strains eyes . . . blurs vision . . . hides details. It not only robs outdoor life of much of its pleasure and zest . . . it creates actual safety hazards, too, in boating, skiing, motoring.

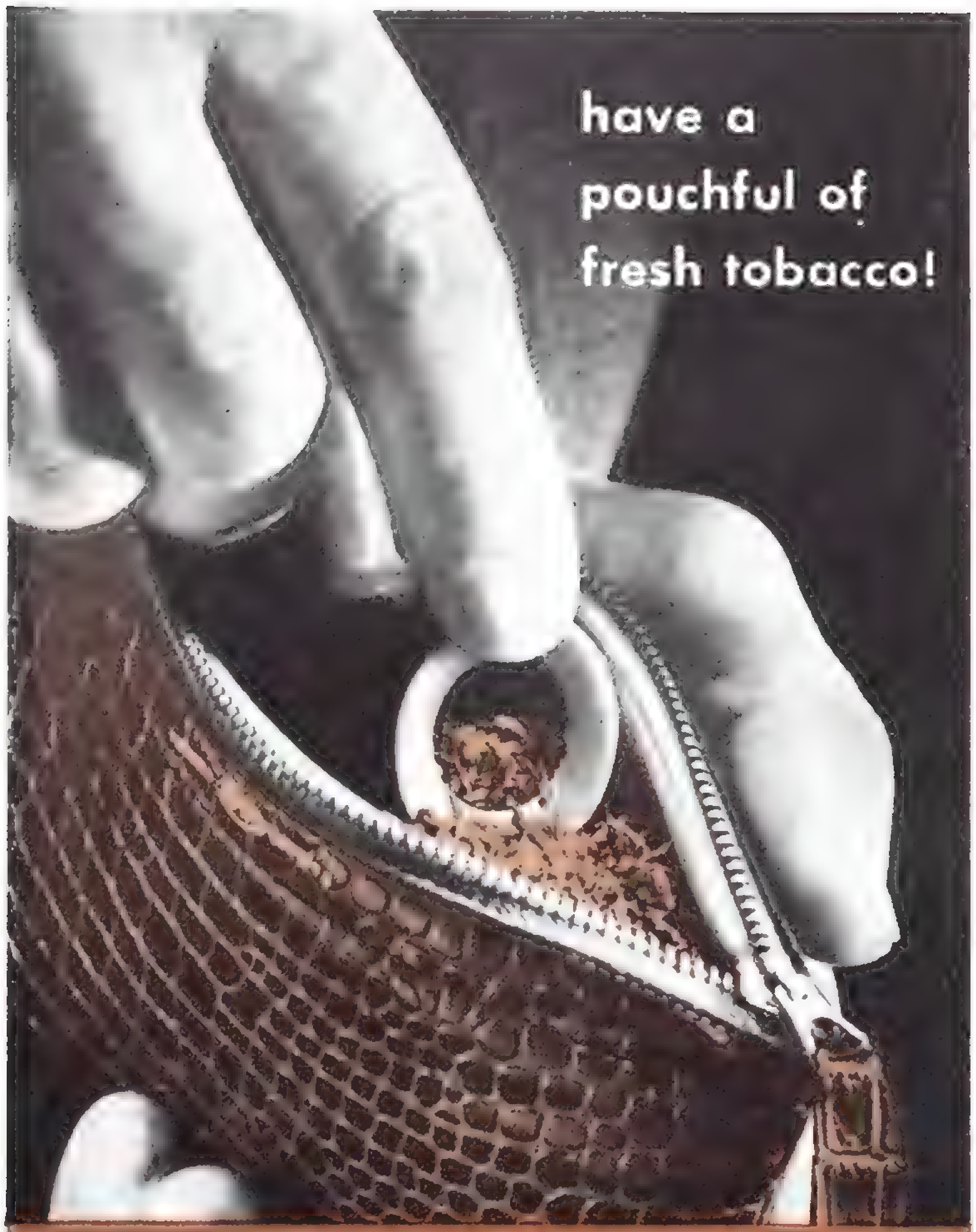


The Only Sun Glasses
THAT FILTER REFLECTED GLARE

AO Polaroid Day Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces in quantity—so the civilian supply is limited. $1.95 up.

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
By Polaroid Corp.

American AO Optical
COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic materials
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Rogers Air-tite

the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

"seals as it closes"

The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models by Rogers craftsmen . . . producers of the finest in smokers' accessories. At better shops everywhere. *Model No. 213 (illustrated above) $3.00 . . . other models from $1.50 to $15.*

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut. Every genuine "Air-Tite" has the name embossed.

U.S. Pat. 1,801,193; Can. Pat. 374,167

THE FINEST IN SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES • *"Distinctively Rogers."*

Tobacco Pouches
Cigarette Boxes
Cigar Cases
Cigar Humidors

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C. 16
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes • Dublin and London © 1945, R. I. Inc.

The Order of the Crackpots

Continued from pages 51-147

occasion of the weekly luncheon. If the story is an old one (unless it has a variation) which doesn't necessarily have to be a good one, the teller has to buy the coffee for the group.

The result is some of the corniest humor in the world. In order to avoid getting stuck for the coffee, for instance, a member will tell this type of an old wheeze with a variation.

"Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with last night?" The other guy replies, "Hell, that wasn't last night, that was Wednesday night."

The jokes aren't all like that. Some of them are worse. Here is another sample.

"Two little rabbits were being chased by the hounds, but gained some distance on their pursuers. Pausing for breath, one little rabbit remarked to the other little rabbit, 'Shall we try to outrun them or wait until we outnumber 'em?' "

On the walls of the clubroom is a large drawing by Kearns, showing a decrepit old sage, leaning over a youth in a white flowing gown, counseling him:

"And this, young man, is the greatest precept of them all, don't take yourself too goddam seriously."

That best sums up the philosophy of the Crackpots. But behind their fans, many of the club's victims whisper it is only because state institutions are crowded and no funds are available for expansion that the Crackpots are allowed to run around loose.

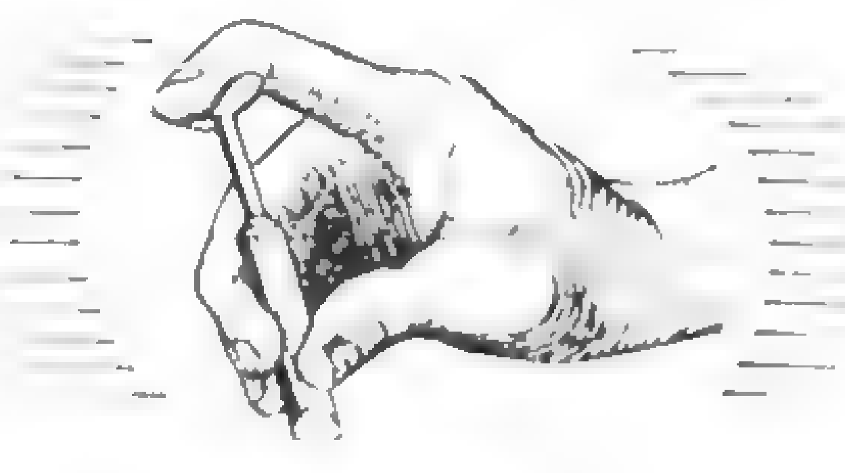
Only one person proposed as a member rejected the proposal that he join hands with the organization.

He was a Greek restaurant owner from the Midwest and you can call him Pete. Pete once held up a bank, attired in what the well-dressed young bank-robber-about-town should wear—a mask and slouch hat and raincoat—just like in the movies.

The teller at the robbed bank noticed that Pete walked flat-footed like a Greek restaurant owner, which was the only clue to the holdup man. But it was a clue good enough eventually to crack the restaurant man in his confession, which was that he couldn't understand how in hell the bank tried to stick him with paying money on stock assessments while they wouldn't give him his own funds, frozen during the holidays. Anyway, Pete wound up in prison and after serving several years was released. He was given the customary ten-dollar bill, new suit and an earnest admonition by the warden to the effect that "I hope you have learned your lesson."

"Damn right," replied Pete. "From now on I wear arch-braces." ###

NOT JUST TOOLED—BUT



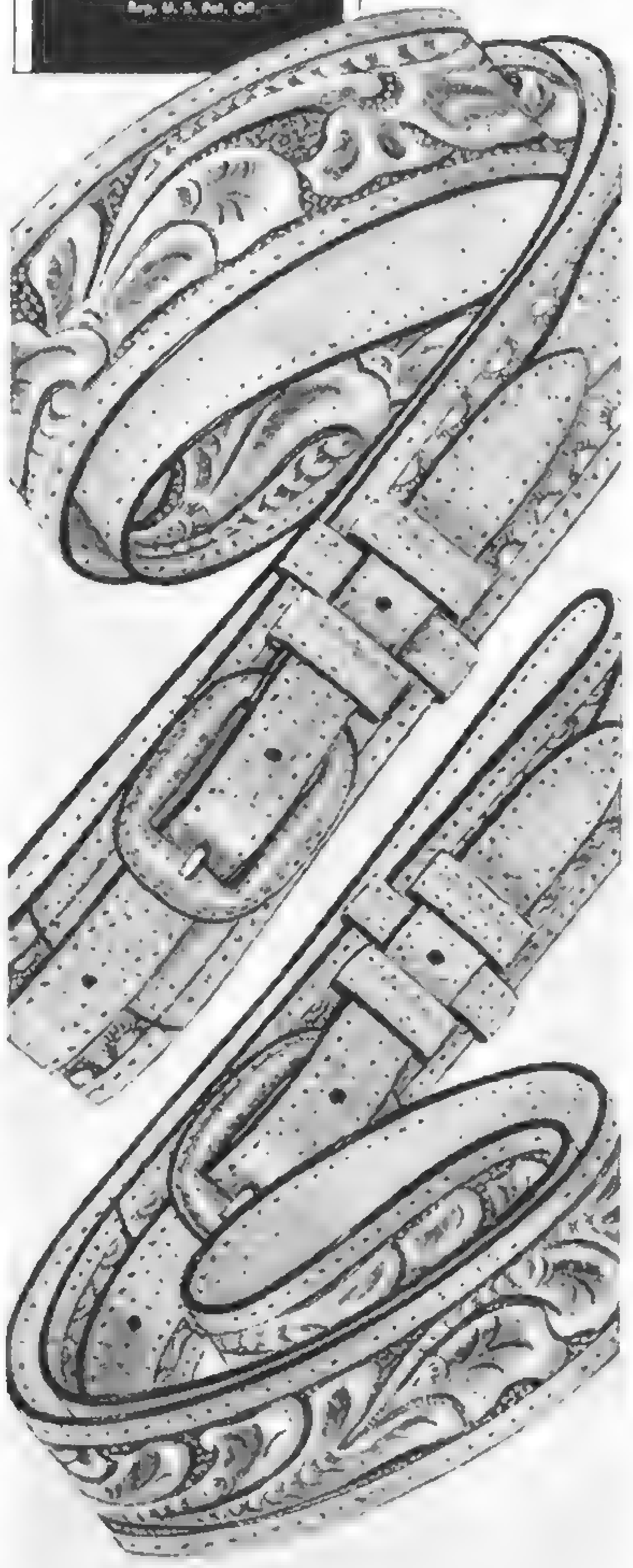
ACTUALLY

Carved by Hand

When you own a hand-carved Texas Ranger Belt, you possess an original creation—a work of leather artistry. This art of etching or burnishing fine leather was introduced to the Southwest by Spanish padres over 400 years ago. The ancient art is carried on by TexTan craftsmen at Yoakum, Texas, land of fine leathers. See them at dealers who feature TexTan Belts and Billfolds.

HAND CARVED BELTS

TEXAS RANGER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



(Top) **"DON PEDRO"**—A *Texas Ranger Belt* in the popular 1¼" width, with removable* buckle, a patented TexTan feature. Pigskin, exquisitely hand-tooled, lined with pigskin . . . **$5.00.**

(Below) **"DON FELIPE"**—Hand-tooling on pigskin that brings out all the fine shadings of the unique floral design. One inch width, removable* buckle, pigskin lined . . . **$5.00.**

*Protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,247,815

TEXAS RANGER
SADDLE CRAFT

by TexTan
of YOAKUM, TEXAS
YOAKUM MEANS FINE LEATHER

"Sorry, Mr. E, the manpower shortage isn't that bad!"

"And no matter how bad it *does* get, you'll *still* be on my list of 'People I'd Rather Not Be Around.'

"Why don't you use Mum?

"Do you think you're so uniquely wonderful that you don't *get* underarm odor, Mister? You *do!*

"Or are you under the impression that underarm odor's excusable in a man? *It isn't!*

"And furthermore, it's time someone told you an elementary Fact of Life—smart, considerate people guard against underarm odor. Use Mum, Mister . . . and you'll Go Places With People . . . maybe even me!"

- **NOTE TO MR. E (and you?)**

You can't count on a shower to keep you from risk of offending.

But 30 seconds with Mum . . . a dab under each arm . . . *will* keep you safe all day or all evening. Mum won't harm skin or shirt. Get a jar today.

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A Picture of Oscar Wilde

Continued from page 41

more or less unconscious, for it consists of a revelation of an attitude toward life. It is somewhat of an anachronism to jump forward to the present time in order to give an illustration of English humor at its best, but maybe it is justifiable.

An old housewife in London was carrying home some things for Christmas during the blackout. Suddenly the alert sounded and she dropped her parcels in the dark. After some time, when the all-clear came on, she groped for them and gathered them up with the remark: "I wish this 'ere 'Itler would marry and settle down."

How radically different this is to the amusement that comes from the perversion of some well-known saw, such as "He who hesitates is lost," which Wilde turned, Dublin-fashion, into "She who hesitates is won."

Or "Thick as thieves in Vallambrosa."

Well, he walked amongst the sophisticated. Walter Pater was trying to "burn with a hard gem-like flame" not very far down "The High" from Oscar's college, Magdalen. And there were very many of the aesthetic set ready to sit at Pater's feet. But he "dwelt apart."

Wilde worked hard at Oxford despite the temptations to mingle with the lordlings. Some he knew would avoid him, for their sole interest was in horses. Knowing this he gave utterance to his well-known description of an English fox hunt: "The pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable."

With one lordling he formed a fatal friendship. Yes; he worked hard. He won the Newdigate, the prize the University gives annually for English poetry; and he composed most of the poems that were later published when he went to live in London. But the outstanding example of his genius was the idea conceived in Oxford, of his novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* which is to my mind the greatest symbolic story ever told.

He graduated at Oxford, taking a first in "Greats," which is not only a fine intellectual achievement, but an Open Sesame to society, as well as an assurance of high-grade employment.

London

Well had Mahaffy said with his supercilious and somewhat cynical humor: "If you want to get on in London society, go to Greece and come back and tell them about it." Oscar had been to Greece. His scholarly attainments at Oxford were further evidence that he knew Greek; and he who knows Greek is a gentleman. Every drawing room that was becoming something like a salon in Victoria's days of official dullness welcomed the young Alci-

Continued on page 150

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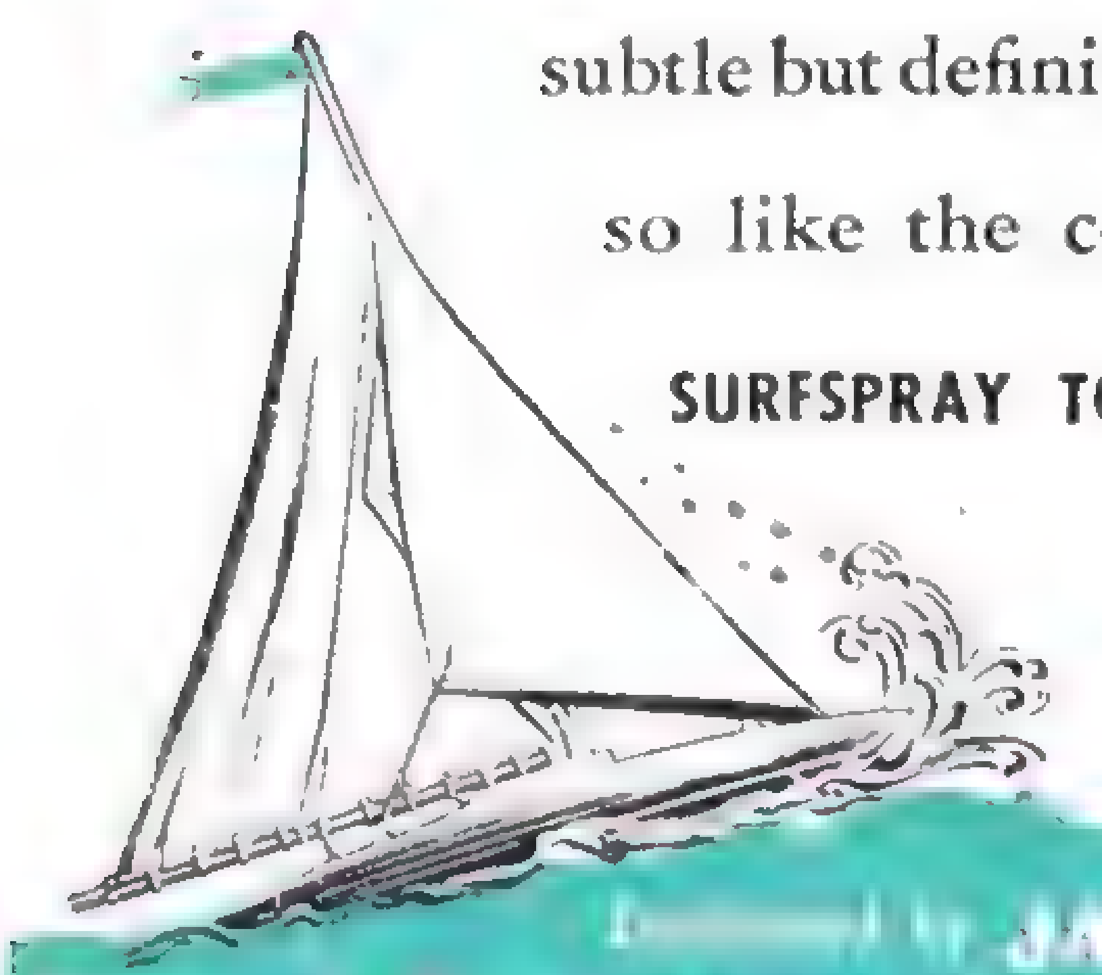

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A Picture of Oscar Wilde

Continued from pages 41-149

biades. His newly published poems ran into several editions, and that is pretty good for poetry, even in England where they make it, or made it once upon a time when that time included giants such as Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, George Meredith, Rosetti and William Morris. Oscar, though overshadowed by the gravity of Browning, was well able to turn the charging bull aside with a banderilla: "Meredith is a prose Browning. So is Browning." Pages of criticism in a phrase!

Was He a Poet?

He was an undergraduate all his life. He never grew up. His poetry never got beyond a college "quad" or a drawing room, or the verse that Blackwell of Oxford publishes at the expense of budding bards. And yet his lines to *Theocritus* and his ode to *The New Helen* are among the finest kinds of their type in the English language.

The Picture of Dorian Gray

It came like a comet and was the talk of the town. Its provocative preface set forth his attitude towards life, which was that of a patrician to the decadence of ancient Rome. He wore a fringe like that of the Emperor Nero; and indeed his wit and terseness in packing reams of criticism in a few words likened him to Nero's arbiter of the elegances, Petronius. Just as Caesar Borgia did, Wilde modeled himself on the greatest and most blasé decadent the world has known. But his ideas of the elegances were extravagant. In a land of understatement he was an exaggeration.

He dressed like a continental tenor or a successful dealer in antiques who has been exalted to the peerage. He was in a sense a dealer in antiques, for he sold a store of the ancient classics to an astonished public. In the age of Nero he would have been normal amongst abnormalities; but in Victorian London he was a loud anachronism. He invented yellow shoes, and we are wearing them. He decried long trousers, which were designed to cover the swollen ankles of one of the Georgian kings, the Fourth probably; and he uncovered his own long, fleshy and unathletic calves by going back to knee breeches.

But it needs money, even if only cab fare, to bask in the drawing rooms of London. And Oscar's money, the little his father had to leave after a life of entertainment in Dublin, was running out. He decided to go to the United States on a lecture tour. When asked at the customs if he had anything to declare, he answered, "Only my genius." He stayed an unusually long time in America and, unlike Dickens, he did not turn sour or ungrateful to a coun-

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try that had enriched him, even though his lectures were somewhat premature.

Triumphs

Back in London he settled down and produced play after successful play. He lived luxuriously and entertained as his father entertained in his native city. Never were plays such as Wilde's seen on the London stage. Wilde did not confine himself to the stage but made a stage out of London, with himself as the only hero. He departed far from the Greek maxim: *Nothing too much.* He exceeded in everything. "Nothing succeeds like excess." The light on the surface hid and still hides the greatness of the man. It concealed from the critics the fact that a new departure had been made in drama. Here was a man from Dublin more brilliant than his forerunner, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Wilde! What a nurse of genius, Dublin!

William Butler Yeats (another Dublin man) a winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, himself a great conversationist, said that Wilde was the greatest talker he ever met. He could disarm and charm even when surrounded by envious enemies who could invoke the massed might of all the righteous dullards to destroy him. He had outraged all London. His brilliance was bad form and his inversions of accepted opinions were insufferable! "An honest God's the noblest work of man." Was he to be permitted to undermine the morals of a country whose morality depends on hiding, if not suppressing, immorality? He was publicly flaunting vice in their faces. The sky fell.

His Downfall

The sordid details and indefensible acts of the trial are better left to the pornographers who dwell on this side only of Oscar Wilde. Some hold that he was badly advised by legal counsel, others that he was handicapped by the fact that he did not know how much the prosecuting attorney, Carson, an old Trinity College man, knew of his career in Dublin. This recalls Mahaffy's "You are not good enough for us here."

Ill-advised or not, quips and smart answers will not defend a culprit from the deadly ritual of the law. And even had Wilde been exculpated, there was within him an heredity that would have arraigned him again. He outscandalized his father's scandal. His friends deserted him, all but a few, and Robert Ross. A yacht was waiting for him if he decided to fly. Yeats, who always gave a man the benefit of Romance, saw in this stand of Wilde, and in his refusal to run, the spirit of the duelist, the man of honor.

However it be, even the years in Reading Gaol could not make him sincere, for he returned when he was released to his minion in

Continued on page 152

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A Picture of Oscar Wilde

Continued from pages 41-149-151

Italy. Poverty-stricken and sick from meningitis caused by a mastoid condition which even "Wilde's incision" could not adequately relieve, he passed away in an obscure lodging in Paris with the old light smile on his lips that could never be extinguished.

"I am afraid that I am dying beyond my means," he said when the landlord's bill was presented.

Flippant, superficial, facetious, a spoilt schoolboy? Very well; but what other attributes are there for the Spirit of Wit, this Puck? Would you have him Victorian? Wilde could not have been as successful had he been any graver or more deeply natured and sincere. England that insists on her poets having a bad conscience, or on preaching, cannot make a laureate out of a lyrist. Francois Villon would have never left Reading Gaol.

It is to the subconscious nature one must go if there is to be found any greatness in Wilde. His superficiality was his way of expressing his art. He was, not without a deep significance, attracted to Nero, who died proclaiming himself an artifex, a playboy. His was an Ariel-like attitude to life. But his prophetic soul was capable of assessing himself and leaving on record his own testimony in his *Picture of Dorian Gray*. He knew what was happening to him. He could not lift a hand to prevent it without slaying himself. Just as Shelley was able to prophesy his own stormy death in the end of *Adonais*, so Wilde wrote early in life an account of what his end would be. Only natures of supreme genius have this prophetic power. Those with an eye to see can read it all in his esoteric testament and apologia, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Some years ago there was talk in Dublin (when isn't there?) about bringing his bones back to his native city. What good his bones would do a town that needs another wit like his, is not apparent. Maybe, if we judge by the appearance and dress of some of the officials, the place has become a mortician's parlor. In Dublin, with its censorship on books, Wilde would be dead beyond redemption. He is buried more appropriately in Père Lachaise. #

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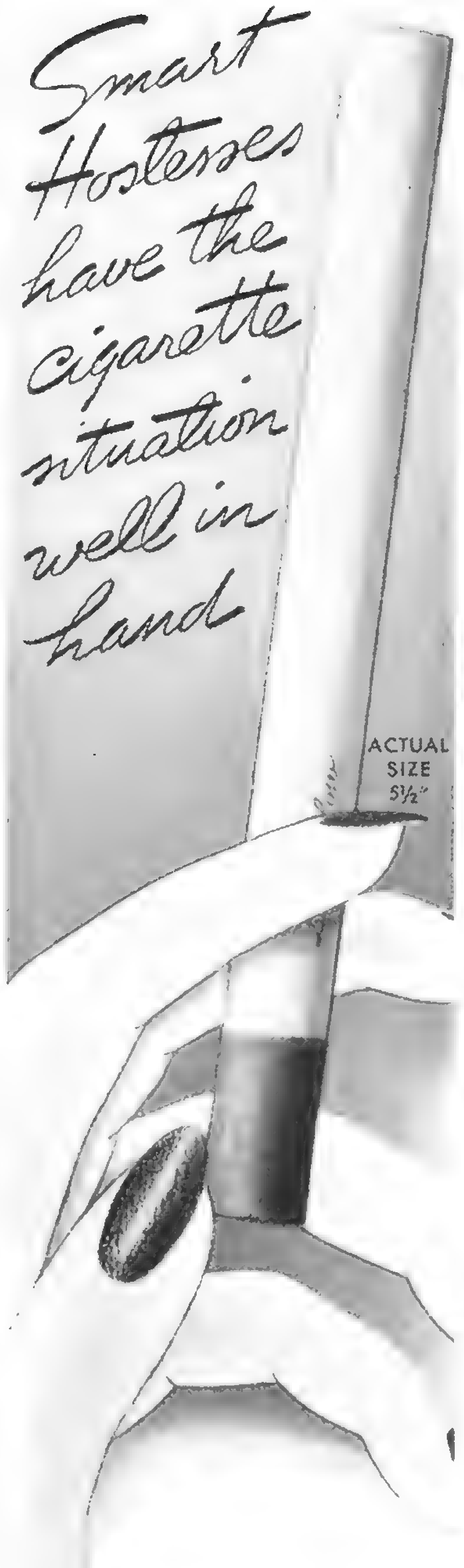
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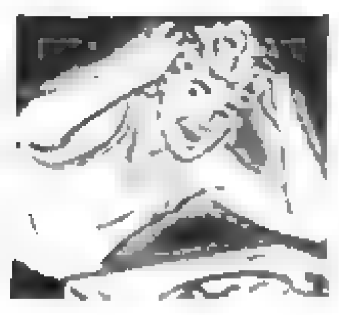

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Can They Come Back?

Continued from page 79

nitely an inspiring person to the men in Naval training."

In my interview with Feller we talked quite a bit about that mental angle in coming back. I reasoned along these lines: A youngster comes up from the country, handgroomed in baseball by his father from the time he was a tiny tot flinging a little rubber ball around the house. When he was in the second grade his father had him playing baseball. As the boy grew up there was baseball and more baseball. A rubber and home plate were placed in the yard where, evening after evening, he would pitch for thirty minutes to his dad, working, learning, giving everything he had. Once in the gathering darkness his dad momentarily lost a pitch and it hit him in the side, smashing two ribs. Nevertheless he organized a team with Bob as pitcher, built a ball diamond on the farm. "He spent a lot of money on me," Bob remembers.

He grew up in life with baseball ceaselessly superimposed on his mind. It was the greatest thing in the world; nothing else mattered. It was in all his dreams, and there was work, too—plenty of it, to gain control for his magnificent speed. There was nothing else in the world that counted. He never even thought of being anything but a ballplayer, a great pitcher, the greatest of his times.

Then came the triumphs, success, the pay-off. He was the boy wonder of the big leagues. Everything clicked; everything worked itself out into a picture, a beautiful, magnificent, inspiring picture. The world was wonderful, gorgeous. Money came, quickly; plenty of it. The things he wanted were his—the satisfaction he brought to his parents and friends with his success, the beautiful home he built for them with his early earnings. He was always a good boy, a fine, clean boy, a typical American boy of the highest type. He was a national celebrity, an idol of millions, a clean and wholesome success story before he had ever cast a vote.

Bob's work as pitcher for the nine at Great Lakes this spring was encouraging, if not completely convincing. He struck out a good many men while working against college teams, but the Phillies batted him out of the box. The work at Great Lakes, however, is ideal for the great pitcher. He can "go along" until he really gets conditioned and at home again out there on the hill. The main hazard from now on, probably, is that the war with the Japs be terminated in time for Feller to get back into action in the big leagues next year.

We talked till after midnight one evening in the splendid library of the spacious mansion of his wife's people in Waukegan. On the walls were pictures his petite

Continued on page 154

There's a bit of magic in chicken

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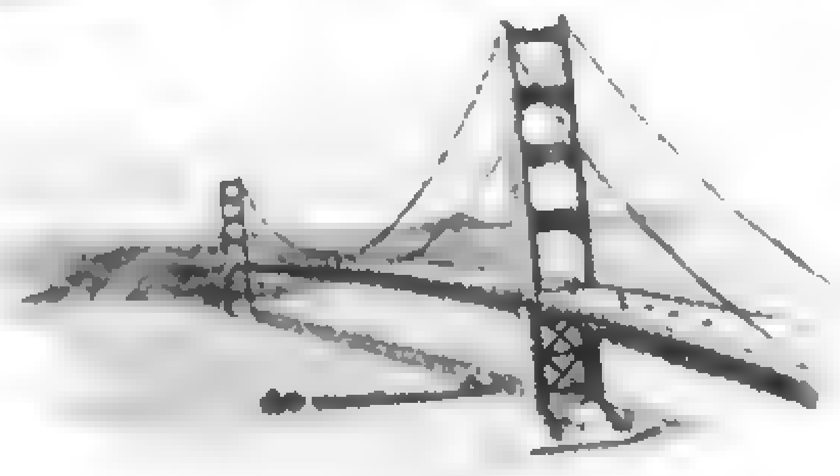

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Can They Come Back?

Continued from pages 79-153

and beautiful wife, the former Virginia Winther, had painted; and standing against the wall in the dining room was a new one she had just finished—a portrait of Bob in his Navy uniform, her model having been, she explained, his picture on the box top of a breakfast food company. He has scarcely been home from the wars long enough since they were married to serve as a "life model." They met through a mutual friend at Rollins College in Florida. It was during spring training in 1940 and later they were married actually on the ocean. Virginia was interested in participating in most sports, but she was never a baseball fan . . . though she is now!

You have to remember that all this was in the life, in the memories of Bob Feller before he went off to the wars. This is vital, I think, in assaying what he is going to do, what he will be able to recover—after the war.

There he is out there on the hill—*yesterday*, in the All-Star Game, Opening Day at White Sox park in Chicago in 1940 when before his father and mother he got his 1-to-0 no-hitter (the only Opening Day no-hitter ever registered).

Look at him there, working on the next hitter. The most important thing in all the world to him is to *get that man out*. Nothing else matters in all the world. All of his heritage, all of his background, all the long hard hours of work are built up and crystallized in that one single job at this instant—getting *that man out*! You see the accumulated concentration, the massed determination, the feeling that this is the most important thing to do in all the world, that his life depends on getting that man out. That is what makes a great pitcher—the superhuman insistence, that almost mystic wind blowing from other hands. Bob Feller had that once, formerly, before the wars, and it made him, along with his other attributes, the greatest baseball pitcher of his time.

Keep that in mind about Bob Feller—what was in his mind . . . in those days.

There he is out there bearing down, again: He's got to get this man, or it may be the ball game. This one is *it*.

But what is in his mind now, that wasn't there in those lost golden years? Has he got that same insistent *want* now, that all-out all-absorbing determination? That alone will tell the tale—whether he is still as great as he was. He shakes his head, to blow off the cobweb. But the memory is still there.

The thunderous salvo that churns his very vitals.

The whine of a stricken plane trailing black.

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Is getting that next man out

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still the one single greatest, most important crisis of his life?

It's tough. It's going to be tough for Bob Feller.

Don't let anybody ever tell you different. That alone will tell the tale, whether he can come back—whether *any* of them can come back as they were. The thing he will have to fight will be the inevitably diminishing conviction that getting that next man out is the greatest single thing possible that he can do in all this world.

Maybe his arm *will* be just as good, or even almost as good—which will be enough. His trouble, and the trouble of the others, is going to be regaining their old *belief* in baseball as the greatest thing in the world. And if he can *not* regain that conviction he is not going to be the pitcher he was.

And how about the others . . . in the same boat? I asked him what he thought about that. "It all depends on the individual," he said, "how much they *want* to go."

He may have it there—the thing that may save him; the fact that he has far greater stakes than any of the others; for he is very young, twenty-six, and there are many great years available ahead, big-money years—and he wants and needs that money to finish completing the dreams of his boyhood. He will "put out" to come back, everything he has; he *will* come back, if it is humanly possible, if it can be done—this recapturing of an old all-consuming enthusiasm, belief and conviction. You can figure for yourself as well as he can whether it is going to be possible for him ever again to feel, time and time again, in the clutch of a ball game that getting the next man out is the greatest thing possible in this world, to the same degree that it once so impressed him, after what he has been through on the seven seas.

War can never be anything more than destruction and waste—and all the wastes certainly are not merely of physical materials and human bone, blood and muscle. There are the intangible wastes—the things, beautiful, hopeful things that go out of men's lives never to return, convictions, assurances, solid cornerstones of integrity . . . dreams.

Yes, Bob Feller may have a little trouble with getting his arms and legs back in shape; it may take him three or four months. It may take him some time to get back into the groove of playing his position by instinct—but I believe that can be done, and that he will do it—under the incentive of his great future still remaining.

Once he had that perfect confidence that he could *go*, deliver, win; in those days he *knew* he had it. He felt an absolute and unquenchable confidence in himself and his ability. But now some of that may be gone; after the long lay-off he can't be utterly sure, for awhile. The job is to regain that old immutable feeling of power and immunity. I believe he has the incentive and will power to do it. ###

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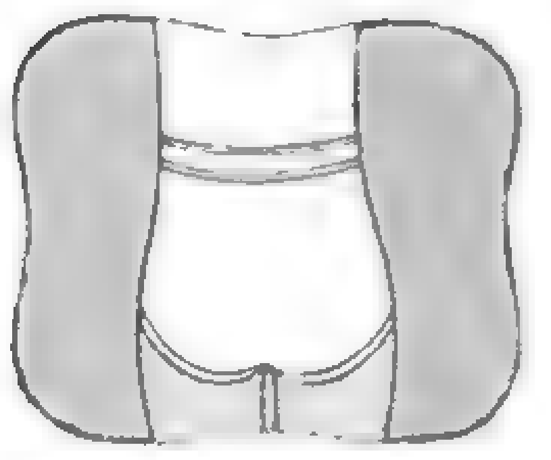
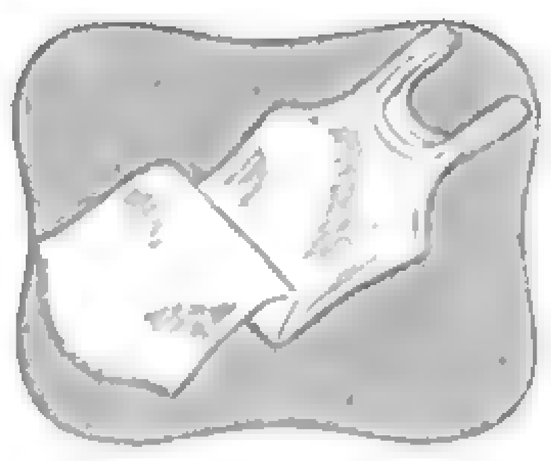


(*Left*) "Hi-Waist" design. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. (*Right*) Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg line of Scandals.



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The Tarpon Were in Love

Continued from page 58

I had learned while fishing in my own river, the Rio Grande. I cast out and let the lure sink all the way to the bottom of the deep stream. Then I began easing it along the bottom a few inches at a time, lifting it maybe a foot or so now and then and dropping it back down. Almost immediately I had a strike.

I tried to set the hooks but missed. Then I had another bump and managed to hook that one. It took him a long time to get all the way up to the surface, and for a moment I thought I had hooked a stud jackfish. But finally he showed, a trim little three-footer—just my size. He kicked free on the first jump.

Doc and Judge started fishing the same way, and we started getting strikes pretty regularly. But the tarpon were so small they couldn't get a good grip on the large lure, and we were landing none of them. Finally I shifted to a small casting spoon, one that I had equipped with a set of hooks larger than the originals. I put a sinker in front of the leader so I could cast it and let it down. For casting we used specially made rods equipped with a level wind reel that handled about one hundred-fifty yards of twenty-pound test nylon.

I had a strike the first cast on that small spoon, which I kept jiggling around on the bottom. And that time he struck. He gave me seven fine jumps before he settled down to dogging it, and that didn't last long because he wasn't much over three feet. I eased him up to the boat and Doc released him in about seven or eight minutes, just a nice span of time to have on a scrappy little fish.

Doc then put on a smaller sinking lure, "one they can get in their mouth," while Judge changed to a small spoon.

The action was pretty fast, and what was best, the tarpon all ran about the same, none as big as four feet. For an hour we did battle with them, getting perhaps twenty fish in the air and landing four. And we had perhaps four or five strikes for every fish that showed.

It was our kind of tarpon fishing—no big ones to hang up at the dock for pictures, no records, nothing out of the usual to brag about—just lots of action on fighting little fellows hooked on light tackle.

"I tell you when I figure out a system it works," Judge said with pride as he brought a fish up for Doc to release. "The big ones are busy with their family duties—feed only on Thursdays and Saturdays."

"You and your systems," Doc said scornfully.

"Well, are you catching any big ones?" Judge asked.

Doc didn't answer. He just cast back out and let his lure set-

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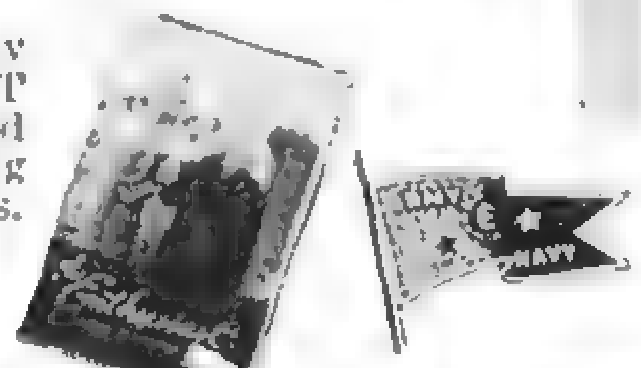

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tle, only it never got all the way to the bottom. Something took it on the way down. The line began whizzing off his reel at an alarming rate, and he got a worried look on his face. "I think I've got the wrong thing," he said.

"Just got him hooked on the outside," Judge consoled him. "Clamp down and he'll take to the air."

"Clamp down nothing . . ." Doc started, then his fish came into the air. I figured him at somewhere between eight and nine feet, but then I was down low on the water and he was up high in the air and perhaps my perspective was bad. Anyway- he was something tremendous—something a man ought never hook on a twenty-pound test nylon line and a light casting rod.

The instant the fish hit the water he started off on a mighty run and when that was over, with almost all of Doc's line gone, he lunged up into the air again. Then when he came down he changed his course and Doc began to get some line back.

"Start the motor, start the motor," Doc kept saying. "Are you paralyzed?"

"It's against the rules to chase them here in the Pánuco," Judge said.

"We aren't fishing in a rodeo," Doc said savagely. "Start the motor and start it in a hurry." The tarpon lunged once more and this time he came quartering back toward the boat. Doc reeled furiously and got in about sixty yards of line. I moved back near the motor and got set to start it if Doc needed help, while Judge settled down low in the boat, also near the stern, to give Doc plenty of sea room up there in the bow. We kept the skiff headed toward the fish so the pull would move it that way a little.

"You and your love-making tarpon," Doc said to Judge with deep scorn. "Your systems—you guarantee we won't hook a big one. Bah! You sure run true to form."

"That one is so old his love-making days are over," Judge explained.

"Fiddlesticks," Doc said, but in spite of his sarcastic tone we could see he was thrilled at having the great fish on the line. No man with any fishing blood in his veins ever regrets hooking into a huge tarpon, no matter what tackle he is using. All he regrets at such a time is that he hasn't got something with which he can handle the fish.

Well, Judge and I took a look at the sun and figured we would be there until dark, and maybe for a spell after that. There are times when you can land a truly huge tarpon on extremely light tackle and not waste a half day doing it. I once saw a man stand flat-footed on shore and land a six-footer on a fifteen-pound test line, and it took him only thirty minutes to do it. But the plug was stuck crossways in the tarpon's mouth and the fish wore himself out leap-

Continued on page 158

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Jo Stafford   Martha Tilton   Paul Weston

The Tarpon Were in Love

Continued from pages 58-157

ing and trying to throw it—he never ran at all. He simply drowned.

This one, however, was obviously not hooked that way. And I knew it would take a good three hours to work him down. You really can't "work" a fish that size with that tackle. You just hang on until he wears himself down.

I love to watch my fellow man catch fish. But I also like to catch fish myself. And Doc knew this. Furthermore, Doc is a man of kindly nature, although he strives manfully to hide it, especially if Judge is around.

So he turned to us and said, motioning with his head toward Judge, "You ought to sit here for half a day and suffer watching me. It's your fault. But you" and he motioned with a nod to me "go ahead and cast. It won't bother me."

"I'll wait," I said. I wasn't going to take a chance hooking a little tarpon and have it jump over his line.

The boatman gave Doc a little help with the paddle, and he managed to stay within the one hundred-fifty yards of line, but I stood ready at the motor in case he needed faster help.

Finally the big fish sounded, and Doc went to work. Instead of working the fish up, he worked the boat up over the fish. Then Judge began insisting that he slack off and get away from there. "I don't want that horse in the same boat with me flinging plugs in my face," he said. "Give him slack."

Doc ignored him completely and went serenely on trying to pump, although all he did was try. He couldn't budge the tarpon. When it did finally move it ran off about half his line again and then sounded.

"How about getting out on shore with that fish so we can do a little casting," Judge suggested. Judge is an impatient man while fishing.

"This was your idea, you get out on shore and cast," Doc said. "Stay here and I'll show you how to handle a big fish."

"I refuse to sit here all day while you squat there with the rod leaning on your arm to keep from getting tired," Judge said.

"Then get out on the bank."

Judge never answered.

"Tighten up and break the line," Judge then suggested. "You know you can't land him."

"How do I know I can't land him?" Doc asked. "Maybe I'll set a record, then you can go around telling people you were in the boat with me—you'll be telling them you caught him before it's over."

"You going to cut us out of our fishing all day?" Judge asked mournfully.

"There is one thing I refuse to

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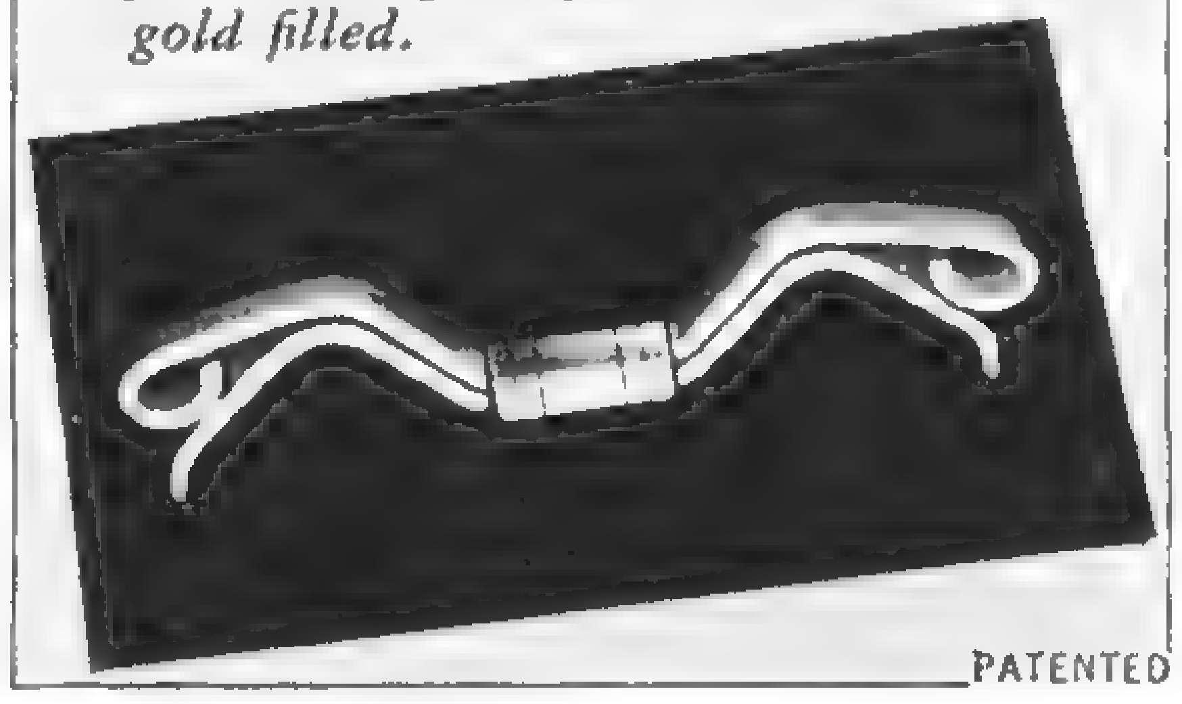

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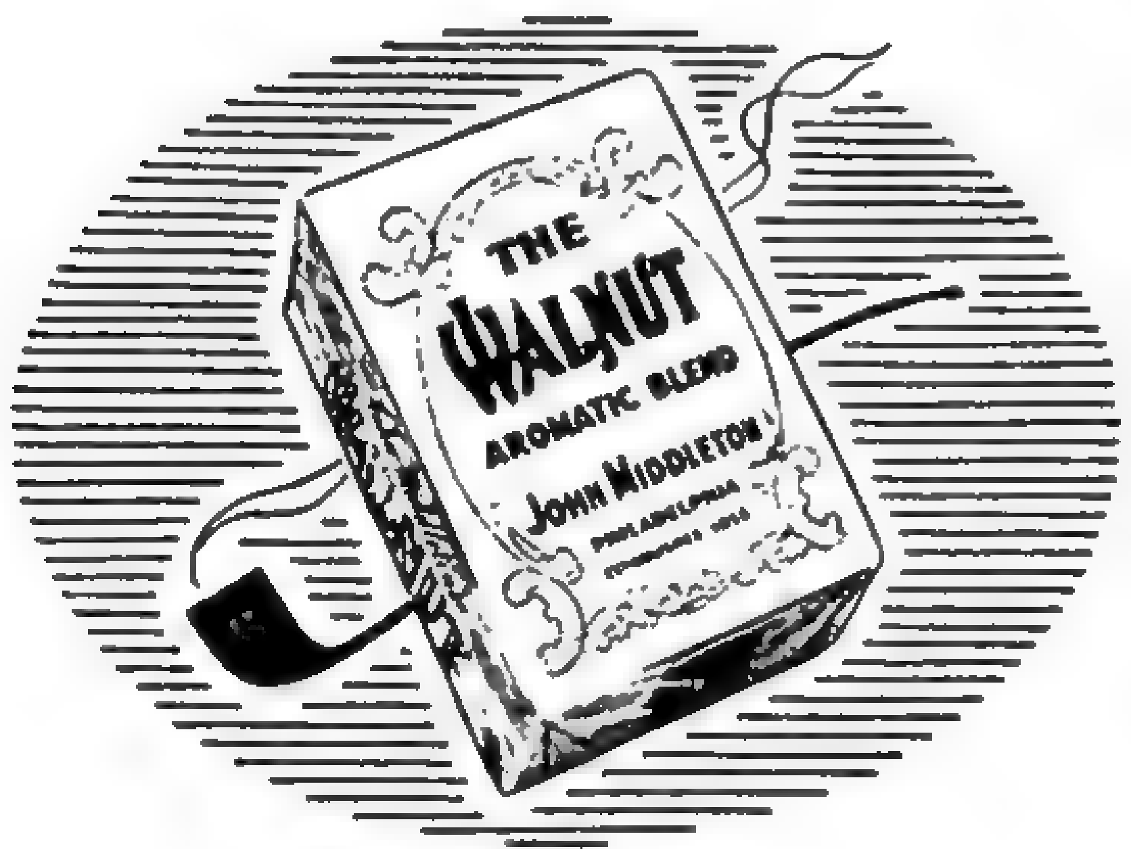

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do," Doc said. "Lose this plug. If you want to give me one, maybe I'll put a little more pressure on him. But you know how scarce plugs are."

"If I offered to do that you'd claim the plug no matter if he cut the line when it was slack," Judge said.

"Then sit patiently and wait," Doc said.

I guess he had the tarpon on about thirty minutes, then the line went slack. There was no run, no sudden burst of activity. It simply went limp. The line was cut clean and I think it probably dragged across a branch with barnacles on it.

We were all pretty much disappointed, even Judge.

"Well, know where any more big ones are making love?" Doc asked, putting aside his light tackle and getting out his trolling rig.

"What are you going to do with that?" Judge asked. "You can't cast with it."

"I know it."

"Well, I don't want to troll."

"Neither do I."

"Then how can you use it?"

"I'm going to drift. I've been doing a little figuring also. You fellows go right ahead casting for those little ones—the ones that are too young to know about the facts of life. I'm going after grandma."

We crossed the river to get the breeze with us and started drifting slowly upstream, which wasn't hard to do because the tide was coming in and the current was actually moving slowly upstream.

Doc paid out line until he got the lure on the bottom back twenty or thirty yards behind us, then he settled down comfortably and started jiggling the lure now and then. Judge and I continued to cast.

For a time we had no strikes at all. Even the little ones had quit. We ran downstream once more and came drifting back, working the whole length of the high bank along the outside of the bend. Still no strikes. We started to wind in quickly when the guide got ready to start the motor, but two of us, Judge and I, had strikes as we were reeling in.

"Aha," I thought, "now we have the answer. They want the lures coming up rapidly from the bottom." This fitted in neatly with *my* theory, the one I had worked out the year before.

They were small tarpon and we lost both of them.

We pulled out from shore only a short distance and started drifting again upstream and near the bank. This time Doc had a strike, while his lure was moving slowly along the bottom.

"I'll whip his ears off this time," the big fellow muttered as he struck savagely. "I've got something to handle him with now. Let him run."

It turned out to be the smallest tarpon we had seen hooked all day, one not over two-and-a-half-feet long. Judge had a fine laugh. "You and your system," he said

Continued on page 169

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The Tarpon Were in Love

Continued from pages 58-157-159

with scorn. "You ought to see yourself with that sardine on marlin tackle."

Doc worked the fish in and held it there at the boat while I eased the hook out and released it.

The next drift, I had on a fairly good fish for a few jumps. He looked like he would top five feet by several inches. Then we noticed that some of the tarpon were beginning to strike in the orthodox feeding manner, tearing up the surface with huge lunges as though they really meant business—no odd sideways roll with a flap of the tail.

"The big ones are feeding," Judge called out and switched to his heavy tackle. "The love-making is over, and I'm going after a big one."

We all settled down for the next drift with heavy tackle. And the action did get faster in a hurry. So far as I know we were the first fishermen ever to draft with plugs in the Pánuco. I admit it is an odd way to fish. It smacks of still-fishing with an artificial lure. But I point to the fact that it produces, at times, truly amazing results. And we checked later and found that most of the fishermen who trolled that day had practically no strikes. It was one of those off days when tarpon won't hit—unless you jiggle for them on the bottom, or unless they're "too old to make love," as Judge claimed.

We came drifting along the river again, angling from the right bank toward the left and working slowly upstream. Doc was squatting solidly in the bow of the long skiff and I was back near the stern cramped in beside the guide. Doc and I both sat low in the boat, but Judge had put his big tackle box on the seat in the middle and he sat up there high in the air, as cocky as ever, talking away.

He stopped right in the middle of one sentence because he had a strike. He leaned into the heavy rod with all his strength to set the hook and when he did the boat tilted back sharply. The tackle box on which he was sitting gently slid along the seat and came up sharply against the gunwale. It came to a halt there, but Judge didn't. He kept right on going and slid gently on off into the water, shouting and trying to strike the fish as he did so. He grabbed with his free hand for the gunwale and managed to get a grip on it, and at the same time Doc reached out and caught his other arm.

What Judge did was dunk his stern neatly into the water, wetting himself almost to the knees toward the stern and up to his belt in the direction of the bow. He hung there shouting and trying at one and the same time to strike the fish as well as pull himself back in the boat, while the guide and I leaned far over the side

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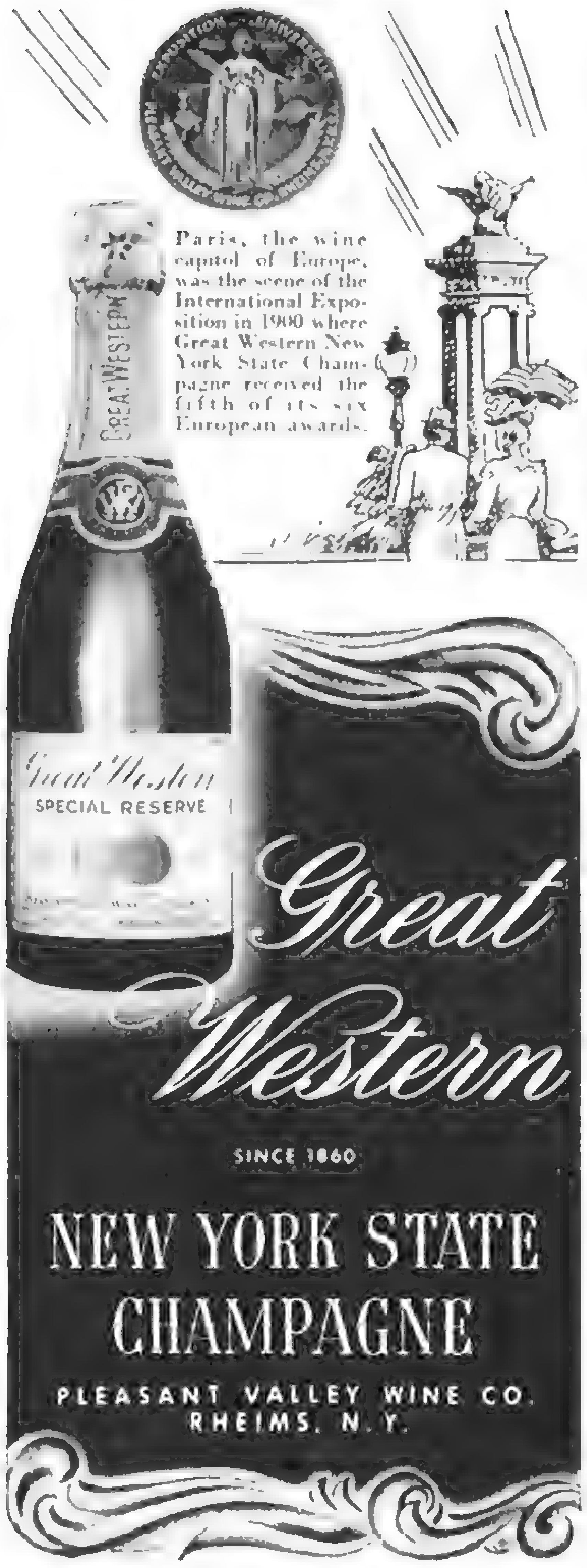

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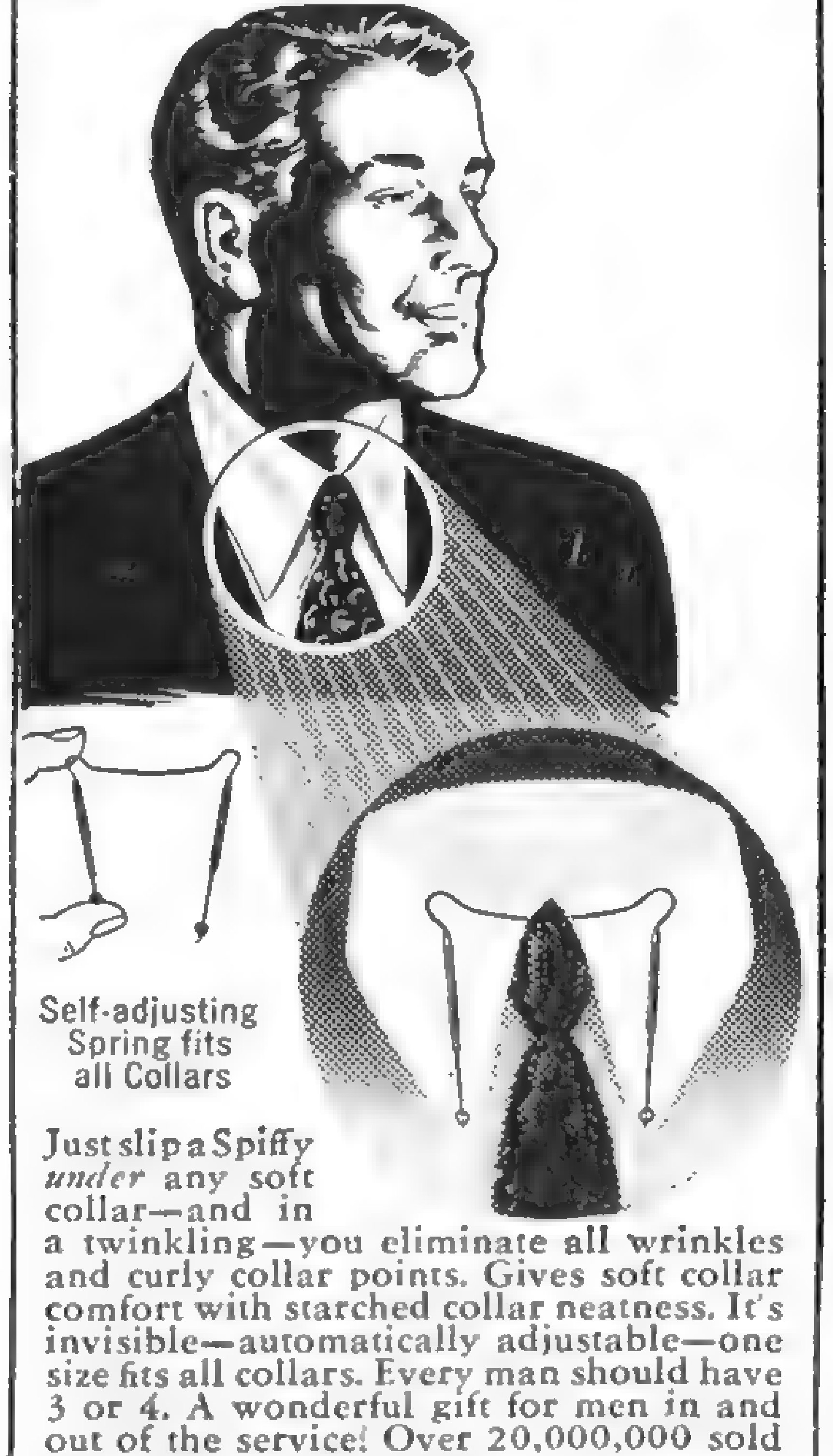

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to keep the craft from capsizing.

With Doc's help Judge finally managed to haul himself back into the boat, and as he did so the tarpon made a tremendous lunge up into the air. It was a beautiful fish, every bit as big as the one Doc had battled for half an hour. It was beautiful and it was free, for it threw the hook before Judge had time to lean into the rod and take out the slack on the jump.

Judge stood up and let the water run down his legs while a flow of words ran out of his mouth. He cursed his luck and the flimsy boat and the tackle box and the plug and the tarpon species in general.

"Now we'll have to go in," he said bitterly, "just when the big ones are beginning to strike. Did you ever see a bigger tarpon than that one?"

"Yes," Doc said, "lots of bigger ones. And also I don't see any reason why we have to go in."

"Why I'm soaking wet, can't you see?"

"Certainly. That's your fault. That's one of your systems for getting the big ones to strike, maybe. I never know. A man silly enough to sit perched on a tackle box ought to fall in."

"But it's getting cold," Judge complained. "A man can't stand this wind long with his clothes wet."

"We'll be glad to put you out on the bank," Doc went on. "You'll get warm walking back to the pier."

On and on they went, with Judge turning blue around the gills, for the stiff southeast wind carried plenty of sting in it now that the sun was way down near the horizon. I even felt it, and all my clothes were dry.

I hung into a big one, but he threw the plug the first jump. Then Doc hooked a big one, but lost him after about three minutes. Judge shivered so hard Doc swore he was scaring the fish. And Judge kept insisting we leave.

"If you catch pneumonia I can cure you," Doc assured him. "We have medicines for that now."

"I wouldn't let you doctor a dog of mine even if he was gun-shy," Judge said.

Then Doc hooked into another one and it turned out to be a three-footer. He landed it, and then he said, "I guess the big ones are through striking. We might as well go."

Of course the big ones weren't through striking and he knew it and I knew it. They were just beginning to strike. But Doc knew we had to take Judge on in.

So we reeled in and started the motor, Judge huddling down in the bowels of the skiff to keep out of the wind as we headed into the breeze on our way to the pier.

I would like to have tied into one of those big ones and held him. But I was, on the whole, pretty much satisfied. I knew that I could make those doggone tarpon in the Pánuco strike—love or no love. ###

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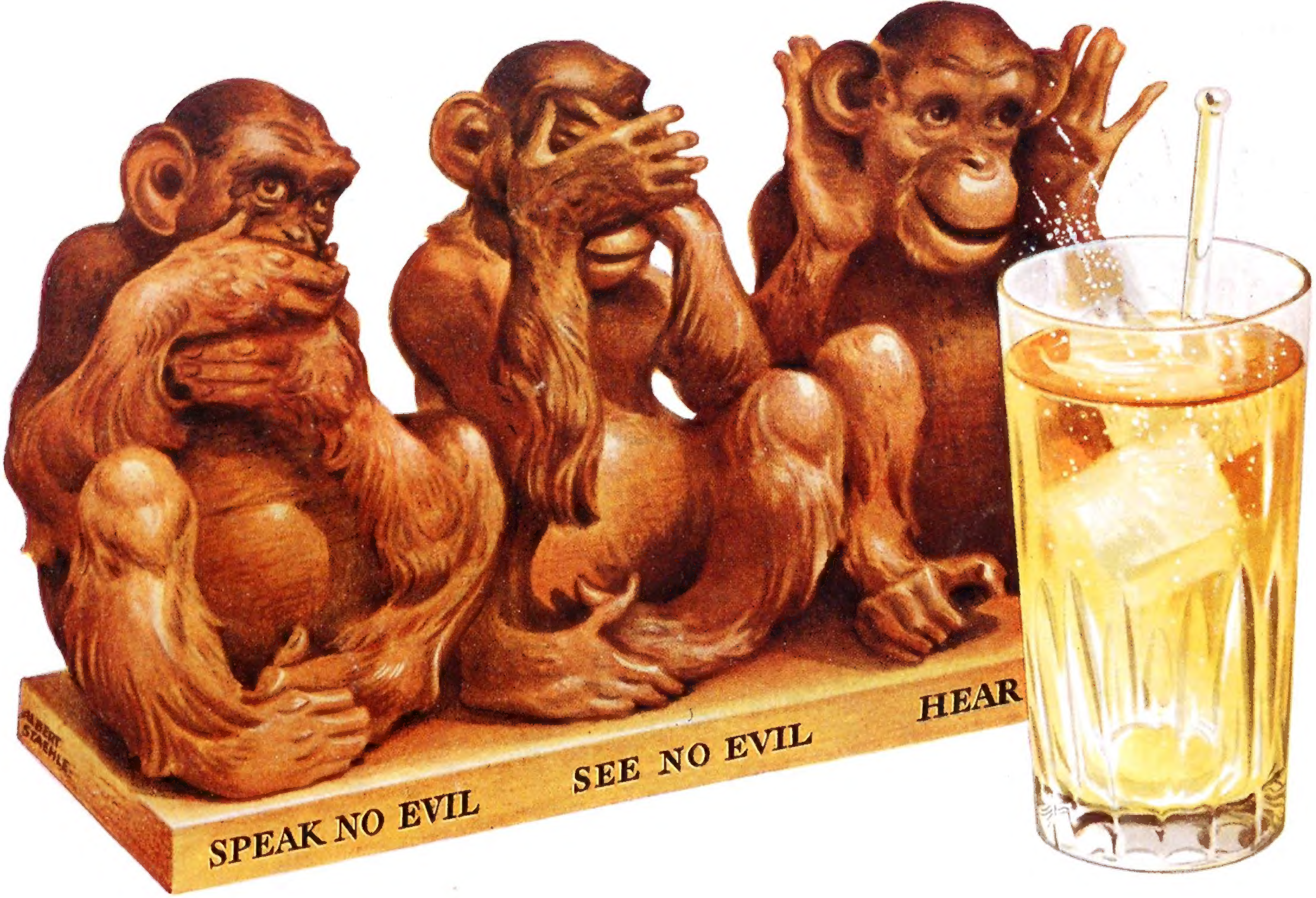
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